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THE ASSASSINATION OF A GOVERNOR

AND THE EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENTS WHICH HAVE FOLLOWED THE ATTEMPT TO BRING THE PERPETRATORS TO JUSTICE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

FOR the fourth time Caleb Powers must face a jury of his fellow citizens of Kentucky, to meet again the capital charge that he was a prime mover in a conspiracy to murder Gov. William Goebel. He has been in prison since March, 1900. Three times he has been convicted and sentenced to death; three times the Court of Appeals has reversed on technicalities. And now defense and prosecution are once more gathering their forces.

The murder of William Goebel arose out of a ferocious political strife that has reached its climax of fury in the emotions and events centering about the trials of his alleged murderers. Their guilt or innocence has been asserted and denied even in the jury-room itself, not on the merits of the facts, but on the prejudices

of Goebelite and anti-Goebelite. From both sides have come not only lies of the deliberate sort, but also those far more dangerous assaults upon the truth,

the unconscious lies prompted by passion. To listen patiently to an anti-Goebelite is to believe Powers and the fugitive ex-governor, Taylor, the victims of an infamous conspiracy to make political capital out of the murder; is to believe the prosecutors of Powers as savage bloodhounds as ever followed the trail of innocence; is to believe that the courts of Kentucky have been prostituted to the basest and most barbarous injustice. To listen with equal pa-



WILLIAM GOEBEL.

From a photograph taken not long before his assassination

tience to a Goebelite is to believe that Powers and Taylor are a pair of procurers of murder whose plans miscarried; is to believe that in their efforts



W. S. TAYLOR
Ex-Governor of Kentucky, now a fugitive in
Indiana

to save themselves from the just consequences of their infamies they have not hesitated to abandon their wretched instruments and to drag the name and fame of their state in the mire.

What is the truth? Is Goebelite or is anti-Goebelite right? Or, as so often happens in human affairs, are both right and both wrong? Far from the influence of those boiling passions and interested only in the truth as to this amazing and fascinating drama, perhaps we may, if not discover the whole truth, at least discover some valuable part of it.

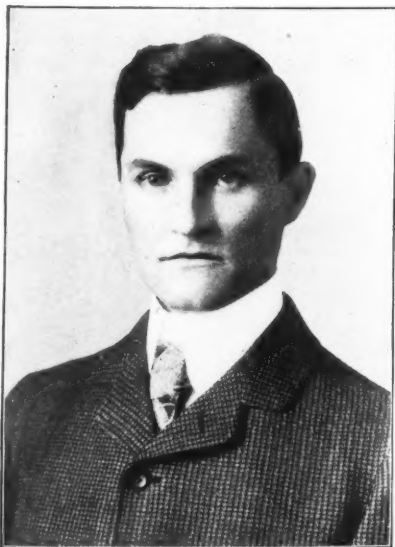
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Clearly, the key is William Goebel himself—who he was, why he was able to ignite fires that, five years after his death, burn with undiminished energy.

In every community power tends to segregate into the hands of a few. Kentucky, like all the Southern states, emerged from the Civil War's chaos with the Democratic party dominant, and that party ruled by its "better element"—the families having the culture, the education, the commanding position in the various communities. And the question of negro suffrage, of "negro domination," greatly strengthened the hold of these "first families." Also, the chicanery necessary to the maintenance

of white rule educated and accustomed and hardened the people to election crimes of all sorts—to ballot-box stuffing, to tally-sheet forgeries, to violence at the polls, to sardonic swearings-in of the candidates with the fewer number of votes as the candidates elected.

In the mountainous regions of Kentucky lived a population that had never held slaves—a lawless, rather brutal, but by no means unattractive or unintelligent, people, for the most part Republicans. And as the industrial development spread southward from the Northern states, this Republican element was reinforced until it was close to two-fifths of the voting population of the entire state and liable to attain power if there should be a serious split in the Democratic party. Further, just as the Democrats, overwhelmingly in the majority in the leveler counties, could and did adjust election results to the needs of their party or its dominant clique, so the Republicans, where they were vastly in the majority, could and did conduct elections as they pleased, unchallenged.



CALEB POWERS
Whose fourth trial for conspiracy in the
murder of Goebel will soon open



MILITIA MARCHING TO GUARD THE STATE HOUSE GROUNDS, FRANKFORT
AFTER GOEBEL WAS SHOT

Presently, the inevitable Democratic split came. While it is true that power everywhere tends to segregate, it is also true that in a democracy this evil itself breeds its own cure. Soon there was a large and increasingly powerful element in the Democratic party that was exceedingly restless under the rule of the oligarchy of "first families." This restive element was led by the younger men of the state, weary of waiting for the "old fellows" to get out of the way; and behind them began to line up a large part of the Democratic masses dissatisfied with the intimacy of the oligarchy with the rich corporations. Of these corporations the most powerful and the most aggressive, high and low, either were conspicuous in the oligarchy ruling the Democratic party or had the friendliest possible relations with it. And the

rights of the people were naturally trampled more and more recklessly. Not only was there corruption of the grosser kinds, but also there was that subtlest form of it, the social bribe, to which the Kentuckians, with their expansive temperament, were peculiarly susceptible. The oligarchy, descendant and heir of the haughty slavocracy, would not have had any too great respect for the rights of "the common people" in any circumstances; with the L. & N. and other corporations corrupting it, it rode straight and fast to its own ruin.

The destroyer finally arose in the person of William Goebel. A Kentucky faction has tried to canonize Goebel since his death. In fact, he was a politician; but shrewd, brave and perhaps not overscrupulous. When such a man as was Goebel devotes his whole energy to building up the power of corrupt wealth, he is mildly criticized: "After all, he was on the side of the better element!"



JAMES B. HOWARD

Outlaw Taylorite, accused by Youtsey of firing the shot that killed Goebel

But when a Goebel happens to be indifferent to wealth and "respectability," and devotes himself to building his power through the common people, he is denounced as a monster by the leaders of the comfortable and luxurious classes; and in public prints, which are so largely in the hands or under the influence of "the better element"—the rich and successful and socially highly placed—it is all but impossible to get any just idea of him. The truth is that Goebel was honest, as politicians go, was beyond the reach of corporate corruptions, was determined to make himself a mighty figure in state and national politics by fighting corrupt wealth. His purpose was good, as good as the purposes of the opposing servants of privilege and caste were bad; his motives may have been selfish, but no more so than those of all politicians; his methods were corrupt, like those of his opponents—no more corrupt than theirs, but shrewder and braver. In his superior shrewdness and audacity, which finally resulted in the complete overthrow of the oligarchy and brought about a cleaner and more democratic Democratic party in Kentucky, may be found the clue to the ferocity

of so large a part of the "respectable" element in Kentucky, of those bearing the names with which the country at large is most familiar.

Goebel became conspicuously active in the early '90s, when the hard times were making the people peculiarly sensitive to corporate oppressions and aggressions, and the Populists were drawing off the Democratic rank and file by the tens of thousands.

In 1895, the Republicans had elected their entire state ticket—and the Republican party was directed by an oligarchy of "leading families," exactly like the Democratic oligarchy. Obviously, Goebel's attacks upon oligarchy were in a way to be successful—there was the object-lesson of the Democratic party ejected from its ancient seats of power by the rule-or-ruin policy of its oligarchs; there was the object-lesson of the Republican oligarchy, in power through Democratic quarrels, and using that power in precisely the same way in which the Democratic oligarchy had used it. Goebel made campaign after campaign, and he grew steadily. And



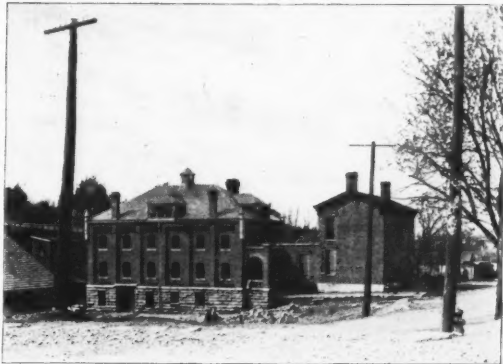
HENRY E. YOUTSEY

Whom Howard accuses of the shooting, and who confessed himself to being a principal

hatred of him grew steadily, and it was no uncommon thing to hear a Kentuckian end a eulogy or a denunciation of him with, "But somebody'll kill him sure before he goes much further."

Finally, he got the Legislature, and in the winter of 1898 passed the famous Goebel law. That law has been widely described as a deliberate Goebel concoction to steal the state and to hold it indefinitely. Any one who will take the trouble to read it and to compare it with the law which it superseded will find that it is if anything more in sympathy with the Kentucky Constitution. But that is not important. The real point is, that under the old law the oligarchs could more easily steal an election, while under the new law the Goebelites could more easily steal it. Under neither law was the object a fair fulfilment of the will of the majority, but the easiest and most plausible accomplishment of the will of the political bosses. In the broad, the old law made the governor and a few other state officers final judges of who was elected, while the new law transferred this power to the Legislature and boards appointed by it. As between these two pieces of roguery, cleverly disguised, a fair man will probably make no choice.

At the Democratic state convention of 1899, at which both factions outdid themselves in fraud and corruption and



SCOTT COUNTY JAIL, GEORGETOWN, WHERE GOEBEL SUSPECTS WERE CONFINED

outpourings of envenomed passion, Goebel got the nomination for governor, and leaders among his followers the nominations for the other state offices. The beaten oligarchs bolted and nominated an "old-line Democracy" ticket. At the election in the fall of 1899, after a ferocious three-cornered campaign, the Republican ticket, headed by W. S. Taylor, was successful by a narrow plurality on the face of the returns.

Did it actually win? Nobody knows; nobody ever will know. The Republicans cheated in the mountains; the Democrats, both Goebelites and anti-Goebelites, cheated in the valleys. The devil fought himself with fire all over the state. It was a great triumph for everything but right and justice and decency. Those who, noting that the Democrats were divided, rush toward the conclusion that the Republicans probably won, are flung back by the fact that, while the Democrats to a certain



ARREST OF A GOEBELITE

He killed a negro who said, "Goebel ought to be shot," half an hour after the shooting of the governor



MILITIA GUARDING COURT-HOUSE TO
PREVENT LEGISLATURE FROM
ASSEMBLING

extent checked one another from fraud in the valleys, the Republicans in their mountain strongholds were unchecked.

We now come to January, 1900, and to the tragedy. The Republicans had had all the state offices since 1895—therefore the new lot of Republicans, elected on the face of the returns in November, 1899, were sworn in and were given possession by their Republican predecessors. The Goebelites had the Legislature—a majority of fourteen in the Senate and of eighteen in the House. The Goebelites had filed contests before the boards appointed by the Goebel Legislature to hear and pass upon election contests—and Taylor's nominal plurality over Goebel was only 2,856 out of a total vote of 403,000; the pluralities of the other Republicans were similarly small. Under the Constitution of Kentucky, the Legislature was charged with the duty of finally deciding all contests for governor and lieutenant-governor; under the so-called Goebel law, the Legislature was also the court of final appeal for all contests brought before the returning-boards which it appointed. That is, the Goebelites had two legal chances, arbitrarily or justly, to oust the Republican state officers or Taylorites and to install themselves. If the returning-boards should refuse to do the work, the Legislature could do it—and from the Legislature the only appeal was to arms and civil war.

Of course, the Taylorites, while they

knew their heelers had done some cheating at the polls in November, believed they had done far less of it than the heelers of the other fellows; of course, the Goebelites, while they knew their heelers had cheated at the polls in November, believed they had done less of it than the other fellows. And so the two factions, with virtuous hearts, shook their fists at each other; the Taylorites despairingly, because the Goebelites had the Legislature. In any warm-blooded community where

weapons unconcealed were freely borne, and borne for use, here was a situation that meant violence and murder.

II

Frankfort, the country town which is the capital of Kentucky, and Franklin County, of which Frankfort is the county-seat, were then overwhelmingly Democratic. Almost all the white people



J. C. W. BECKHAM
Present Governor of Kentucky

were Democrats. Almost the only white Republicans were those from the mountain counties who had been elected to state offices through Democratic factional quarrels. Apparently this shows that the Republican state officials were at Frankfort strangers in a hostile land. But that is not altogether true. There was a strong sympathy, as has been said, between the leaders of the Republican machine and the leaders of the old-line Democratic machine—the old-fashioned Democrats hated Goebelism with a ferocity which made their antagonism to Republicanism seem mild in comparison. So, the majority of the “leading citizens” of Democratic Frankfort were not hostile to de facto Governor Taylor and de facto Secretary of State Powers and the other de facto state officials whose positions the Goebelites were contesting. They were not friendly, but they were not hostile—and it is important to bear this in mind.

Orders from Governor Taylor and letters have been published, showing that he got the militia, such companies as could be counted on, in readiness early in January. A few days after a brawl between a Taylorite and a Goebelite in Frankfort, he had several companies of militia secretly put under arms and kept in readiness at the armory. It does not anywhere appear that there was anything in the temper of the people of Frankfort or of the Goebelites to justify this; but there were rumors of Goebelites mustering in force, and the Taylorites put forward other rumors in justification of Taylor's action, though it must in fairness be remembered and noted that, as the Goebelites had the majority of the Legislature, their program was one of peace and order, and electoral outrage under forms of law, if outrage it was. It is difficult for a fair-minded person to understand why Governor Taylor should have assembled militia, except in preparation for armed resistance to the electoral decrees of the Legislature, though those decrees, whatever they might be, would be binding under the explicit mandate of the Constitution of the state.

Caleb Powers, the de facto secretary of state, hastened up into the mountains

whence he came, and there assembled and caused to be brought down to Frankfort to attend the sessions of the contest-boards a band of about a thousand Taylorite mountaineers. The unimpeached testimony is that they came drinking, and shooting out of the car-windows; that they conducted themselves fairly well, except in speech, while they were at Frankfort; that when they left on January 25th, after having accomplished nothing, they fired farewell volleys from the car-windows. While they were at Frankfort, they indulged in the wild and murderous talk to be expected from them in the circumstances. It is testified by witnesses whose character the defense does not attack, that these men vented freely all sorts of threats to kill Goebel. Indeed, a reading of the evidence makes it impossible to doubt that the expediency of killing Goebel, the virtue and duty of killing him, methods of killing him, constituted a large part of the conversation of this mysterious mob, which slept in the State House and lounged in its corridors and in its grounds with revolvers and Winchesters in full view.

Did Caleb Powers intend this to be an armed mob? He says it was a band of peaceful citizens, come peacefully to protest and to testify before the contest-boards. There is unrefuted and unimpeached testimony to the contrary. In a letter he wrote to the adjutant-general of the state, requesting him to issue orders to two reluctant mountain companies to join in that descent upon Frankfort, Powers says: “We must have those men and guns. We are undertaking a serious matter, and win we must.” In a letter which Powers' brother John wrote to a Powers henchman, Militia Sergeant Ricketts, of Coalport, there are these words: “Come to town Wednesday with all the men up there prepared to leave. Say nothing about it. Let the men know they are to leave, but keep ‘quite.’ Bring what guns you can. Shotguns; C [Caleb] would rather they be brought Wednesday, just after night. Wear a citizen's suit of clothes.” Again, a

young woman, then a Miss Snuffer, with whom Caleb Powers talked while in the mountain region collecting "protesters," testifies that he called on her, that he said "they were going to fight rather than be robbed. During the time he took a pistol from his pocket and said that was his business there now. I asked him if he would not hate to be killed, and he said yes, and I asked him if he would not hate to kill anybody, and he said yes, but he would rather do it than be robbed. He said that before he would be robbed he would go in there and kill them himself."

Dismissing the testimony of all the witnesses assailed by Powers and his associates, and taking only their own testimony and that of witnesses above suspicion—the letters of Powers and Taylor, the testimony of Miss Snuffer and John Black and Captain Hawn and D. D. Hill and several others—we cannot avoid the conclusion that Powers, and Taylor, who was backing him up, though somewhat nervously, in all he did, were contemplating armed resistance to the constitutional authority of the Legislature; that they were firmly convinced of the justice of their cause, of their title to that which the face of the returns gave them; that they proposed to defend that cause by inaugurating civil war. It is a question for moralists when and where the moral right to resist constituted authority begins; these men may have been right, may not have been prejudiced by ambition in thinking they had done less cheating than the Goebelites; but, when they now come forward and deny that civil war was ever at any time their purpose, are they not in jeopardy of being placed in the same category with those witnesses against them whom they accuse of perjury? The attempts of Taylor and Powers to deny this established fact of contemplated violence is one reason why their defense against the other charge, the conspiracy to murder Goebel, falls short of the expectations of their friends. The first principle of a successful defense is complete frankness. Innocence that strives to conceal cannot loudly complain if it creates the impression of guilt.

We find, then, that toward the end of January, Taylor and Powers, especially Powers, were filling the streets of Frankfort with armed men who breathed threatenings and slaughter against Goebelites and Goebel, that Powers and Taylor still further electrified a surcharged atmosphere.

The contest-boards decided that under the law they had no authority to go back of the face of the returns; they so reported to the Legislature, and the Legislature appointed committees from its own body to hear the contests promptly filed with it by Goebel and the other Goebel candidates for state offices. The main body of the mountaineers withdrew, leaving, however, for a purpose which has not been explained by the defense, no less than two hundred of their number to continue to lounge threateningly about the State House corridors and grounds. The contests were "up to" the Legislature, and everybody knew what the Legislature would do as surely as Goebel remained alive to nerve it to disregard the ominous Taylorite preparations which had overawed the contest-boards.

On the morning of January 30th, Caleb Powers left for western Kentucky. He says that his purpose was to assemble there and bring down to the capital another body of protesters and witnesses to testify before the Legislature committee. It is cited by his friends as proof how determined he was to be law-abiding that he was thus assembling witnesses when, in the then state of factional fury, it was a foregone conclusion that the Goebel Legislature would eject the Taylorites from the state offices and would seat the contesting Goebelites. The opponents of Powers, however, take the view that this absence on a patently useless mission was deliberately and criminally opportune.

The legislative contest committees were to convene at 2:30 p. m. on that January 30th. It was generally assumed that they would quickly hear the testimony as to the Taylorite Republican frauds, would wave aside or minimize the testimony as to Goebelites

frauds, would report to the Legislature in favor of the contestants, who would be sworn in probably before the sun went down.

At 11:30 that morning, as Mr. Goebel was on his way across the State House grounds to the chamber of the Senate, of which he was a member, he was shot down and mortally wounded by a bullet which, it is now admitted by all, came from a window of the private office of the secretary of state—that is, from Caleb Powers' private office.

As soon as the county authorities recovered from the wild confusion into which they and the whole town were thrown, they hastened to the State House to begin an investigation of the assassination. They found the State House grounds guarded by militia; they were denied admittance; beyond professions of willingness to assist, and those expressions of regret and horror which might or might not have been perfunctory, they got no assistance whatever from the excited tenants of the State House toward solving the mystery of the assassination. Nor was any serious attempt made by the officials within those military lines to find out who had committed the crime, though they remained there more than a month. If the present theory of the defense as to the crime is valid, those officials must have known who shot Goebel within a few hours after he fell. Yet Youtsey, the man they now accuse, was not even questioned by Taylor or by Powers, or, so far as the testimony shows, by any one within those lines. Six weeks later, Taylor, still holding out as governor, issued pardons to Caleb Powers and to several others not accused and not likely to be accused, and Powers ventured through the militia lines and tried to escape from the state in a militia uniform. Finally Taylor himself fled, first to Pennsylvania, then to Washington, thence to New York, and finally, fleeing from demands for his extradition, to Indiana, where he now lives, protected against extradition by the Republican governor of that state on the ground that he would not have a fair trial in Kentucky.

Obviously we have here an atmosphere

of panic. The panic would be consistent with innocence—it would not be strange if innocent men, drawn by fate into such a frightful position, failed to conduct themselves with coolness and discretion. But, over and above the panic, is there not guilt? The acts cited, hardly more conspicuous than a score of others of which they are typical, show men conscious at least of acts which cause appearances to be desperately against them.

But now the question arises, guilt of what? Guilt of conspiracy to murder Goebel? Or, guilt of having gone far toward plotting a civil war?

At first blush it would seem that Powers' contention that the assassination of Goebel was the last thing he and Taylor could have in common sense desired, seems valid and almost convincing. As the event proved, that assassination destroyed the last hope of Taylor and Powers of retaining the offices to which they were elected on the face of the returns. But, on the other hand, with Goebel alive, what hope could they have had, except in a civil war, when he controlled the Legislature? And is there not plausibility in the contention of the prosecution that Taylor and Powers saw in the death of Goebel—Goebel, the brains and the courage and apparently the whole amalgamating and nerve force of the new Democratic party—their one chance to win without civil war, to win through the disintegration of the Goebelites? Were not "good citizens" by the hundred, "leading men" of the Republican and old-line Democratic parties, saying openly that Goebel was a plague and a pest from which death alone could deliver Kentucky? Were not "leading citizens" saying that the death of Goebel would avert a civil war, would disperse his "rabble" and restore authority to the "better elements" which had so long, so peaceably—and so profitably—exercised it? Those who know Kentucky will understand what was being said and thought—Kentucky, where men still carry arms as they go about the streets as if we were in the middle ages; Kentucky, where the right of private vengeance is still hardly denied;

Kentucky, where the appeal to arms is as natural as is the appeal to courts in states where sensitiveness to "honor" habitually takes a less dramatic form.

There is nothing in the circumstances of the assassination of Goebel, nothing in the character of Powers, strenuous, fiery, mountain-bred, nor in the character of Taylor, a Kentucky mountaineer no less aggressive, in speech at least, than Powers—nothing in the circumstances or in the character of the principals or of their ambitions and their methods of promoting those ambitions, to forbid the theory of the prosecution—the theory that Taylor and Powers wished the death of Goebel and conspired to make that wish effective.

But—this does not prove, does not have any vital bearing upon proof, that either Taylor or Powers actually did conspire. The politicians of all three factions had together so acted that an atmosphere of violence and murder was in the lungs of every man in Frankfort, of almost every man in the state. Those politicians were for the most part, by habit of mind and action, capable of murder. Few, indeed, of the older generation of them but had "killed their men." Goebel himself shot down Sanford in the streets of Covington. But it is another thing to say that Taylor and Powers had been so little freed by education from their early training of the mountain vendetta and bush-whacking murder that they would deliberately plot for others to kill the man who was about to wrest from them the high offices they had struggled so hard and so unscrupulously to get and had won on the face of the figures. Maddening though the taunts of the securely legal Goebelites must have been, and frenzying though the consciousness that under the Constitution Goebel and his followers could calmly and with all seeming of lawfulness eject them from offices to which they, whether rightly or wrongly, thought they had been chosen by the majority of the people, still they were human beings; and for an educated human being to arrange an assassination, he must have a streak of the monster in him—even if the man

he purposes to cause to be slain is regarded by him and by multitudes as an enemy of God and man. The passions of the strife had transformed Goebel to his opponents into a fiend in human form; for Powers or Taylor to shoot him down personally would be for them to destroy their public careers; if he was to be killed, it must obviously be by hired assassins. Still—suspicion is more likely to be wickedly unjust than in any measure just. And in no circumstances is it proof.

III

The Legislature proclaimed the dying Goebel and his associates on the Democratic state ticket elected; Goebel was sworn in; when he died, on February 3d, the Democratic lieutenant-governor, a clean, able, honest young man who is at present the elected governor of the state, was sworn in as his successor. The Republican and anti-Goebel members of the Legislature had refused to participate in the electoral proceedings, in the hope of making a case for the Supreme Court of the United States. But the Supreme Court decided that it had no authority to interfere; and the Republican President of the United States refused to heed Taylor's frantic pleas for armed Federal interference. The Taylor-Powers government disappeared; the constitutional government was free to push the inquiry into the murder.

Powers and his associates severely criticize the Legislature for appropriating one hundred thousand dollars as a special fund to bring the murderers to justice. But their criticisms seem in fairness unreasonable. The appropriation was made when Goebel had just been shot down, when Taylor, with the militia hedging him at the State House, was to the suspicious and infuriated Goebelites in the attitude of defending and shielding the murderers. Finally, not fifteen thousand dollars of that fund has been expended.

Powers and his friends charge that the prosecuting Goebelites have prostituted the entire judicial system of Kentucky. But is not this exaggerated

and unwarranted? For example, Powers' own case has been acted upon three times by the Court of Appeals. Once the majority of the judges were Republicans. Yet that Republican court did not condemn wholesale the trial in the lower court and release Powers; it merely reversed, and that on error which might have crept into the fairest trial. The other times, with the majority of the court Democratic, the result was the same. Or, to go to the trial courts, an examination of their records shows that so far as the proceedings of the courts themselves from day to day are concerned, the judges interpreted the necessarily extremely liberal rules of evidence governing conspiracy cases for rather than against the defense; in not a single instance did a judge of a trial court do anything which judges and lawyers in all parts of the country would not admit was within the proprieties and the precedents. For the rulings which Powers and his friends most severely condemn, the trial judges had all-fours precedents in cases universally accepted as authoritative.

The only criticism of partiality that can be thoroughly sustained is in the selection of juries. Making all allowances for the scarcity of qualified white Republicans not in Federal office, and therefore barred from jury duty, in the sections of Kentucky in which the trials were held, still one cannot escape the suspicion that the venires for those juries were not wholly by chance made up of an overwhelming preponderance of Democrats. In mitigation of this, it must be conceded that among the jurors of the first Powers jury there were one stanch Republican and six anti-Goebel Democrats, that on the third jury there was one strong Republican of the best character and standing, that the foreman of the second jury was a former schoolmate of Powers', and was not challenged by him either peremptorily or for cause. All three juries unanimously found Powers guilty and fixed the death-sentence upon him. So, when Powers and his friends assail the whole judicial system of Kentucky, they tempt a reaction of sentiment. The

truth is, there is a case against Powers and Taylor, and whether or no the convictions of Powers have been unwarranted, they do not travesty justice.

It is probable that juries of fair men wholly free from the passion of Goebel and anti-Goebel would acquit Powers on the evidence presented; but it is also equally probable that equally fair juries would convict him.

The net result of the prosecution thus far is: One man, Youtsey, who confesses that he was a principal in the crime, is condemned to prison for life; another man, Howard, who admits participation in the crime and who, at the time of its committing, was a fugitive from justice for a cold-blooded murder, is serving a life-sentence; Powers, about to have a new trial; two obscure alleged conspirators, acquitted. In face of the records of the trials and the appeals, in face of the results just recounted, is it fair to denounce the whole system of justice in Kentucky?

The denunciation would not have been accepted as just by the country at large had not the Republican press of the country accepted without investigation the assertions of Powers and Taylor and their lawyers, and had not the "gold" Democratic press pursued the same course because so many of the leaders of the "old-line Democracy" of Kentucky were conspicuous gold Democrats. The fact that Goebel was a machine politician of an obnoxious type, has also been a largely determining factor in public judgment throughout the North upon the proceedings of the men who have prosecuted his alleged slayers. Passion and prejudice do not breed injustice in Kentucky alone.

IV

Let us now glance at the evidence submitted at these trials, at the case against and the case for Powers—it is also a large part of the case that would be made against and for Taylor, if the Kentucky authorities could get him extradited out of Indiana.

The case put forward by the prosecution is, in outline, as follows: That

Taylor and Powers, despairing of keeping their offices with the Goebelites having final say through absolute control of the Legislature, created at Frankfort conditions of violence and murder by bringing there armed bodies of their mountain followers. That they prepared to protect themselves from the possible consequences of Goebelite counter-violence by secretly assembling such of the militia as was Republican and could therefore be relied on to obey the orders of Governor Taylor. That they apparently hesitated for some time between civil war and murdering Goebel. That, for reasons known only to them, they abandoned a bold flinging down of the gage of civil war and, with some haste, as the time was short, made several attempts to procure assassins through Henry Youtsey, a young lawyer with a twelve-hundred-dollar-a-year job in the state auditor's office and an ardent Republican. That, finally, Taylor sent for and Youtsey instructed one James Howard, an outlaw Taylorite wanted by the authorities for trial for a deliberate murder in the mountains. That on the morning of January 30th, when Howard was to arrive from his mountain fastness and "do the job," Powers absented himself, on a pretext of innocent business which he had carefully arranged beforehand. That Howard and Youtsey went into Powers' private office, where were several guns, put there in readiness by Powers and by Youtsey, and that Howard or Youtsey fired the shot that killed Goebel. Howard says Youtsey fired it; Youtsey says Howard fired it.

The case put forward by the defense is, briefly, as follows: That the secret assembling of the militia was a wise guarding against possible outbreaks of the passions which had all Kentucky aglow and on the verge of flame. That the assembling and bringing to Frankfort of armed Republican mountaineers was for purposes of peaceful petition against the contemplated electoral crimes of the Goebelites, and that Powers took every precaution to prevent the mountaineers from using the guns without which they would not come. That Youtsey, his never too steady brain upset by the

political excitement and by the prospect of losing his job with the ejection of the Taylor administration, got guns on his own account, and took advantage of the absence of Powers to use the secretary of state's office for the murder. That the confessions of the low characters who implicate Powers and Taylor were got by the Goebelites under threats of trying and hanging if "satisfactory" confessions were not made. That the testimony of such of the corroborating witnesses as are also low characters was got partly by duress, partly by perjury. That the testimony of the witnesses of good character who took the stand against Powers is unimportant, taken by itself, indicating nothing more than the intense feelings which the political situation had roused in Powers, Taylor, and every one else in the state, Republican, Goebelite and anti-Goebelite.

It is undoubtedly true that Youtsey has shown himself to be a miserable liar, with a dime-novel sense of the dramatic and a craving for notoriety. Nor can the prosecution deny that Howard, Noakes, Golden, Culton and Cecil, the men who make the alleged confessions, are low characters. But the obvious contention of the prosecution is that this is precisely the class of men among whom a conspiracy to assassinate would be formed, precisely the class among whom a scoundrel of higher grade would look when seeking persons to procure murder and to murder; that the testimony of these men must not be wholly rejected, but must be judged on its merits and, in so far as it is corroborated, believed; that any other course would mean license to conspire to murder, for who but the vile ever conspire to assassinate, and with whom but the vile do they ever conspire? And the prosecution contends that the corroboration of these alleged confessions is ample.

Again, it is undoubtedly true that, at a time when Powers and Taylor and their followers were being goaded into venting all kinds of wild talk, many remarks would be made which a witness who wished to lie could without any great ingenuity pervert into statements

of deliberate purpose to kill Goebel. But, on the other hand, it is not easy to believe that even the vindictive and unscrupulous men who prepared the case against Powers could so coach several creatures of low mentality that their testimony would come practically unimpaired from under many shrewd and searching cross-examinations, and would fit, each man's into the others', with that inexact exactness which is the characteristic of truthful human testimony. Also, the defense does not controvert or seek to controvert the evidence that Noakes and Golden and Howard and Cecil and Culton were political heelers in the Taylor-Powers machine, performing to the satisfaction of their leaders the humbler and dirtier tasks of "practical politics," and were trusted by their leaders up to the time of the complete overthrow of Taylor and Powers.

Again, it is undoubtedly true that Youtsey had not long been acquainted with Powers and was not an intimate of his, and that Youtsey was not an intimate of Taylor's—and it must be borne in mind that Youtsey's part in the alleged conspiracy is all but vital to the proof of it. But, on the other hand, the prosecution points out that political solidarity, strong in all machines, is peculiarly strong in Kentucky; that Youtsey was a strong Taylorite; that he had a job which was an extremely good one from his standpoint; that he was bright and vigorous and eager to be helpful, was, in fact, an ideal man for go-between—not too intimate with the principals, in case the plot should miscarry, yet well enough known to them to make him entirely trustworthy. In brief, the prosecution alleges that Youtsey was precisely the kind of self-hypnotizing enthusiast, ready to find anything right that served the "good cause," whom the adroit leaders of such enterprises find to be their best possible instrument.

The defense contends that there was no conspiracy; that Youtsey alone and of his own initiative either shot Goebel himself or induced Howard to do it, by falsely assuring him that Taylor wished

it done, and by falsely guaranteeing to him that if he did do it, Taylor would protect him and would pardon him for his other murder. As proof that Youtsey had the murder in mind, the defense presents evidence that Powers, going into his office on January 27th, three days before the murder, was astonished by seeing Youtsey at the window, the shade down, the window up about six inches, a rifle across his knees. Powers says he asked Youtsey what he was doing, and that Youtsey answered, "Nothing much"; that he then demanded, "What do you propose to do with that gun?" that Youtsey said, "If trouble starts I expect to be prepared for that trouble." "I knew nothing of Youtsey," Caleb Powers' testimony continues, "and I went out of the office to go and get some one to go and talk with him." He says, and Todd, who was a clerk in Taylor's office, corroborates him, that he "said to Todd, 'Do you know that fellow Youtsey?' and he said, 'Yes,' and I said, 'I wish you would go into my office and talk to him. He is acting like a crazy man.'" Powers' and Todd's testimony goes on to relate that they both remonstrated with Youtsey, and that Youtsey yielded to them and put away the gun—as Todd testifies, behind a plank in that office where several other guns were concealed.

At first glance, this seems a strange mildness on Powers' part; but, when the fierce agitation of those days is considered, the improbability tends to disappear. On the other hand, Youtsey, testifying to the same occurrence, relates that he found Powers at the window with the gun, et cetera. The conclusion formed in an unprejudiced mind is that, whether or not Powers tells the truth, Youtsey lies. Indeed, the strongest point in Powers' favor throughout is Youtsey's testimony—for a cheaper romancer never mounted the witness-stand.

The defense has not admitted, indeed has not dared admit, the conditions in the State House in those days immediately preceding the murder. But enough of the truth has come out, from unimpeachable testimony, direct and

circumstantial, to enable the construction of the theory that must be true if Powers and Taylor are innocent of conspiracy to assassinate Goebel. That theory would be that Youtsey, in dread of losing the best job he ever had, and inflamed by the talk of violence and of murder all around him, became convinced that the expedient and the right thing to do was to kill Goebel; that his threats to do it were, in the general agitation, not especially noted and not vigorously discouraged; that he finally either did it himself or got Howard to do it; that, after the murder was done, Powers and Taylor, partly because they were in a panic, partly because they looked on the assassination as a crime not without mitigating features, acted as if they wished to be the beneficiaries by that crime, and so put themselves in the position of seeming to be its authors; that they were so absorbed in the problem of their own fate that they overlooked the fact that they were shielding the murderer. Such is, apparently, the only tenable theory on which Powers and Taylor can be regarded as innocent of the murder.

For Powers and Taylor to allege that they are wholly without responsibility for the death of Goebel is as impossible fair-mindedly to entertain as is the prosecution's profession that it has not overstepped the bounds of justice and of respect for decency. For Powers and Taylor to allege that they did not contemplate violence at Frankfort is as absurd as for Goebelites to pretend that Goebel's more daring, more sagacious and more successful use of the habitual methods of Kentucky's practical politicians had not driven Taylor, Powers and their followers to a desperation in which any sort of extreme measure would seem to them justifiable. For Powers and Taylor to allege that they could not hope to gain anything by the death of the man who was regarded with something akin to dread even by his own intimates, and whose cool audacities under the most punctilious forms of law frightened even his lieutenants, is as far from

the truth as it is for Goebelites to put forward as truth all the silly imaginings of Youtsey or all the windings of the confessing alleged conspirators.

Was Youtsey the instrument of men deliberately plotting? Or was he the accidental outcome of the highly electrified conditions created in the State House by the struggle of Taylorites and Goebelites? Have the self-accused conspirators who testify against Powers been frightened and bribed into lying, or coerced and bought to tell the truth?

Those are questions for a jury to settle, with the witnesses themselves before it. All that we can say here is that Powers and Taylor and their friends have been unjust to the judicial system of Kentucky in their not unnatural eagerness to clear themselves; that the prosecutors of Powers and Taylor have given a color of justification to those exaggerations by seeking to strengthen with injustice the cases which they undoubtedly believe to be just. And finally, have we not discovered enough of the truth to give us firm ground for the belief that nowhere in this republic is there a breed of citizen-monsters, and that no great state of this Union can be wholly conquered by barbarism, even under the imperious drive of the strongest passions that assail the supremacy of reason and justice?

If Powers and Taylor are innocent of conspiring to murder Goebel, they at least have the consolation of feeling that the hardships they have endured since March, 1900, have not been wholly undeserved. If they are guilty, they can congratulate themselves upon being still alive and upon having raised up for themselves a host of friends who regard them as martyrs. But martyrs they are not. And if their original cause was just, and if they had patiently submitted to the Constitution and the laws of their state instead of arranging to right a wrong, real or fancied, with a civil war, they might to-day be, the one, governor, the other, secretary of state, put in those offices by a majority of the outraged electorate too great for fraud to expunge.



THE OCCULTATION OF FLORIAN AMIDON

By HERBERT QUICK

I

A SLEEP AND A FORGETTING

Deep in the Well where blushing hides the
shrinking and Naked Truth,
I have dived, and dared to fetch ensnared this
Fragment of tested Sooth:
And one of the purblind Race of Men peered
with a curious Eye
Over the Curb as I fetched it forth, and be-
sought me to drop that lie:
But all ye who long for Certitude, and who
yearn for the Ultimate Fact,
Who know the Truth and in spite of Ruth tear
piecemeal the Inexact,
Come list to the Lay that I sing to-day, and
choose between him and me,
And choosing show that ye always know the
Lie from the Veritee!

—The Rime of the Sheeted Spoon.

BAGGS, said Mr. Amidon, "take things entirely into your own hands. I'm off."

"All right," said Baggs. "It's only a day's run to Canada; but in case I should prove honest, and need to hear from you, you'll leave your address?"

Mr. Amidon frowned and made a gesture expressive of nervousness.

"No," said he, in a high-pitched and querulous tone. "No! I want to see if this business owns me, or if I own it. Why will you need to communicate with me? Whenever I'm off a day you always sign everything; and I will not be away but a day or two this time! I shall not leave any address; and don't look for me until I step in at that door! Good-by."

And he walked out of the bank, went home, and began looking over for the last time his cameras, films, tripods and the other paraphernalia of his fad.

"This habit of running off alone, Florian," said Mrs. Baggs, his sister, housekeeper, general manager, and the wife of Baggs, his confidential clerk and silent partner, "gives me an uneasy feeling. If you had only done as I wanted you to do, you'd have had some one——"

"Now, Jennie," said he, "we have settled that question a dozen times, and we can't go over it again if I am to catch the 4:48 train. Keep your eye on the men, and keep Baggs up in the collar, and see that Wilkes and Ranger get their just dues. I must have rest, Jennie; and as for the wife, why, there'll be more some day for this purely speculative family of yours if we— By the way, there's the whistle at Anderson's crossing. Good-by, my dear!"

On the 4:48 train, at least until it had aged into the 7:30 or 8:00, Mr. Florian Amidon, banker, and most attractive unmarried man of Hazelhurst, was not permitted to forget that his going away was an important event. What followed was so extraordinary that everything he said or did was remembered, and the record is tolerably complete. He talked with Simeon Woolaver, one of his tenants, about the delinquent rent, and gave Simeon a note to Baggs relative to taking some steers in settlement. This was before 5:17, at which time Mr. Woolaver got off at Duxbury.

"He was entirely normal," said Simeon during the course of his examination—"more normal than I ever seen him; an' figgered the shrink on them steers most correct from his standp'int, on a business card with a indelible pencil. He done me out of about eight dollars an' a half. He was exceedin'ly normal—up to 5:17!"

Mr. Amidon also encountered Mrs. Hunter and Miss Hunter in the parlor-car, immediately after leaving Duxbury. Miss Hunter was on her way to the Maine summer-resorts with the Senator

Fowlers, to whom Mrs. Hunter was taking her. Mrs. Hunter noticed nothing peculiar in his behavior, except the pointed manner in which he passed the chair by Minnie's side, and took the one by her mother. This seemed abnormal to Mrs. Hunter, whose egotism had its center in her daughter; but those who remembered the respectful terror with which he regarded women between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five, failed to see exceptional conduct in this. His lawyer, Judge Blodgett, with whom he went into the buffet at about seven, found him in conversation with these two ladies.

"He seemed embarrassed," said the judge, "and was blushing. Mrs. Hunter was explaining the new style in ladies' figures, and asking him if he didn't think Minnie was getting much plumper. As soon as he saw me he yelled: 'Hello, Blodgett! Come into the buffet! I want to see you about some legal matters.' He excused himself to the ladies, and we went into the buffet."

"What legal matters did he place before you?" said his interlocutor.

"Two bottles of beer," said the judge, "and a box of cigars. Then he talked Browning to me until 9:03, when he got off at Elm Springs Junction, to take the Limited north. He was wrong on Browning, but otherwise all right."

It was, therefore, at 9:03, or 9:05 (for the engineer's report showed the train two minutes late out of Elm Springs Junction), that Florian Amidon became the sole occupant of this remote country railway platform. He sat on a trunkful of photographer's supplies, with a



Mr. Quick was mayor of his city, and although not now holding political office, is a member of the Iowa Democratic State Committee.

Mr. Herbert Quick, author of "The Occultation of Florian Amidon," has already published two novels, in which he shows himself possessed of a strong predilection for the marvelous, which has been stimulated by the wonderful development of the Middle West, in the heart of which he was born and has always lived. Nevertheless, until his first appearance as a novelist four years ago, the world knew him as a thoroughly practical man. Born in Iowa, forty-four years ago, he is proud of the fact that by birth and rearing he is a farmer. But opportunities, acquired through teaching and editorial work, enabled him to study law, the practice of which caused him to take up his residence, in 1890, in Sioux City, where he now resides. Mr. Quick has reason to be proud of his literary achievements, but he would rather be known by the results of his connection, as attorney, with a citizens' committee in Sioux City which accomplished on a small scale work similar to that of Mr. Folk in Missouri. For two years

suit-case and a leather bag at his back. It was the evening of June 27, 1896. All about the lonely station the trees crowded down to the right of way, and rustled in a gentle evening breeze. Somewhere off in the wood, his ear discerned the faint hoot of an owl. Across the track in a pool under the shadow of the semaphore, he heard the full orchestra of the frogs, and saw reflected in the water the last exquisite glories of expiring day lamped by one bright star. Leaning back, he partly closed his eyelids, and wondered why so many rays came from the star—with the vague wonder of drowsiness, which comes because it has been in the habit of coming from one's earliest childhood. The star divided into two, and all its beams swam about while his gaze remained fixed, and nothing seemed quite in the focus of his vision.

Putting out his hand, presently, he touched a window damp with vapor and very cold. On the other side he felt a coarse curtain, and where the semaphore stood appeared a perpendicular bar of dim light. A vibratory sound somewhere near made him think that the owls and frogs had begun snoring. He heard horrible hissings and the distant clangor of a bell; and then all the platform heaved and quaked under him as if it were being dragged off into the woods. He sprang upward, received a blow upon his head, rolled off to the floor, and—

Stood in the middle of the sleeping-car, clad only in a night-shirt; and a scholarly-looking negro porter looked down in his face, laying gentle hands upon him, and addressing him in soothing tones.

"Huht yo' haid, Mr. Brassfield? Kind o' dreamin', wasn't yo', suh?" said the porter. "Bettah tuhn in again, suh. I'll wake yo' fo' N'Yohk. Yo' kin sleep late on account of the snow holdin' us back. Jes' lay down, Mr. Brassfield; it's only 3:35."

A lady's eye peeped forth from the curtain of a near-by berth, and vanished instantly. Mr. Amidon, seeing it, plunged back into the shelter from which he had tumbled, and lay there trembling

—trembling, forsooth, because, instead of summer, it seemed winter; for Elm Springs Junction, it appeared to be a moving train on some unknown road, going God knew where; and for Florian Amidon, in his outing-suit, it had the appearance of a somnambulistic wretch in his night-clothes, who was addressed by the unfamiliar porter as Mr. Brassfield!

II

THE RIDDLE OF RAIMENT AND DATES

From his eyne did the glamour of Faerie pass
And the Rymour lay on Eildon grass.
He lay in the heather on Eildon Hill;
He gazed on the dour Scots sky his fill.
His staff beside him was brash with rot;
The weed grew rank in his unthatch'd cot:
"Syne gloaming yestreen, my shepherd kind,
What hath happ'd this cot we ruin'd find?"
"Syne gloaming yestreen, and years twice three,
Hath wind and rain therein made free'
Ye sure will a stranger to Eildon be,
And ye know not the Rymour's in Faerie!"
—The Trewe Tale of Trewe Thomas.

As Mr. Amidon sensed the forward movement of the train in which he so strangely found himself, he had fits of impulse to leap out and take the next train back. But, back where? He had the assurance of his colored friend and brother that forward was New York. Backward was the void conjectural. Slowly the dawn whitened at the window. He raised the curtain and saw the rocks and fences and snow of a winter's landscape—saw them with a shock which, lying prone as he was, gave him the sensation of staggering. It was true, then: the thing he had still suspected as a nightmare was true. Where were all the weeks of summer and autumn? And (question of some pertinency!) where was Florian Amidon?

He groped about for his clothes. They were strange in color and texture, but, in such judgment as he could form while dressing in his berth, they fitted. He never could bear to go half dressed to the toilet-room as most men do, and stepped out of his berth fully appareled—in a natty business sack-suit of Scots-gray, a high turn-down collar, fine enameled shoes and a rather noticeable tie. Florian Amidon had always worn a decent buttoned-up frock and a polka-dot cravat of modest blue, which his

haberdasher kept in stock especially for him. He felt as if, in getting lost, he had got into the clothes of some other man—and that other one of much less quiet and old-fashioned tastes in dress.* It made him feel as if it were he who had made the run to Canada with the bank's funds—furtive, disguised, slinking.

He looked, like an amateur pick-pocket, in the pockets of the coat, and found some letters. He gazed at them askance, turning them over and over, wondering if he ought to peep at them. Then he put them back, and went into the smoking-room, where, finding himself alone, he turned up his vest as if it had been somebody else's vest whom he was afraid of disturbing, and looked at the initials on the shirt-front. They were not "F. A.," as they ought to have been, but "E. B.!" He wondered which of the bags were his. Pressing the button, he summoned the porter.

"George," said he, "bring my luggage in here."

And then he wondered at his addressing the porter in that drummer-like way—he was already acting up to the smart suit—or down; he was in doubt as to which it was.

The bags, when produced, showed those metal slides, sometimes seen, concealing the owner's name. Sweat stood upon Florian's brow as he slipped the plate back and found the name of Eugene Brassfield, Bellevale, Pennsylvania! A card-case, his pocketbook, all his linen and his hat—all articles of expensive and gentlemanly quality, but strange to him—disclosed the same name or initials,

none of them his own. In the valise he found some business letter-heads, finely engraved, of the Brassfield Oil Company, and Eugene Brassfield's name was there set forth as president and general manager.

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Florian, "am I insane? Am I a robber and a murderer! During this time which has dropped out of my life, have I destroyed and despoiled this gentleman, and— and run off in his clothes? I must denounce myself!"

The porter came, and, by way of denouncing himself, Mr. Amidon clapped his waistcoat shut and buttoned it, snapped the catches of the bags, and pretended to busy himself with the letters in his pockets; and in doing so, he found in an inside vest-pocket a long thin pocketbook filled with hundred-dollar bills, and a dainty-looking letter. It was addressed to Mr. Eugene Brassfield, was unstamped, and marked, "To be Read En Route."

There was invitation, there was allurement, in the very superscription. Clearly, it seemed, he ought to open and examine these letters. They might serve to clear up this mystery. He would begin with this.

"My Darling!" it began, without any other form of address—and was not this enough, beloved?—"My own Darling. I write this so that you may have something of me, which you can see and touch and kiss as you are borne farther and farther from me. Distance unbridged is such a terrible thing—any long

*Author's Note.—As reflecting light upon the personal characteristics of Mr. Florian Amidon, whose remarkable history is the turning-point of this narrative, I append a brief note by his college classmate and life-long acquaintance, the well-known Dr. J. Galen Urquhart, of Hazelhurst, Wisconsin. The note follows:

"At the time when the following story opens, Mr. Florian Amidon was about thirty years of age. Height, five feet ten and three-quarters inches; weight, one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. For general constitutional and pathological facts, see Sheets 2 to 7, inclusive, attached hereto. Subject well educated, having achieved distinction in linguistic, philological and literary studies in his university. (See Sheet 1, attached.) Neurologically considered, family history of subject (see Sheets 8 and 10) shows nothing abnormal, except that his father, a chemist, wrote an essay opposing the atomic theory, and a cousin is an epileptic. I regard these facts as significant. Volitional and inhibitory faculties largely developed; may be said to be a man of strong will-power and self-control. The following facts may be noted as possibly symptomatic of neurasthenia: fondness for the poetry of Whitman and Browning (see Nordau); tendency to dabble in irregular systems of medical practice; pronounced nervous and emotional irritability during adolescence; aversion to young women in society; stubborn clinging to celibacy. In posture, gait and general movements, the following may be noted: vivacious in conversation; possessed of great mobility of facial expression; anteroposterior sway marked and occasionally anterosinistral, and greatly augmented so as to approach Romberg symptom on closure of eyes, but no ataxic evidences in locomotion. Taking the external malleolus as the datum, the vertical and lateral pedal oscillation—"

The author regrets to say that space forbids any further incorporation of Doctor Urquhart's very illuminating note at this place. It may appear at some time as a separate volume.

distance; and more than our hands may reach and clasp across is interstellar space to me. You said last night that all beauty, all sweetness, all things delectable and enticing and fair, all things which allure and enrapture, are so bound up in little me, that surely the very giants of steam and steel would be drawn back to me, instead of bearing you away. Ah, my Eugene! You wondered why I put my hands behind me, and would not see your outstretched arms! Now that you are gone, and will not return for so long—until so near the day when I may be all that I am capable of becoming to you, let me tell you—I was afraid!

"Not of you, dearest, not of you—for with all your ardor of wooing (and no girl ever had a more perfect lover—I shall always thank God for that mixture of Launcelot and Sir Galahad in you which makes every moment in your presence a delight), I always knew that you could leave me like a sensible boy, and, while longing for me, stay away. But I—whom you have sometimes complained of a little for my coldness—had I not looked above your eyes, and put my hands behind me, I should have clung to you, dear, I was afraid, and never have allowed you to go as you are now going, and made you feel that I am not the perfect woman that you describe to me, as me. Even now, I fear that this letter will do me harm in your heart; but all the lover in me—and girls inherit from their fathers as well as from their mothers—cries out in me to woo you; and you must forget this, only at such times of tenderness while you are gone as you will sometimes have, when one embrace would be worth a world. Then read or remember this, as my return-clasp for such thoughts.

"Besides, may I not, now that you are away from me, give you a glimpse of that side of my soul which a girl is taught to hide? This was the 'swan's nest among the reeds' which Little Ellie meant to show to that lover who, maybe, never came. Ah, Mrs. Browning was a woman, and knew! (Mind, dear, it's Mrs. Browning I speak of!)

"Sometimes, when the Knight has

come, and the wife wishes to show the glories of her soul, 'the wild swan has deserted, and a rat has gnawed the reed.' Let the wild and flowery little pool of womanhood which is yours—yours, dearest—grow somewhat less strange to you than it would have been—last evening—so that when you see me again you will see it as a part of me, and, without a word or look from me, know me even more than you now do.

"Yours,

"Elizabeth."

Florian read it again and again. Sometimes he blushed—not with shame, but with the embarrassment of a girl—at the fervid eloquence. And then he would feel a twinge of envy for this Eugene Brassfield who could be to such a girl "a perfect lover."

"From one soon to be a bride," said he to himself, "to the man she loves: it's the sweetest letter ever written. I wonder how long ago she wrote it! Here's the date: 7th February, 1901. Odd, that she should mistake the year! But it was the 7th, no doubt. By the way, I don't know the day of the week or month, or what month it is! Here, boy! Is that the morning paper?"

He seized the paper feverishly, held it crushed in hand until the boy left him, and then spread it out looking for the date. It was February the 8th, 1901! The letter had been written last evening. Whatever had happened to this man Brassfield, had occurred within the past sixteen hours. And, great God! where had Florian Amidon been since June, 1896? All was dark; and, in sympathy with it, blackness came over his eyes, and he rode into New York in a dead faint.

III

ANY PORT IN A STORM

Cosimo. Join us, Ludovico! Our plans are ripe.
Our enterprise as fairly lamped with promise
As some near headland, based, 'tis true, with cliff,
But crowned with waving palms, and holding high
Its beaconing light, as holds its jewel up,
Your lady's tolling finger! Come, the stage
Is set, your cue is spoke.

stole upon him, he thought of the five years gone since last he had yielded to that feeling, and started up, afraid to sleep. He saw lying on the table the unopened telegrams, and tore them open. Some referred to sales of oil, and other business transactions; one was to inform Brassfield that a man named Alvord would not meet him in New York as promised, and one was in cipher.

He took from his pocket the letters of Brassfield, and read them. One or two were invitations to social functions in Bellevue. One was a bill for dues in a boating-club; another contained the tabulated pedigree of a horse owned in Kentucky. A very brief one was in the same handwriting as the missive he had first read, was signed "E. W.," and merely said that she would be at home that evening. But most of them related to the business of the Brassfield Oil Company, and referred to transactions in oil.

He lay back upon the bed again, and thought, thought, thought, beginning with the furthest stretch of memory, and coming down carefully and consecutively—to the yawning chasm which had opened in his life and swallowed up five years. Time and again, he worked down to the chasm, and was forced to stop. He had heard of loss of memory from illness, but this was nothing of the sort. He was tired and nervous that night at Elm Springs Junction, but not ill; and now he was in robust health. Perhaps some great fit of passion had torn that obliterating furrow through his mind. Perhaps in those five years he had become changed from the man of strict integrity who had so well managed the Hazelhurst Bank, into the monster who had robbed Eugene Brassfield of—his clothes, his property, the most dearly personal of his possessions—these, certainly (for Amidon knew the rule of evidence which brands as a thief the possessor of stolen goods); and who could tell of what else? Letters, bags, purses, money—these any vulgar criminal might have, and bear no deeper guilt than that of theft; but, the clothes? Mr. Amidon

shuddered as his logic carried him on from deduction to deduction—to murder, and the ghastly putting away of murder's fruit. In some way, he felt sure, Eugene Brassfield's body must have been removed from those natty clothes of his, before Florian Amidon could have put them on, and with them donned the personality of their former owner.

And here entered mystery deeper still—the strange deception he seemed to impose upon the dead man's acquaintances. And this filled him, somehow, with the most abject dread and fear. Brassfield seemed to have been a well-known man; for porters and clerks in New York do not call the obscure countryman by name. To step out upon the street was, perhaps, to run into the very arms of some one who would penetrate the disguise. Yet he could not long remain in this room; his very retirement—any extraordinary behavior (and how did he know Brassfield's ordinary courses?)—would soon advertise his presence. Amidon walked to the window and peered down into the street. His eyes traveled to the opposite windows, and finally in the blind stare of absent-mindedness became fixed upon a gold-and-black sign which he began stupidly spelling out, over and over. "Madame le Claire," it read, "Clairvoyant and Occultist." Not an idea was associated in his mind with the sign until the word "mystery," "mystery," began sounding in his ears—naturally enough, one would say, under the circumstances. Then the letters of the word floated before his eyes; and finally he consciously saw the full sign stretching across two windows: "Madame le Claire, Clairvoyant and Occultist. All Mysteries Solved."

Florian stared at this sign, until he became conscious of deep weariness at so long standing upon his feet. Then he saw, blossoming, the multiplying lights of an early winter's dusk—so numbly had the time slipped by. And in the gruesome close of this dreadful day, the desperate and perplexed man stole timidly down the stairways—avoiding the elevator—and across the street, to the place of the "Occultist."

IV

AN ADVENTURE IN BENARES

The silly world shrieks madly after Fact,
Thinking, forsooth, to find therein the
Truth;
But we, my love, will leave our brains unracked,
And glean our learning from these dreams
of youth:
Should any charge us with a childish act
And bid us track out knowledge like a sleuth,
We'll lightly laugh to scorn the wraiths of
History,
And, hand in hand, seek certitude in Mystery,
—When the Halcyon Broods.

The house of the "Occultist" was one of a long row, all alike, which reminds the observer of an exercise in perspective, as one glances down the stretch of balustraded piazzas. Amidon walked straight across the street from the hotel, and counted the flights of stairs up to the fourth floor. There was no elevator. The denizens of the place gave him a vague impression of being engaged in the fine arts. A glimpse of an interior hung with Navajo blankets, Pueblo pottery, Dakota beadwork, and barbaric arms; the sound of a soprano practising Marchesi exercises; an easel seen through an open door and flanked by a Grand Rapids folding-bed with a plaster bust atop; and a pervasive scent of cigarettes, accounted for, and may or may not have justified, the impression. On the fourth floor the scent shaded off toward sandalwood, the sounds toward silence, Bohemia toward Benares. He walked in twilight, on inch-deep nap, to a door on which glowed in soft, purple, self-emitted radiance, the words:

MADAME Le CLAIRE
ENTER

The invitation was plain, and he opened the door. As he did so, the deep, mellow note of a gong filled the place with a gentle alarum. It was sound with noise eliminated, and matched, to the ear, the velvet of the carpet.

The room into which he looked was dark, save for light reflected from a marble ball set in a high recess in the ceiling. None of the lamps could be seen, whose rays illuminated the ball, and the white globe itself was hung so high in the recess that none of its direct

rays reached the corners of the apartment. A Persian rug lay in the center, and took the fullest light. There were no sharp edges of shadow, but instead there was a softly graduated penumbra, deepening into murk. Straight across was a doorway with a portière, beyond was another, and still farther, a third, all made visible in silhouette by the light in a fourth room, seen as at the end of a tunnel.

Across this gossamer-barred arch of light, a black figure was projected, and swelled as it neared in silent approach. It came through the last portière, on into the circle of light, and stood, a turbaned negro, bowing low toward the visitor.

"Mme. le Claire" said Amidon, feebly; "may I speak with her?"

There was no reply, unless a respectful scrutiny might be taken for one. Then the dumb Soudanese, carrying with him the atmosphere of a Bedouin tent, disappeared, lingered, reappeared, and beckoned Amidon to follow. As they passed the first portière, that mellow and gentle gong-note welled softly again from some remote distance. At the second archway, it sounded nearer, if not louder. At the third, as Amidon stepped into the lighted room, it filled the air with a golden vibrancy. It was as if invisible ministers had gone before to announce him.

Amidon took one long look at the scene in the fourth room, and a great wave of unbelief rolled across his mind. Through this long day of shocks and surprises, he had reached that stage of amazement where the evidential value of sensory impressions is destroyed. He covered his eyes with his hands, expecting that the phantasms before him might pass with vision, and that with vision's return might come the sweet, familiar commonplaces of his commonplace life.

The room seemed to have no windows, and the roar of the New York street outside was gone, or faint as the hum of a hive. The walls were hung with fabrics of wool or silk, in dull greens and reds, and the floor was spread with rugs. With mouth redly ravening at



Drawn by Orson Lowell

"Blackness came over his eyes, and he rode into New York in a dead faint"

him, and eyes emitting opalescent gleams, lay a great tiger-skin rug, upon which, on a kind of dais, sat a woman—a woman whose eyes sought his in a steady regard which flashed a thrill through his whole body as he gazed. For she seemed to emanate from the tiger-skin, as a butterfly from the chrysalis.

Her dress was of some combination of black and yellow which carried upward the tones of the great rug. Her bare arms—long, and tapering to lithe wrists and hands—were clasped by dull-gold bracelets of twisted serpents. Over shapely shoulders, the flesh of which looked white and young, there was thrown a wrap like feathery snow, from under which drooped down over the girlish bosom a necklace that seemed of pearl. The face was fair, its pallor tinged with red at lips, and rose on cheeks. The eyes, luminous and steady, shone out through heavy dark lashes, from under brows of black, and seemed, at that first glance, of Oriental darkness.

A great mass of dark-brown hair encircled the rather small face, and even in his first look, he noted at the temples twin strands of golden-blond which, carried out like rays in the fluffy halo about her brow, reappeared in all the twistings and turnings of the involved pile which crowned the graceful head. The yellow-and-black of the tiger appeared thus, from head to foot. It was afterward that he found out something of the secret of the peculiar fascination in the great dark eyes. One of them was gray, with that greenish tinge which has been regarded as the token of genius. The other was of a mottled golden-brown, with lights like those in the tiger's eye. In both, in any but strong light, the velvet-black pupils spread out, and pushed the iris back to a thin margin; and thus they varied, from gray or brown, to that liquid night which Amidon now saw in them, as he stepped within the doorway, and looked so long upon her, as she sat like a model for the Queen of the Jungle, that under

other circumstances the gaze would have seemed rude. Some sense of this, breaking through his bewilderment, made him bow.

"Mme. le Claire?" said he.

"The same," said she. "How can I serve you, sir?"

The voice, a soft contralto, was the complement of the steady regard of the eyes. As she spoke, she rose and stepped toward him, down from the little dais to the rug. She rose, not with the effort which marks the act in most, but lightly, as a flower rises from the touch of a breeze. She was tall and lithe, and all the curves of her figure were long and low—once more suggesting the soft strength of the tigress. But when speech parted the lips, a smile which overspread her face won him.

"How can I serve you, my friend?" she repeated.

"I am in great trouble," said he.

"Yes," she purred.

"I saw your sign," he went on. "And I want you to tell me where I have been since June, 1896—and who is Eugene Brassfield. Did I kill him—or only rob him? And who is Elizabeth?"

She had stepped close to him now.

"Yes!" said she, "I think we shall be able to tell you all. But, are you well?"

"I have had no breakfast," said he. "When I found that I had lost five years—I forgot. And—once—I fainted. I'm not quite—well, I'm afraid!"

Mme. le Claire stepped to the wall and pushed a button. The turbaned Soudanese reappeared.

"Aaron," said she, "tell Professor Blatherwick that Mr.—Mr.—"

"Amidon," said Florian—"Amidon is my name."

"—Amidon will dine with us. He has some very interesting things for us to look into. And have dinner served at once."

Aaron! and dinner! and Blatherwick! The delicious vulgarity of the names was sweet music. For be it remembered that Florian was a banker, and a man of position; and sandalwood, Soudanese, Bedouins and illusions were ill for the green wound of his mystery—which, in all conscience, was bad enough in and of itself! Some confi-

dence in the realities of things returned to him, but he followed Mme. le Claire like a faithful hound.

V

SUBLIMINAL ENGINEERING

Now, Red-Neck Johnson's right hand never knew his left hand's game;

And most diverse were the meanings of the gestures of the same.

For, benedictions to send forth, his left hand seemed to strive,

While his right hand rested lightly on his ready forty-five.

"Mr. Chairman and Committee," Mr. Johnson said, said he,

"It is true, I'm tangled up some with this person's property;

It is true that growin' out therefrom and therewith to arrive,

Was some egregious shootin' with this harmless forty-five:

But list to my defense, and weep for my disease," said he;

"I am double," half sobbed Red-Neck, "in my personality!"

—The Affliction of Red-Neck Johnson.

Mme. le Claire led Mr. Amidon to the next room, turned him over to Aaron (now wonderfully healed of his dumbness) with a gesture of dismissal; and he was ushered by the negro into a most modern-looking chamber, in which was a brass bedstead with a snowy counterpane.

"Dinner will be suhved in ten minutes, suh," said Aaron.

They were waiting for him in the little dining-room, when he was wafted through the door by Aaron's obsequious bow. The tigress Le Claire advanced from a bay-window, bringing a slender man with stooped shoulders.

"Papa," she said, "this is Mr. Amidon, whom I have induced to dine with us; Mr. Amidon, Professor Blatherwick."

Professor Blatherwick was bent, and much bleached, faded and wrinkled. His eyes seemed both enormous in size and sunk almost to his occiput, by reason of being seen through the thickest of glasses. His lank, grayish hair, of no particular color, but resembling autumnal roadside grasses, hung thinly from a high and asymmetrical head, and straggled dejectedly down into a wisp of beard on chin and lip—a beard which any absent-minded man might well be supposed to have failed



Drawn by Orson Lowell
 "A woman whose eyes sought his in a steady regard which flashed a thrill through his whole body."



Drawn by Orson Lowell
 "Some book in which he had lost himself while on an excursion in search of parallel cases"

to observe, and therefore to have neglected to shave. When Mme. le Claire stopped in leading him forward, he halted, and feeling blindly forward into the air as if for Amidon's hand, though quite ten feet from him, he murmured:

"I am bleaced to meet you, sir."

"Evidently German," thought Amidon.

"I understandt," said the professor, opening the conversation, as Mme. le Claire poured the tea, "that you haf hadt some interesting experiences in te realm of te supliminal."

Amidon's tension of mind, which had left him under the compulsion of the woman's mastery of him, returned at the professor's remark.

"I have been dead," said he, "since the 27th of June, 1896!"

Mme. le Claire stared at him in unconcealed amazement. The professor calmly dipped toast in his tea.

"So!" said he. "Fife years. Goot! Dis case vill estaplish some important principles. Vill you be so kindt as to dell us te saircumstances?"

"Oh, papa!" broke in the lady. "You must wait until after dinner. I saw Mr. Amidon was weak and disturbed, and, I thought—hungry. So I asked him to stay."

"I have eaten nothing but this," said Mr. Amidon, "since June 27, 1896——"

"So," said the professor, calmly. "Dis vill brofe an important case."

"I saw the sign," said Amidon, "'All Mysteries Solved,' and I came here——"

"De sign," said the professor, "iss our goncession to te spirit of gommercialism, and te gompetitive system. It vas Clara's itea. But some mysteries ve do not attempt. In te realm of te supliminal, howefer, ve go up against almost any broposition. I am Cheneral Superintendent of Supliminal Enchineering; Clara is te executant. I make blance, and Clara does as she bleaces aboutt

following dem. You vill, at your gonfenience, dell us all you can of your case. I vill analyze, glassify, and tiagnose; she vill unrafel."

It was deep in the evening when the professor was through with his diagnosis. He made copious notes of Amidon's story. Several times his daughter called him away from some book in which he had lost himself while on an excursion in search of parallel cases. At last he paused, his face expressing the triumph of a naturalist at the discovery of a new beetle.

"You are not in te least insane!" said he, with the air of telling Florian something hard to believe; "and you haf none of te stigmata of techeneration. I would say that you are not a griminal——"

not much of a griminal anyhow, andt broproply not at all!"

"Thank you! Oh, thank you!" fervently exclaimed Amidon.

"It iss a case," went on the professor, "of dual pairsonality. For fife years you haf broproply been absent from Hazelhurst. You haf been someveres!"

"Where, where?" cried Amidon.

"Do not fear," said Mme. le Claire, laying her hand on his arm. "If it is a case of dual personality, we shall soon find out all about it. You have mysteriously disappeared. Many men do. There was Lieutenant Rogers, of the navy; and Ansel Burns, of Ohio, who woke up in Kentucky in his own store, under the name of Brooks—Brooks' store, you know."

"And Ellis, of Bergen," said the professor, "who vas lost for a year, andt tiscofered himself in te pairson of a cook in a lumber-gamp in Minnesota, unter te name of Chamison. Oh, dere are many such! Te supchectife mind, te operations of vitch are normally below te threshold of gonsciousness, suddenly dakes control. Pouf! you are anoder man! You haf been Smidt; you are now Chones. As Chones you remember notting of Smidt. You go on, guided by instinct, and te preacquired semiintellichence of autohypnotismus—"

"Oh, papa!" said the tiger-lady, "those are awful words—for a sick man!"

"Vell," resumed Blatherwick, dropping into what he regarded as the vernacular, "you go on as Chones, all right all right. Some day, someveres—in dis case in a sleeping-car—you vake as Smidt again. You now do not remember Chones or te Chones life. You are

all vorked up—vat you call it—flabbergasted. You come to Mme. le Claire. Vat does she do? She calls te supchectife mind up abofe te threshold of gonsciousness, and you are restored to te Chones blane of mentality. Hypnotismus, hypnotismus: that is vat does it!"

"And shall I stay—Jones?"

"No, no!" said Mme. le Claire. "I will restore you. But while you are—Jones—I shall find out all you want to know about the—Jones—life, and I will tell you when you become

yourself again. You will learn all about Bellevale, and Brassfield, and——"

"And Elizabeth?" asked Amidon.

Mme. le Claire paused.

"Yes," said she, with much less cordiality, "I suppose so, if you want to know: about Elizabeth."



Drawn by Orson Lowell

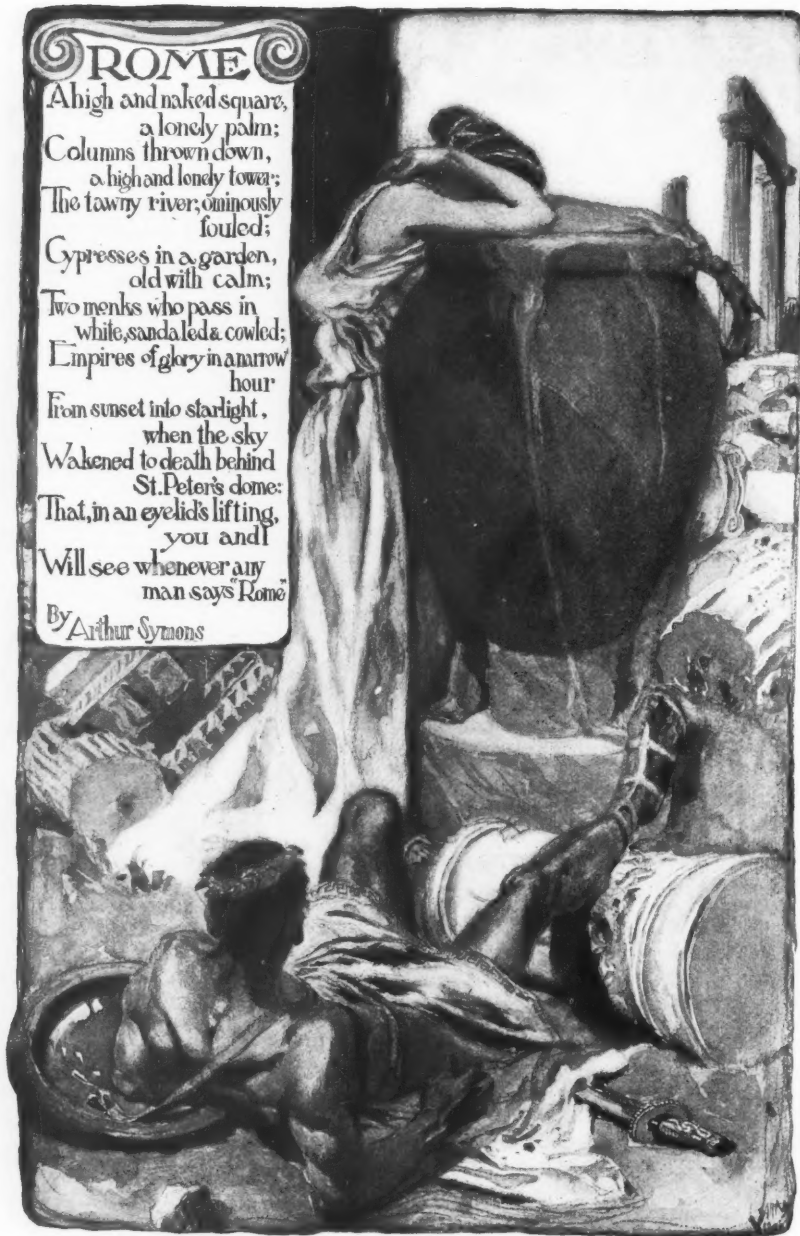
"And Elizabeth?"

(To be continued)

ROME

A high and naked square,
a lonely palm;
Columns thrown down,
a high and lonely tower;
The tawny river, ominously
fouled;
Cypresses in a garden,
old with calm;
Two monks who pass in
white, sandaled & cowed;
Empires of glory in a narrow
hour
From sunset into starlight,
when the sky
Wakened to death behind
St. Peter's dome:
That, in an eyelid's lifting,
you and I
Will see whenever any
man says Rome

By Arthur Symonds



Drawn by Charles Sarkis



Photograph by Byron

A SCENE FROM "MADAME BUTTERFLY"

The production of this and other curtain-raisers on the vaudeville stage is pointing to an interesting future development

THE FUTURE OF VAUDEVILLE IN AMERICA

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL



EMMA CARUS

I HAVE been asked to give my views on the future of American vaudeville, presumably because I have been expressing an opinion on the potentialities of American vaudeville. But to say what could or should be is very differ-

ent from saying what will be, and like the majority of mankind, I feel much more able to preach than prophecy.

Or, if one must predict, pessimism is the safest form of prophecy, since what does happen is so rarely what should have happened. Cassandra was depressing but accurate, while the author of "There's a Good Time Coming, Boys," was as inaccurate as he was inspiring.

Therefore, although I shall again

maintain my proposition that the vaudeville theater, which seems tied to the lowest forms of art, is peculiarly capable of fostering the highest, yet I must not be taken as foretelling a new esthetic era in the music-hall.

Far more probably the artlessness of the public and the artfulness of the managers will long keep the present pabulum unaltered, save in increasing staleness. And although my attention has been drawn to the production of a new and original four-act play at a New York home of vaudeville, I have not lifted my hands, like Dominie Sampson, for the simple reason that there is nothing to cry "Prodigious!" about.

This creditable activity of a vaudeville manager does no more than add another playhouse to the score or so in New York. During those hours of a vaudeville program which are monopolized by a full-fledged play, the music-hall is substantially a theater.

And this has been the real surprise to



ISABEL IRVING

One of the recent acquisitions of vaudeville from the legitimate stage

me of American vaudeville houses—not that they should perform original stage-plays, but that they should perform stage-plays at all. Short plays, indeed—of a sort—the London music-halls are giving, to the accompaniment of fierce litigation on the part of the theater-managers (who, while they practically turn their theaters into music-halls by producing "musical plays," would drive the drama from its last refuge in the music-halls).

But long plays—three-deckers and four-deckers—are unknown to London vaudeville, and I was not a little astonished the other day to discover that my heaviest tragic drama, with crowds of characters and complications of scenery, was running at a New York music-hall. I regret very much to have been unable to see it and I am still sorrier that I could not see its audience. Presumably it is an entirely different audience from that which affects the London music-hall.

In England the music-hall is still associated with flashiness and garishness, and it is still something of an adventure for a lady to be at one, unseen, sitting well back in a curtained box. Till very lately the entertainment as well as the hall was redolent of beer, 'baccy and the

boudoir; in fact, it was only at the second stage of its evolution from that festive and furtive gathering of males described by Thackeray, which still survives in its primitive form at countless British public houses. This itself is a mere development of the male convivial evening, professional talent being called in to eke out the deficiencies of the company.

It is curious that these two arts which are now approaching each other—the dramatic and the music-hall turn—should both have sprung from the same cult of Bacchus, though the stage sprang from the religious cult, and the music-hall merely from the convivial. This difference of origin naturally accounts for the inferior respectability of the music-hall, and the slowness of its rise to virtue. Just as the halls of conjuring and waxworks cater for those who are too virtuous for the theaters, so the music-hall is supposed to exist for those who are too vicious for the theaters.

The rise to virtue of the music-hall—merely in progress in London—seems to have reached its climax in New York, where I was positively



MAJEL MCKINLEY

startled to learn—while rehearsing a comedietta for the vaudeville boards—that the word “damn” must be eliminated. As the comedietta in question had originally been produced at the most classic theater in London without the faintest offense; as, moreover, the word “damn” is one of the most valued stage-properties at every theater in England, since it never fails to secure a laugh, I could not but reflect on the fanaticism of the devil turned saint. My actor thought he might slip in the “damn” by slurring it over, or by saying it beneath his breath, but I did not insist on this pointless profanity. There is no especial virtue in a mere “damn.”

I was, indeed, rather pleased to think that the music-hall had been purified to so fine a point, and in a glow of elation I saw the intellectual character of the entertainment rising with the tone. Alas, the few glimpses of vaudeville performances I have had did not quite bear out this roseate vision. Vulgarity does not reside in verbalisms, but in the whole texture of a song or a scene, and so till the public itself shudders over a low idea, as a classical scholar over a false quantity, no censorship on earth will refine the stage.

Not that the vaudeville house is at all inferior to the best theaters; a vein of appalling vulgarity runs through most of our musical plays and farcical

comedies which, in the language of George Eliot, must be steadily debasing the moral currency. I do not now refer even to that element of vulgarity which is all a censor looks out for. Sex is not the whole of life, or the whole of vulgarity.

But the cynical ideas which are accepted as the current coin of comedy, the low ideals which are supposed to animate everybody, the sordid acceptance of pecuniary standards, the universal mendacity ascribed to mankind

in a fix, the mutual deception of spouses—this pervasive wink, this sniggering acquiescence in a human nature infinitely below the best standards of our race—all this, presented steadily year in, year out, in a thousand theaters, must be perpetually corroding and undermining all the ideals for which the churches are fighting. Little wonder the Puritan reads Defoe's distich as:



CECILIA LOFTUS

“Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a theater there.”

It is indeed somewhat perplexing to consider that both churches and theaters cater to the very same population, and that by some extraordinary transmogrification the person who aspires to all that is noble and true so long as he is sitting in a pew, becomes a contented smirker over the sins and weaknesses of humanity the moment he is placed in a stall.

But the Puritan may at least be

congratulated on his consistency; his narrowness is less noxious than Mr. Worldlyman's broadness. Anyhow, there does not appear to be in New York the line of demarcation which exists in London between the music-hall public and the theater public. There is not even that boundary of smoke which once sufficed to exclude womanhood from the British music-hall and still largely excludes ladyhood. In New York, then, the vaudeville entertainment has all but shaken off the traces of its symposiac origin. But if in its approximation to the supposedly better tone and audience of the theater it has made a laudable step forward, its approximation to the program of the theater is not on the line of progress at all. That is not development, but surrender to something different.

If, indeed, one could hope that this transformation to dramatic functions would lead to the presentation at the ex-vaudeville houses of better pieces than at the theaters, then the presentation of an original play at a New York vaudeville house would be a phenomenon of enormous interest. But for such a hope there is not the faintest ground.



Photograph by Byron

• LIVING STATUARY

Or if one could hope that the surrender to the theater would be complete and the variety snippets would disappear, that too would make the new development momentous.

It would not indeed be altogether satisfying, inasmuch as a school of acting that has often been more vital than that of the normal stage would be snuffed out; but in so far as the variety stage feeds and in turn aggravates that passion for snippets which is the pest of our period, and which may end by depriving mankind of the capacity for sustained thought, its extinction would be not undesirable.

But of such extinction there are, for this very reason, no hope and no fear. The incapacity for attention which is overtaking mankind has progressed too far. Rather might one apprehend the dying out of continuous drama by way of the "musical play"—that mush of clotted nonsense on which Mrs. Craigie has been lavishing such foolish praises.

It is not, then, because a vaudeville house turns itself partly into a theater, that the cause of art is either served or



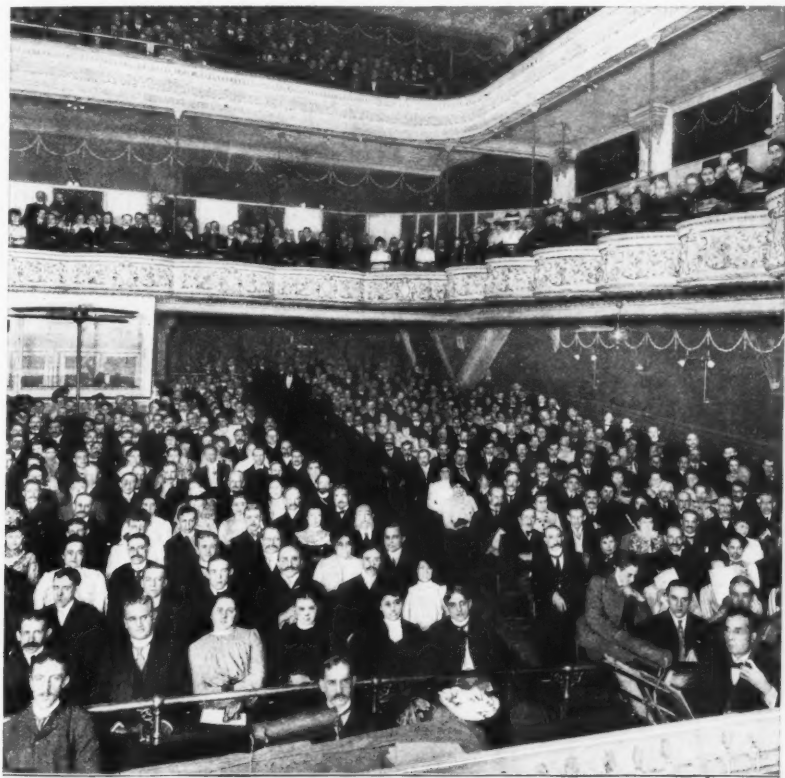
Photograph by Byron

A "COON" ACT

An ever-popular vaudeville feature

disserved. There are, indeed, two reasons why a vaudeville house in the hands of an intelligent manager might safely venture to put on an artistic play—it does not live by drama alone, and its play is not expected to live beyond a week. Thus every six weeks or so a good play—old or new—might be slipped in, without too much risk of disgusting its patrons, and, I may say, with even

should go to the music-hall. Still more hybrid appears the conjunction when one (or more) of the acts is sundered from the rest by vaudeville items—by comic songs or dancing dogs. To interrupt the continuity of the theme is as barbarous in itself as it must be bewildering to the casual spectator who finds himself confronted with an isolated fourth act. Paradoxically enough, the



Photograph by Byron

A MUSIC-HALL AUDIENCE

some good chance of delighting them.

But I confess I do not build much upon this possibility, so far as the four-decker is concerned. Its very solidity cuts it off from the other items of the program, and to my mind its combination with them is hybrid, unnatural. Those who desire long plays should go to the theater, while those who desire "everything by turns and nothing long"

only plays that could be exposed to such treatment are Shakespeare and the classics, for these may be taken as seen, and a man might very well drop in to see how a new Hamlet would handle the graveyard scene, or how Othello would smother Desdemona.

Perhaps in these days one could not experiment even with the classics. Is it not on record how the late Lord

Randolph Churchill, hurrying off to the House of Commons before the end of "Hamlet," went behind the wings to congratulate Irving and to ask him how it all ended?

The barbarousness of cutting up a play with vaudeville items—a worse cutting up than any the critic can inflict—is, perhaps, only an amplification of the error of breaking it up into acts at all. The interludes of conversation, of lobby-smoking, shatter the artistic emotion. That the mind cannot stay at such tension for four acts, which is of course the motive of the intervals, is precisely the condemnation of a four-act play as a piece of art. If a church service was so long that the devotional attitude could not be maintained without intervals for small talk and promenading, that would be the condemnation of the church service. And so if a play is too long to retain the artistic attention, it transgresses the limitations of the medium.

Plays, if this reasoning be correct, should be no longer than the human power of emotional attention; psychology is the key to the canons of art. It is because the normal power of attention has been failing, or at least fails in vaudeville audiences and in the lovers of musical plays, that the demand for short turns has grown up. And therefore I am not too anxious for a strict application of the artistic canon. Better that people should take four-act plays even in one-act instalments than that they should be too lazy to carry on a continuity of interest.

But with plays as with symphonies, the time may come when the division into parts with a break between will be regarded as primitive art. Mankind has always felt that a

piece of art should make one continuous and compact impression. The ancient theory of the three unities—of space, of time and of theme—was practically an effort to reduce a play, however long, to a one-act play. And of course the Greek drama, in developing as it did from the Dionysiac dancing, was merely a protracted one-act drama.

But whether the one-act drama be the sole permissible form of drama or not, it is unquestionably an artistic form of the highest value. And it is this form of drama which the vaudeville houses have peculiar opportunities of fostering. It is in itself a "short turn," and coming as it does among so many short turns, may well risk being over the heads of the audience, while it is winning over a new and better audience to the vaudeville houses. A theater manager with a taste for art would have to risk his all on his piece of art, his "whole ventures to one bottom trusted"; whereas the music-hall manager has a dozen other items to save the fortunes of the evening.

Nor would even his present patrons kick as much as he fears at any item of superior intellectuality. A long theatrical experience has convinced me that the public does not damn a piece merely because it is good; it is quite capable of loving a good piece; it is merely unaware that the piece is any better than its neighbors. It is like people who enjoy impartially the cheapest wine and the choicest vintages, or who read with equal unction Shakespeare and Martin Tupper.

If the music-hall could rescue the one-act play, it would do a real service to the stage. This beautiful art-form is the Cinderella of the theater, a despised hack condemned to minister to the



THE BICYCLE ACROBAT



THE ADAPTATION OF BURLESQUE TO THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE

gallery. In London, the richer mob will not arrive at the playhouse before 8:30 or 9, while the poorer mob, which has dined at midday, is ready to begin its pleasuring at seven. But from 7 the hour has been driven back later and later, and now the pit and gallery think themselves lucky to get a little "curtain-raiser" at 8:15 to while away the time till the richer mob consents to straggle in.

This is the evil for which Pinero recently prescribed "high tea"—the substitution of an earlier and smaller meal for the dinner of many courses. Far be it from me to say that it is the pecuniary qualifications of the audience that govern their taste in plays; the pit and gallery are quite as capable as the stalls of responding to a genuinely artistic appeal.

But even if a one-act play of superior quality were accidentally put on, the manager and the leading players would not deign to appear in it. They must

have the applause of the classes—let the masses be fobbed off with their underlings and their understudies.

And to do the "stars" justice, it is not pleasant to play to an audience that is continuously straggling in. Thus it is that our theatrical conditions nip in the bud this delicate flower of dramatic art.

Nothing finer has been produced in our time than the one-act plays of Maeterlinck, and yet these exquisite things could by no possibility have grown up in the English atmosphere. When a good one-act play does appear on our stage, it is owing to an abnormal combination of circumstances, and even then it is rarely of native origin. "The Sacrament of Judas," in which, by a happy accident, Mr. Forbes Robertson was seen a few years ago, is, of course, a translation from the French.

But the idea apparently seemed to the actor too good to be wasted on one act, and so it was expanded into a

three-act play, perhaps even a four-act. In this tenuous condition it met with the failure such appalling artistry merited. The obverse proposition suggests itself, that many of the failures in four acts might have succeeded if the pith of the matter had been presented in one. And even many successful plays that are carried by one strong act are often nothing more than this one act, and would have greatly gained in art had they been boiled down to it. Pinero's "The Gay Lord Quex" is a striking example of a duologue masquerading as a drama. Last year, London had an excellent one-act play, which Miss Maude Adams

is now exploiting in New York—"Op o' Me Thumb." I am glad that so far the temptation of spinning it out into a drama has been resisted. Mr. Sutro, who adapted "Carrots"—another example of the value of this form of art—has himself published a whole volume of original one-act plays, "Women In Love." But I doubt if a single one of these delightful playlets has been performed, or is sought after, even though the same author's "The Walls of Jericho" has been one of the chief hits of the London season. There was a moment a decade ago in which "the triple bill," with its opportunities for three pieces, had a vogue, but that moment passed and has not returned. Nor has the English one-act play ever had the chance



CLOWN OF MODERN VAUDEVILLE

afforded by the system I found prevalent in Spain—three or four audiences a night in the same theater, the house being cleared after every playlet.

Here then, I repeat, is the opportunity of the vaudeville house. Let one of its many turns be an artistic one-act play. If it is placed not as a "curtain-raiser," but at an hour when even the least hungry have dined, given the place of honor in the center of the program, the one-act play would blossom out and become the glory of the music-halls.

Apart from their function in housing one-act plays, the music-halls have also another

possible function in skying "stars." And this in the purely vaudeville portions of their programs. Those actors and actresses whose overflowing vanity compels them to be always in the center of the stage and to have parts written round them, would be far better placed in the music-halls than in the theaters.

The music-hall turn is the true sphere of many of our leading players, and until these "stars" are safely twinkling in the music-halls, the British drama can only go on degenerating. A stock-company of average all-round players is the drama's best ally. And even this is already found in the music-halls. Who, then, can put limits to their development?



THE PROOF OF MAN

By C. BRYSON TAYLOR

"The proof of gold is fire; . . . the proof of a man, a woman."

I

THE curtain rose with the flashing up of the footlights, and Allan settled back with a sigh of anticipation. He had the same seat, in the front row, as the previous night, and he wondered, with a quick rush of mingled emotions, if she would look across at him as she had done before. It had made a heavy drain on his limited weekly wage, this unwonted extravagance of seeing the same show twice on successive nights; but at the moment nothing seemed to matter very much except the fact that he was quite desperately and overwhelmingly in love, and that he was going to see Her again. For he was young, and the future was very far ahead.

His face was a boy's face, young, unlined, with the makings of manliness in it. Also it was rather a sweet face, with the odd sweetness which marks the faces of many boys before they have awakened to the lessons of life and what it must mean to them. He sat with his blue eyes on the program in his hand: "Chorus of Butterfly Girls: Misses Mary Warner, Estelle Murphy, Rosamond Sykes," and so on. She was a Butterfly Girl, and he wished exceedingly that he could find out her name. There must be a way to find out, if one only knew what it was. He realized with inward qualms his unsophisticatedness—though

never the full measure of it—hoped she would not think less of him when she discovered him for the country lout he was. He could count upon his fingers the number of times he had been to a theater in his life; the number of days he had lived in town was just double.

The performance did not interest him until the orchestra crashed into the march which brought in the chorus. Then he straightened up, his glance eagerly on the wings. The chorus entered, in gorgeous colors, small and large, stout and slim, fair and dark. His quick eyes singled her out among them; third from the end, lithe and graceful as a deer, young, fair-haired, with reckless eyes. The rouge on her cheeks only enhanced her beauty to him; her flesh looked as white as milk, her lips as red as blood. She wore robes of tawny silk with a touch of crimson, draped in folds about her slim girl's body; on her shoulders were butterfly-wings that flapped absurdly. Something, unknown to himself, had come to him out of the Unknown, to set the quick blood of his youth afire; all because a girl with a child's face and reckless eyes had looked across the borderland of Illusion at him, and challenged.

During the second act she looked across, full at him, and smiled, and he turned hot from the roots of his hair to his finger-ends. So then and there he



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

"He went around the table and dropped on one knee beside her, and put his arms about her"

knew that his fate was sealed, and that he loved her. Sudden, sharp and swift, the something unknown to him had leaped upon him out of the Unknown and held him by the throat, and he never thought that he ought to struggle; he accepted it, not at all understanding, somewhat dazed, and entirely blissful. The curtain fell on the glance she gave him. He made his slow way out with the crowd, resolved to wait for her.

The throng dispersed, in carriages and on foot. The street, alive with noise at first, fell gradually into silence except when a car clanged past. A group of men gathered at the mouth of the alley next the theater attracted Allan's notice. He went over to see what they might be looking at. People presently began to come down this alley; and in one or two he recognized faces he had seen on the stage. He scanned every woman closely. And at last she came, quite alone, walking with her careless child's grace and pulling on a pair of rusty gloves. A man stepped forward and spoke to her. She looked at him, and her glance passed beyond him to where Allan stood under the lamp-post. Recognition leaped into her eyes; she threw her head back and walked on past the man who had spoken. As they neared Allan, she turned on her would-be admirer.

"Let me be!" she said, so that Allan caught the words. "I don't know you and I don't want to know you."

"Oh, but say!" the man protested, and got no further. Allan stepped up to them and took the offender gently by the collar.

"I'd let the lady alone, if I were you," he said, with all mildness, and shoved him into the gutter. The man clutched at his hat and snarled. But Allan, for all his boyishness, was a bigger man than he, and he let discretion play the part of valor, and walked away. One or two, looking on callously, laughed. Allan never heard them; would not have known what they were laughing at if he had. He stood looking down at the girl.

"I'll see you to your car, if you don't

mind," he said. "I'm afraid there's rather a rough crowd around here."

"Thanks; I don't mind if you do," said the girl. He turned on his heel and walked with her, grave outwardly, inwardly thrilling with riotous joy—and wholly and absolutely unconscious that he was doing precisely the thing which he had nearly knocked another man down for trying to do.

Waiting on the corner for a cross-town car, she chattered airily, with an odd undernote of cynicism in her talk which he felt and did not understand. She seemed so little, so like a child, and yet so reckless—he felt her recklessness intangibly yet unmistakably; it was in the very atmosphere of her—with such a veneer of worldliness, that she bewildered him completely. She broke off her speech suddenly and sighed.

"I declare, I'm almost too tired to stand! And hungry—and I won't get a thing to eat till morning."

"You poor little thing!" Allan's sympathy was instant and genuine. "There's a place right near here," he said; "would you be afraid to go in there with me and get something to eat?" He was not sure how she would take this.

"Afraid?" she repeated. "Well, no; I don't guess I'd be as how you might say afraid"—and laughed a little.

Never before had Allan entered a restaurant with a woman. He was torn between an excruciating shyness and an excited delight, and showed nothing of either. An assiduous waiter hurried to them. Allan said, with every assumption of ease:

"How would you like a steak and some good hot coffee?"

She looked at him across the table.

"I guess not," she said, calmly. "I don't take much stock in those."

She took the card from the waiter and ordered what she liked. Allan, listening, hoped in an agony that he might be able to pay the bill. The man departed; she leaned back and scrutinized the diners, quite at her ease. Allan, watching her, had a sudden thought.

"There's one thing I should have done," he said, choosing his words with some difficulty. "And I beg your

pardon for not doing it before. I meant all along to find somebody to introduce me to you, but somehow to-night it came out differently. My name is Mark Allan, and I come from Rowzerville, Pennsylvania."

She shot a quick glance at him, and for an instant he feared she was going to laugh. But unexpectedly her reckless young eyes softened.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure, Mr. Allan," she said, politely. "I guess you've seen me on the bills—Miss Rosamond Sykes. Saw you at the show, last night, too."

He turned quite red with pleasure. So she had remembered! He stammered something and felt himself an idiot. He listened avidly while Rosamond recounted at length her chorus-girl triumphs, conscious that he was getting glimpses of a world of which he had never dreamed. Unexpectedly, it made him restless, yet at the same time softened him, more than ever toward her. She was so pretty, so young, so innocent, to be exposed to the attentions of every man who came along; and he was more innocent than she.

That night he dreamed of a slender sprite with daring eyes, who asked him to love her, and whom he fed industriously on a steak which never diminished and coffee whose steam hid her from him when he wished to kiss her. It all made him quite delirious with joy, so that he woke hugging himself for sheer happiness. When awake, he was haunted by a small and aching sense of unrest, which was not pleasant, and which he could not understand. But sleeping or waking, there was always with him the image of a small girl, with radiant cheeks and daring eyes, in a gown of tawny silk, with butterfly-wings that flapped absurdly.

II

After six nights of severe self-restraint, his feelings got the better of him, and he told her that he loved her. Also he asked her to marry him; to give up the glamour and excitement of stage-life and live with him, in his attic-room, on the weekly salary he was earning as

clerk. His pleading was boyish; but he was manfully and stubbornly bound to win.

"I love you, dear, and I'm going to make you love me whether you want to or not. You need never work again—just keep home for me, and remember every day that I'm coming back to you as fast as I can."

"I guess I will!" Rosamond answered, slowly. "I guess I do love you—but suppose it shouldn't be quite as much fun as you think? I'm tired of working now, and I'd like to have some one working for me—but suppose I got tired of that, too? Suppose I wanted to go back to the show?"

He stopped her mouth with his kisses.

"Ah, but I won't let you get tired—of anything!" he cried. His voice was jubilant; she loved him, he had won her, and the world was his. She yielded to his kisses; even gave him one in return for all of his. And with the touch of her lips on his, what was strange and yet not strange happened. His young face, alight with all-confident hope and love, changed, and softened into gravity. In his eyes the boyishness still lingered, but with it, from that moment, there grew a new and steady courage. Of himself he had put childhood and its freedom behind him; now another looked to him for help. His manhood, with its temptations, its trials, its bitter responsibilities and its rewards, was upon him; and his life was no longer all his own.

"We'll be married after the last performance Saturday night," he told her, bound to clinch the matter while things were going his way. "And I'll take you home with me."

She glanced at him under her lids; and suddenly the blood surged into her face, dyeing it crimson.

"I—don't know!" she faltered. "We'll—we'll see."

On the night which was to be his wedding-night he went to the theater in a tumult of emotion, with a heart whose singing joy no discouragement could cloud. He had told his landlady that that night he should bring his wife home;

and had laughed at her forebodings with boyish happiness. The room was quite good-sized, even though it was an attic; it was sunny and cheery with its three dormer-windows—more than all, it would be Home.

That night he bought no front-row orchestra-seat, but paid admission and took what he could get. He awaited her entrance, his soul in his eager eyes. She came, laughing, her glance a trifle more reckless, her manner a trifle more careless, and his gaze hung upon her. What if he had known her but two short weeks? May not a week be a year, and a year a lifetime? She was his, and they loved each other, and had been lucky enough to find it out without wasting precious time over the business.

When the curtain fell, Allan hurried around to find his lady-love. There was an endless confusion of drays being loaded with scenery, orders shouted, property-men and scene-shifters dragging furiously at towering sections of castles, trees, walls, heaven knew what. Through it all he saw her coming toward him, her hat a bit askew, a red rose between her scarlet lips.

"Doctor Butler said he'd wait for us at his house," he said, his voice somewhat husky.

Rosamond hung back. She did not speak until they had crossed the street from the theater. Then she stopped.

"Mark, I don't want to," she said, nervously. "I—want to go with the show."

He looked down at her. She was chewing the stem of the rose and her eyes were frightened.

"You—don't want to?" he repeated, and laughed, a hurt, boy's laugh. The shock of it had been too sudden for him to feel its full force at once; it merely stunned



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

"He saw her coming toward him, her hat a bit askew, a red rose between her scarlet lips"

him into commonplaceness. "Why, Rosamond! Why not?"

"I want to go with the show," she repeated, her courage returning. "You've been awful good to me, Mark. But the girls laugh—and—and say you're a baby. And I don't want to give it up—I like it——" She struggled for expression.

"You don't seem to care much!" she flashed at him, resentfully. He drew a deep breath, and his face set like stone.

"I care so much that I'm not going to let you go!" he said. "This is all foolishness—you're excited, and you think it'll always be fun like this. But it won't—not always. You've said you love me, and you know I love you. It's all settled, isn't it? Well, then, come along."

"No!" she stammered, aghast at the turn events were taking.

"Yes!" he said, very gently. He put his hand under her arm and drew her two or three steps forward. Rosamond began to cry.

"No!" she sobbed, trying to jerk her arm away. "It's mean of you to want to make me! I don't want to—I'm—oh, Mark, please! I'm—I'm afraid!"

He released her arm and put both hands on her slim shoulders. It was very well for them then that the street was deserted.

"You don't mean that, do you?" he said, gravely. "You're not—afraid of me?"

"I don't know!" Rosamond answered, unhappily. "I want to go with the show—that's all I know!"

"You know you love me!" Allan said, still gravely. "I'll always be good to you, and take care of you—so help me God!" He put a hand beneath her face and lifted it, and suddenly smiled down into her eyes. "Now, don't you?"

Her lips quivered.

"I—don't know!" she murmured. Allan drew her hand through his arm.

"I'll show you whether you do or not!" he said, softly.

If he had followed the methods of his primitive ancestors, clubbed her over the head and carried her to his cave on his shoulder, his course could

not have been more sure. She went with him, her steps lagging, wiping away her tears from time to time with the back of her free hand.

So, silently, save for an occasional muffled sob from Rosamond, they passed through the silent streets, and climbed the steps of the minister's house.

Allan unlocked the door of his room, threw it open on the darkness within, and stood aside to let Rosamond enter. As she crossed the threshold he put down her bag and struck a match. The room leaped into the light, bare, homely, faintly fragrant with the scent of old tobacco-smoke.

Rosamond stood quite still in the center of the room, the new gold band glittering on her finger. Her face was pale and her eyes were dazed and uncertain. He went to her and took her in his arms and kissed her. To his amazement, she shrank from him.

He drew back, with sense enough not to press her. In the ecstasy of his own happiness, her mood was incomprehensible. But he was patient. He busied himself in silence getting the things ready at the table—two plates, two cups and saucers, two chairs. Without looking at her, he saw her slowly raise her hands, remove her hat-pins, one by one, and put her hat and jacket on the nearest chair. She turned to the bureau, looking at herself in the glass; and taking up his comb, fluffed her fair hair into shape. She did it mechanically, simply because she happened to see the comb there, but the little intimate act sent a thrill through him that for a moment turned him dizzy. But when he spoke, his voice was quite natural.

"Will you sit here? I hope we've got what you like for supper. This sausage smells good, doesn't it?"

She smiled, rather faintly, and sat down, letting herself be waited on. She took a sip of the coffee, put the cup down hastily, and burst into tears and hid her face in her arms on the table.

Allan sprang to his feet in shocked amazement. For one heart-shaking instant his soul rose in an agony of doubt. Had it been a mistake, after all, a hideous

mistake, which never could be rectified? He had given her so little time—he had been selfish in wishing to claim his happiness for his own. Perhaps, after all, she was right, and he was wrong, brutally and damnably wrong. But as quickly, sanity returned. He did not understand; he had no chart to guide him; but love made him very wise just then. He went around the table and dropped on one knee beside her, and put his arms about her. She strained away from him, hiding her face.

"I wish I hadn't!" she wept, with a note of hysterical appeal. "I never meant to do it all along! I don't want to be married—and you made me! We've made a mistake!"

Love taught him then that he was facing the first crisis of his married life. Either he must master the situation, or it would master him—and if once, again. He drew her back to him until she leaned against him.

"Dear little girl," he said. "It isn't any mistake at all. It's all right, and as it was meant to be, and you'll see it so when you're not so worn out and excited. We're not going to let it be any mistake; it'll be just as we make it, and it can't help being right if we won't let it be anything else. Cry as hard as you like—it'll do you good—and then eat a mouthful, and perhaps it won't seem quite so blue."

It is one of the minor mysteries of life that when a woman is urged to cry as hard as she likes, it invariably happens that she stops at once. But it is a fact in which many a harassed husband might find relief; and Allan, in all innocence, had stumbled upon it. By degrees Rosamond's sobs ceased, though she still let her head rest against his shoulder. By degrees, also, he possessed himself of one of her hands. It was a hard little hand, not overwell kept, with short and stubby fingers; but it bore his ring.

"I guess I'm a fool," Rosamond said, in the calm tones of one who knows a great deal better. "But for a minute I was sore all over to think of the show going off without me. It was good fun. But you've been good to me." She stole a side-glance at his face, so near

her own. "You'll always be good to me, won't you?"

The old, old question of helpless womanhood since the world began; and he answered it as men have answered since it first was asked.

They ate their supper, sitting demurely at opposite sides of the table, boy and girl, with all their lessons before them, looking very young and very shy and very happy. Then they helped each other clear the table. As the task neared completion, Rosamond's face began to regain its lost color. She took to alternately flushing and paling; would not meet his seeking eyes. Allan did his best to keep an appearance of careful unconcern, but his pulses were pounding madly and his hands shook. He put the last dish away, and turned; and his heart leaped into his throat and shook him bodily to its racing hammer-strokes. Rosamond stood beside his bureau, taking off the collar of her gown.

III

Allan worked himself nearly to death that he might win for his wife the luxuries he longed to give her. He could deny her nothing—and she demanded all. When she raised sleepy lips for his good-by kiss in the mornings, the memory of them lingered hot on his own all day. When she met him in the evenings, her touch, the very sight of her, was compensation to him for all that had gone before. His face, over all its boyishness, began to take on new faint lines which his years should not have known, lines of responsibility, work and care. Rosamond spent her time parading down-town in her new hats and dresses. She scraped acquaintance with a young woman on the floor below, and was to be found at all hours sitting on the stairs in a dingy little wrapper, her hair unbrushed, exchanging gossip.

Allan climbed the stairs slowly at the close of a sultry late-spring day, his face pale with heat and exhaustion. In the room the lamp was going at full blaze, and the air was suffocatingly warm. Rosamond sat on the floor, her back to the door, turning out her finery from the bureau-drawers. Her dress was off;

her bare neck and arms gleamed satiny-white in the light. She jumped to her feet as Allan entered, letting a cascade of ribbons drop to the floor.

"I forgot it was so late!" she said, guiltily. "I'll get supper right away."

She slipped into a loose pink dressing-jacket and set to work. Presently, busy with her dishes, she looked over her shoulder at him.

"Mollie and Will Kramer are going to the theater to-night, to see 'King Dodo,'" she observed.

"Are they?" Allan asked, seeing that she waited for answer of some sort. His voice was weary to indifference.

"Yes. I was in that before I joined 'The Runaways,'" said Rosamond. Her voice held an odd note of longing. "Come on; supper's ready."

He took his place. She sat down, her chin on her hands, regarding him steadfastly. He saw, with unwillingness, the soiled collar of her dressing-jacket, the unkempt tangle of her hair, the black half-circle of dirt around each stubby finger-nail. Like all clean-minded men, he could stand many shortcomings in others save personal neglect. He tried hard not to look at her hands as she slipped a slice of sausage on his plate and handed over his cup of tea.

"We've been married near three months and you've never taken me to a show!" she said, plaintively. At her words he experienced a pang of self-reproach. He himself had not been to a show either, yet somehow it seemed different for her.

"Would you like to go to-night?" he asked, hoping against hope that she might say she would not.

"I'd love to!" she answered, promptly. "I can wear my new white waist I got to-day, cheap. Oh, I took some of the money you left for the rent, but that won't make any difference. You got your pay to-day; you can make it up out of that."

"Yes, but that must go for this coming week," said Allan.

She was entirely cheerful. "Well, but to take such a little bit of it won't matter. Now, do hurry, there's a dear, so we can get good seats."

She hurried through supper, her face alight at the evening's prospect. He cleared the table, got out his books, and sat down to study until she was ready. But he could scarcely keep his eyes off her; excitement had made her prettier than ever. She looked as she had when she first glanced at him from the Land of Illusion across the footlights.

Her hair arranged to her liking, she looked at her face in the mirror, brought from the drawer a well-worn hare's-foot and a box of rouge, and rubbed her cheeks.

"Rosamond, don't!" Allan said, quickly. She looked around at him with a gay little laugh.

"Why not? You old goose, everybody does it! And—I had it on when you first saw me."

Allan left the table, and put his arms about her, leaning over her shoulder, his face down to hers. "That was different. You're not on the stage now. You don't need it, and you're so much prettier without it. Oh, little girl, little girl, I love you so!" His voice dropped lower; he pressed his cheek to her soft flushed one. "You can do what you like with me, and you know it. Won't you not do two things for my sake? Don't put that vile stuff on your face, and don't take the rent-money for anything else. I've got to be careful."

They went to the theater, all four, Mollie and Will and Rosamond and Allan, and sat in the gallery, and had a royal time. Rosamond became intensely excited; the old recklessness leaped to her eyes; she softly hummed all the choruses.

But after that night a change came over her. At times she talked eagerly, her subject ever the same—the stage, and things theatrical. At times, again, she fell into strange and brooding silences. Her face lost its rose tinge; in her eyes there lurked the same reckless daring, mingled with a new hardness. She took to going to matinées whenever she could manage it; and always, at these times, when she met Allan on his return from work, there was an odd and marked constraint in her manner.

And three weeks had barely passed

before the blow fell. The office decreed a holiday for its employees, and Allan hastened home to tell Rosamond and plan a celebration of the event. And because it was written so, he went to her happily, tired in mind and body, but buoyant with hope and anticipation of her pleasure. Rosamond was waiting for him. As he sat down at the table, she went behind his chair and put her arms about his neck, leaning her cheek to his, and he turned his head aside and kissed her. Later, he came to know that it is only the weak who caress before they stab.

"What would you like best of all to do to-morrow?" he asked her, when, after the meal, he drew her down beside him at the window. She looked up at him, and her eyes changed.

"To-morrow?" she repeated.

"I have a half-holiday to-morrow," said Allan, "and we're going to do whatever you like with it."

The color crept into her face.

"I guess I ought to tell you something, Mark," she said, in an odd voice. "I'm—I'm going away. With the 'Miss Bob White' show. I saw the manager—oh, awhile ago, and he engaged me. I'm going to-morrow." She stopped, with an apprehensive glance at him.

He looked down at her, and his face was white and quite expressionless.

"You're—going away?" he repeated. His voice was neither blank nor angry, but rather hushed. "Why—what's the matter? Have I been—not good to you?"

His questions came slowly, with painful pauses between, but she answered none of them. She returned his look; and with the apprehension in her eyes there slowly mingled a hint of doggedness, of the obstinacy of a weak will, which of all things in the world is hardest to fight against, since it owns to neither law nor reason.

"Mark, I can't stand it any longer—I just can't!" she cried. "I want to be out and see people, and have things happen; I want to go back on the stage, and I'm going— Well, why don't you say something?"

"There—doesn't seem to be much for

me to say," said Allan, dully. "I don't think I understand just why you want to go. You say you can't stand it——"

His voice trailed off into silence. Unexpectedly, he bent forward in his chair and hid his face in his hands.

Rosamond got down on her knees beside him. She put one arm around his neck; with the other she tugged at his fingers.

"Don't, Mark!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "I didn't think you'd be so mean about it. You've been good to me; but you think if you come home at night, and love me awhile, it's all I want to keep me happy. I married to have a good time, and not stay cooped up in one room all the rest of my born life. I'm going back on the road again, and you can get a divorce if you want to."

"I'm sorry, Rosamond," Allan said, slowly. He raised his head and sat looking out the window into the night. New hard lines seemed curiously to have graven themselves about his mouth; all the boyishness had left his face, leaving in its place a bitter loneliness. Yet somehow, with it all, the face looked younger than before.

Three short months ago, he would have said, "I did the best I could." Now he was learning the first and hardest lesson life holds to teach the strong: that the comfortable formula of excuse is for the weak and for them only; that for those who can suffer it is at once the privilege and the penalty of their birth-right of strength that they suffer in silence and alone, pleading no extenuations. Himself he knew that he had done his best; that was his justification. He would not beg her to stay; his boy's quick pride, fast merging into and toning to man's silent fortitude, held him dumb. She had chosen to leave him; he scorned, boy that he was, to exert the prerogative of his masculine strength and keep her against her will.

When he returned from work next day—for men must work though their happiness crumbles about them and they walk gray-faced among the ruins—the room was empty. On the table lay a scrap of paper in Rosamond's unformed scrawl.



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

"It will be—harder than it was before,
dear," he said, slowly "

"I was afraid you wouldn't let me go,
so I've gone. Your loving Rosie."

He crushed the paper and flung it from him with an oath. But the shell of his stoicism had not yet hardened against the world, and the blow went home.

"She never even waited to say good-by to me!" he said, and his voice shook. They were all a boy's words, pitifully futile, because he had no expression for the suffering that was in him, but the pain they covered was not boyish. He

dropped into a chair, suddenly flung his arms across the table and buried his face in them.

IV

He took up his life where he had left it three months before, working harder that he might have less time to think. For he was not philosophical; his youth, with its hot intolerance and desperate rebellion, its impotent cry of "Why must this happen to me?" was strong in him, and to think meant to rail at what the high gods had measured as his portion.

She was weak—she could not help it. There she had him, bound hand and foot. In her weakness she dominated him; to oppose her was like fighting a man smaller than he. By degrees he began to see this weakness as it was. Not the weakness of sex alone—that was lovable, before which he stood reverently, and which he would have given every drop of blood in his body, every ounce of his own strength, to guard—but the weakness of a nature small and mean, feeding on what it might drain from another's strength and giving nothing in return; that took advantage of the loyalty of that strength and sheltered itself behind the appeal of its own name. And that was despicable. In his heart he said the word, and knew that it was true. And with it was rent the last shred of the veil of illusion that had shrouded this weakness in the form of that other which was to be held sacred. His first feeling was that he had been imposed on; that she had not played fair. Again she had him; she was weak, and being weak, she could not help it. Yet, in her very weakness she had been unconsciously honest; from the first she had given him the clue, by word and action, to what he might expect. But his eyes had been blinded, that was all.

Not being given to the analysis of his emotions, he endured torments. She had leaned on him; had he failed her? He gave up the answer in despair. But Fate was molding him to her own ends; for his thought was not "I have done the best I could," but "Have I done the best I could?" There were times when the empty bed and the silent room turned

him sick with longing; when his arms ached for the touch of her slim young body, and his lips hungered for hers, and his ears strained for the sound of her rippling laugh. Each day the silence of that room pressed him closer; each day his resolve became more fixed not to let himself see it, to keep it at arm's-length from him, to withstand all thought of solace which would spell remorse. There came a time when the office laid off half its force, and Allan found himself of the number. He lived on in his attic-room, exhausted in mind and body, resting inertly before seeking other work.

On a sultry evening he came home after a half-hearted search for work, and sat smoking by the window, too tired to go out again, watching the curtain of dusk close down upon the wilderness of house-tops below him. Presently his pipe, unheeded, went out. He sat half dozing, his black bulk outlined against the gray square of the window.

A hushed sibilance of voices whispering at the door aroused him. He heard the door open, heard the swish of a woman's skirts crossing the room; and in the darkness his face went gray. He knew who it was—that Rosamond had returned. She stopped beside him, and he sat motionless.

"I've come back, Mark!" she said. He got to his feet and confronted her. Her face gleamed a white shadow in the gloom.

"You have the right to come back if you want to," he said. He lighted the lamp with hands that shook, and looked at her. She was pale, all her fresh color gone, her hair dull, her dress shabby. She began to take out her hat-pins, one by one; and the action etched into his mind a burning memory of the first night he had brought her home.

"I was with the 'Bob Whites' awhile," she said, easily. "Then I got tired, and joined another show, but it went to smash on the road. So I came home. And I was tired of it, anyhow." She glanced at him sidewise. "Did you—miss me?"

His mind went back to the days and nights he had spent fighting down his

love and longing with iron hands lest they rise up and overwhelm him to his undoing. In the lamplight his face looked worn.

"Yes," he said, soberly. "I missed you."

She drew a little gratified sigh. He watched her silently. Fate had given him what had been his heart's desire; but she had chosen her own time and way, as often.

Rosamond tossed aside her hat, and put both hands on his shoulders.

"You haven't even kissed me yet!" she said.

He put his arms about her, because it was what she expected him to do.

"I'll have to look up something to do," he said. "I'm out of work. It won't be harder for you than I can help. We'll pull through somehow, if you'll have a little patience." He paused, but she said nothing.

She nestled into his arms and sighed contentedly. She would be taken care of; on other shoulders than hers would fall the brunt of the battle with the world. And Allan knew that the battle would be single-handed, and against heavy odds.

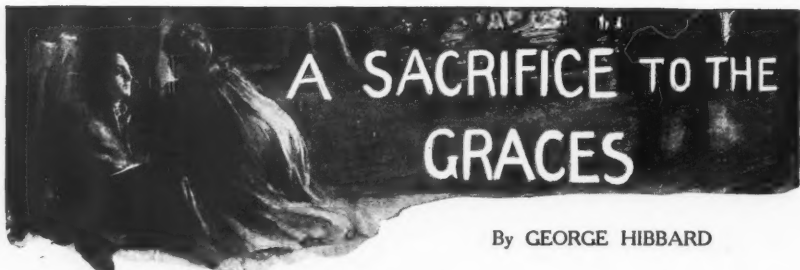
"It will be—harder than it was before, dear," he said, slowly.

"Kiss me!" she whispered, with soft insistence. "You're going to be very good to me, aren't you? Because I've had such a hard time—you can't think how hard! And you love me—I know you love me!"

But every man, consciously or unconsciously, has dreamed some time in his life of finding Love a comrade, not a child in arms.

Allan looked down on the top of her curly head as it lay against his heart. In that moment he knew what every soul must learn, each in its own hour and its own way, that the Land of Illusion is a pleasant place, with wide and frequent gateways, where, at every gateway, there stands an angel with a flaming sword. For it, also, is a Garden to which there shall be no returning.

"Yes, I love you. I can't do anything else," he said, simply, and bent and laid his lips to hers.



A SACRIFICE TO THE GRACES

By GEORGE HIBBARD

I MAY give some slight idea of the difficulties of my position when I state that, while Lord Chesterfield was my model, I lived in Spreadeagle, Woolly County. The conflict between the ideal and the real which forms so much of the tragedy of existence must become apparent to everybody in all its stern inevitableness. Try as I would, I could not make the rules of my noble mentor fit into my every-day life as a real-estate agent in our town. I could not doubt that they were right, but somehow they did not seem to work. For example, I read in my text-book, "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to His Son," that "there is a certain dignity of manner absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable." I had come upon this sentence only on the day that old Boodly, the president of the First National, slapped me on the shoulder. As I drew myself up formally, he said:

"Oh, well, if you feel that way, I'll see Jolleson about the piece of property I want to sell."

Thereupon he stalked out of my office across the street to my rival.

My attention to dress, as enjoined by my guide, in a community which would have preferred to luxuriate in boiled shirts and barbarism, gave me troublesome notoriety. People paused in the street to see me pass. All the little boys were exceedingly uncivil to me. Indeed, the fact that I turned up my trousers at the bottom lost me the chance of becoming secretary of the Fire Company—the most exclusive social organization of the place. The frock-coat and high hat which I felt in duty bound to wear on Sunday afternoon brought me

undesirable mention in almost every issue of the Spreadeagle "Clarion."

I loved Miss Daisy Brown with a mute and respectful adoration. I knew it from the first moment when I saw her at the Sunday-school picnic making sandwiches. That afternoon on which I wearied my arms and tore my coat propelling the swing in which she sat was the most memorable in my life. She smiled on me. Alas! the next morning when I met her in Main Street entering the door of Smart's Universal Emporium, she appeared hardly to recollect me.

Every clash comes to a climax. The crisis of my life arrived with the Spreadeagle Charity Ball.

Where I should have expected to find encouragement, I really encountered the greatest difficulty. A good many of Lord Chesterfield's pages are filled with directions as to the best way of pleasing the fair sex. One might have thought that my polite manners and graceful speeches would have won approval among the young ladies. Not at all. They laughed at me. Finished compliments were met with giggles. Cereemoniousness appeared only to intimidate them. Perhaps I may not have read my vade-mecum aright. However, Lord Chesterfield has nothing to say about the method to be observed in conducting a young lady to a soda-water fountain.

I searched for ways to please Miss Brown. I invented many of my own, hoping for forgiveness from the shades of my revered monitor. I sent to Empire City for flowers for her. I believe all her friends lived upon the candy she received from me. Giving me a

sweeping, mocking courtesy, she would take my gifts with laughter.

"Ramrods aren't in it with you," she frankly informed me. "And you'd be the greatest slowpoke if you weren't the funniest thing in town."

How would Lord Chesterfield have received such a speech? I could find no light on this obscure point. Still, she did not appear to dislike me. At least, she never banished me entirely.

Of course, when the Charity Ball was a settled fact, my first thought was to take Daisy. In the rudimentary simplicity of our elemental state, the chaperon was an unknown quantity. To take a girl to a party at this time in Spread-eagle was the regular thing. Indeed, as a rule, if a girl did not have a man to take her she did not go. When a dance was announced, the rush to get a popular young lady could be compared only to a scrimmage at football or a run on the bank. Her front door was besieged the first thing in the morning, and the telephone-bell kept ringing until late at night.

Having inside information on this occasion, I thought, I should have a walk-over.

"Will your highness deign to have the goodness to do me the honor to give me the pleasure of being seated?" Daisy greeted me as she came into the room, when I called in the early evening.

Then she curled herself up in a chair and looked at me provokingly.

"Boo!" she cried, suddenly, seeing that I was speechless with gazing at her, "and you know what that's said to."

With all his aplomb, I felt that my guide himself would not have been equal to the occasion.

"I hastened," I began as well as I could, "to inquire if you will afford me the great gratification of accompanying me to the forthcoming Charity Ball——"

"Ball!" she exclaimed, her eyes shining brightly; "a real, true ball——"

I explained more fully.

"Couldn't think of it," she announced, decidedly. "I may not go."

She laughed at me. I grinned helplessly. The idea that Daisy, who danced through life and her slippers, would not

be there was preposterous. She was playing with me, as was her custom.

I left the Brown mansion, as a usual thing, with my heart in my throat with emotion or in my boots with despondency. My cause was hopeless, I assured myself. In my despair, I was ready for anything. By the time I had got as far as the Hopkinses', I had worked up a fair amount of determination and courage. I would have some spirit. I would assert my independence. I would ask Miss Flossy Hopkins to go with me. Flossy was Daisy's greatest rival. They had sworn eternal enmity, and I felt convinced that nothing could pique her more.

I entered the Hopkins gate. I bravely rang the Hopkins bell.

Miss Hopkins received me with effusion. She accepted with alacrity. I was known to be Daisy's abject adorer. If I had no merit of my own in Miss Hopkins' eyes, I possessed an adventitious value as a leaf plucked from the other's crown. To enter the ballroom with me was like leading a captive at her chariot-wheels—a captive, moreover, who had been an adversary's slave.

"How nice of you to think of it!" she cooed. "Of course I'll go, with the greatest pleasure."

Alas, the next day was to show me the precipice upon which I was walking. The coming morning made me aware of the volcano on which I was dancing—or was preparing to dance.

I had hardly seated myself at my desk, when the telephone rang. I expected a business communication. I took up the receiver without in the least anticipating the shock which awaited me.

"Is that you?" I heard Daisy's voice saying, in its most honeyed and beguiling tone.

"Yes," I managed to enunciate.

"It was so sweet of you to ask me to go to the ball," she continued, serenely. "I don't believe that I thanked you enough last night. I am just looking forward to it."

"You—you are going?" I stammered.

"Why, of course," she announced calmly, with hurt astonishment. "Didn't you understand?"

"No," I babbled. "I didn't—altogether."

"How stupid of you! Of course I'd go, when you asked me. Now you understand——"

"But——" I began, realizing on the instant that neither my courage nor my sense of politeness would permit me to tell her the awful truth—that I had invited another.

"Good-by."

I staggered back from the instrument. Lord Chesterfield could never have conceived of such a predicament. He never found himself engaged to take two girls, deadly rivals, to the same ball. Even he, I believed, would not have been able to cope with such a situation. Despair seized me. I was completely at sea—tossed in a tempest of doubt, without the compass of precedent to direct my course, without the rudder of determination with which to steer it.

I sank back in my office-chair, plunged in the gloomiest reflections. Constituted as I was, I knew that I could not face Miss Hopkins and calmly tell her that I had made a mistake—that I could not take her as I had said I should. Much less could I meet Daisy face to face and acknowledge to her that I had had the temerity to invite another—particularly after she had just informed me that she had considered herself engaged to me from the first. I shuddered as I thought of the prospect, and shrank from it in hopeless dismay. What was I to do? The future was clouded in the deepest gloom, unbroken by one ray of light.

I knew well the prescribed usage for such an occasion. After sending flowers in the afternoon, the young man was expected to arrive at about nine in the evening at the young lady's house in a hack. Together they drove to the scene of festivity. The first dance fell to him, as a sort of a premium on the transaction. As a matter of course, he took her to supper. Otherwise, during the evening he might see but little of the girl, if she was a popular belle, with many to dance with her.

Suddenly I sprang to my feet. A surprising idea was forming itself in my mind. A mighty resolve was filling

my soul. In deep agitation, I walked up and down the office. I was engaged to take both girls to the party. Why not take them? The conception was bold, daring to the verge of madness. Would Lord Chesterfield have ever done the like? I did not know. I did not, in fact, care. As I have before observed, he had never found himself in such a hole. Was this thing practical? As I walked the floor, the difficulties presented themselves with startling distinctness. The result of disaster filled me with terror. But with a desperate case—and my case was desperate—came the time for desperate remedies. In a fever of excitement, I made a mental sketch of the campaign. A slip anywhere might bring upon me irretrievable ruin. Miss Hopkins would refuse to speak to me again. I should lose Daisy's favor forever.

The ensuing week I spent in a nightmare of apprehension. I necessarily saw Daisy often. I could not completely neglect Miss Hopkins. Skulking from one house to the other, I felt like a fugitive from justice. Covering up my tracks on all occasions, I had all the sensation of a malefactor. My consciousness of guilt I knew was manifest in my bearing.

"You behave as if you'd eaten the canary-bird," Daisy commented, critically, on one occasion, as we were walking and I was in momentary terror of meeting Miss Hopkins.

"That yellow songster is not what I'd desire to devour most," I replied, gallantly, and in a manner which I felt that Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, would have approved.

Daisy rewarded me with a kindly glance.

On the afternoon of the fateful day, I carefully arranged to have flowers sent to my two dulcineas. I ordered with great care the best the place could afford. There should be no failure to satisfy in any possible detail. I had early engaged a discreet driver for my hackney-coach, with the best horses obtainable in any livery-stable in Spread-eagle. At a pinch, speed might be important in the evening's work. I took



Drawn by Wm. L. Jacobs

"'I was delayed unavoidably,' I stammered"

the vehicle for the night, giving the man such a fee as insured devotion, wakefulness and obedience.

For a long time I debated as to which young lady I should convey to the entertainment first. My scheme, of course, was to go for one, get her started in the ball, slip out and hurry as quickly as I could to the home of the other. With sufficient celerity, I hoped to be back on the dancing-floor with her before my absence was observed. I concluded, after long consideration, that on the whole I had better take Daisy. I knew her the better, and should be obliged and inclined to delay for a few words with her. Miss Hopkins I felt that I might venture, if necessary, to keep waiting for a brief period.

I must say that as I drove up to the Brown residence and walked to the front door, I shook in my dancing-shoes. I was too well aware of Daisy's keenness not to be in mortal terror. Any slip might betray me, and what the consequence might be I could not contemplate.

When Daisy tripped into the parlor in all the bewildering glory of her ball-fineries, she received me with unusual cordiality.

"The flowers were perfectly lovely," she assured me, as she gazed on me with a rosy smile. "I must get them out of the ice-box."

"I knew you liked La France," I said, tenderly.

"They were Maréchal Niel," she answered, with some asperity.

"Yes—yes—of course," I murmured.

The cursed florist had made a mistake, after all.

"I thought it so dear of you to remember that I said I liked the others now."

I got her safely in the carriage, and together we rolled away. Under ordinary circumstances, to find myself alone with Daisy in the dim seclusion of the hack would have been heavenly. I had, however, too much on my mind to be able to lose myself in the bliss of the situation. I must deposit Daisy at the ball, and get started and return for Miss Hopkins as soon as the horses could

carry me back. With her usual quickness, Daisy at once observed my nervousness and absent-mindedness, and with her usual frankness mentioned it.

"We aren't going to a funeral," she said, "but to a party."

Ah! little did she know the thorny path which I was treading. In her ignorance she did not understand that, hard as the cushions of the vehicle were, they were nothing to the uncomfortable-ness of the pins and needles on which I was sitting.

I entered the ballroom proudly. In a moment my pretty companion was surrounded by an emulous throng of gallants. Her dance-card was speedily filled. Off we whirled in the first waltz. I wished that it would go on forever. In the delight of holding her in my arms through the mazy circles over the polished floor, I almost forgot the trials of my position. I must away, however, and at the same time, though I lived in the ecstasy of the moment, I fervently longed for the end of the dance.

Daisy's next partner hurried up. At once I hurried off. I dodged out of the door. I seized my coat and hat. I made for the waiting carriage. I urged the man to make all speed to the Hopkins domicile.

Miss Flossy was waiting for me, a frown on her stately brow.

"You are late," she observed, sternly.

"I was delayed unavoidably," I stammered. "A circumstance over which I have no control——"

Alas, how true this was!

I could see that Flossy was still suspicious and resentful. Indeed, her whole manner was frigid in the extreme. Almost in silence, we drove to the Odd Fellows' Hall, where the ball was now in full swing.

Without a word, Miss Hopkins met me outside the dressing-room door and gloomily took my arm. I at once realized that she was not a belle of the same magnitude as Daisy. She did not shine with anything like the same light, and applicants for dances were not nearly so great in number. Indeed, I foresaw that I might have difficulty in getting her off my hands. One or two partners

presented themselves. There were, however, blank places on her card which caused me apprehension. In the natural order of things, I should have filled them with my name. This I was afraid to do. I could not bind myself down. I must be able to act. I must be at liberty to take advantage of circumstances. I must be free and unfettered, so that I could hurry from one to the other of my charges. Such remissness on my part greatly added to Miss Hopkins' hauteur. Relations were decidedly strained. I felt that we were really on the verge of hostilities.

At last she danced away with some one else. I hastened to find Daisy. She was in the middle of the ballroom, twirling about with my most hated rival, Hicks. At last she paused, palpitating, pretty and petulant.

"Where have you been?" she demanded, instantly.

"As if you noticed!" I answered, diplomatically.

"I did," she said. "Sitting in some corner, I suppose, with some other girl, when I came with you——"

"But I can't be by your side all the time," I argued, regretfully.

"No," she declared. "But you could be watching me. I sha'n't believe a word you say if I find you doing anything else all of this evening."

I was mightily pleased by Daisy's concern. I was also much embarrassed by her new requirement. I was each moment, I saw, sinking deeper into the quicksand. I felt as if another turn had been given to the rack. Still I struggled manfully. Still I gave battle to Fate.

I shudder when I recall that evening. Eternal vigilance was my only safety. The moment Daisy appeared to want something—her fan which she had lost—I must observe the fact and be ready to find it for her. The instant Miss Hopkins desired a pin or a glass of water, I must be on hand and run to give it to her. I was obliged to see everything—to be everywhere. A hundred eyes and a hundred feet would not adequately meet the demands of the situation. I had to be an argus and a centipede in one. The way in which those

two girls kept me flying from place to place, like a social shuttle, made me breathless and dizzy. No single person could fully have met their multifarious demands. I should have been twins.

Time passed, while I grew hotter and more weary. The hour of supper, which I knew was one of the most critical points of the evening, was drawing near. The moment which I had anticipated with dread was rapidly approaching. The question of how I finally should get one girl home and return for the other fell into the background with the necessity for instant action. I had decided that my policy should be one of pure opportunism. I must try to meet each difficulty as it arose. In a few moments the door of the room where the viands were spread would be thrown open. I must prepare to grapple with the immediate difficulty.

I approached Miss Hopkins timorously. From the way her straight, dark eyebrows were drawn, I foreboded evil.

"You are having a pleasant time?"

Her black eyes snapped and seemed to crackle under my blandishments like a black cat sedulously stroked.

"Very," she answered, shortly.

"Supper——" I suggested, tentatively.

"I will go to supper at twelve exactly," she declared, with precision.

"Yes," I answered, meekly.

I withdrew and consulted my watch. I noted that the time was half past eleven. Could I manage to have Daisy satisfy her exceedingly healthy appetite before twelve? Should I be able to induce her to wait till later? I looked vainly for her among the dancers. Searching diligently, I came upon her in a darkened corner. Again she was with Hicks.

"I am thinking about supper," I began.

"Oh!" she declared, "I imagined that you had forgotten it."

She smiled up at me with an innocent and infantile sweetness that caused me woful misgivings. Miss Hopkins' anger was appalling, but Daisy's placidity was like the serenity of a tropical sky—one did not know what dire storm might be threatening.

"I thought you might care to come now," I coaxed.

"No," she said; "I am very much occupied."

I observed Hicks' self-satisfied smile.

"Then," I hurried on, "in an hour or two? Say, half past twelve or one?"

"I will go to supper," she commanded, "at twelve precisely."

The floor seemed to tremble, the columns supporting the gallery to totter. The lights of the ballroom were blurred. Hicks—Daisy—swam before my eyes. The crisis had arrived. As I staggered away, I could see no escape. The blow that I had expected had fallen. I had gone through what I had in vain—at this late stage to go down in defeat. I should be revealed in all my duplicity. The profitless villainy would be detected by Miss Hopkins' sharp gaze, and, what was worse, a thousand times worse, laid bare before Daisy's bright eyes.

I stood in a deserted corner, the most miserable man in Spread eagle—I felt sure, in all Woolly County—I was convinced, in the whole of this broad land of freedom.

I drew out my watch. I felt like a prisoner in his cell watching for the time of his execution. The last hours of the condemned were nothing to it. Only these were not hours, but minutes—hurrying minutes. As I looked at the dial, I discovered that I had only ten more left. A cold sweat gemmed my brows. I believe I could feel my carefully brushed hair rise a little in terror. If any one should think this extreme, I can only say that such a one has not faced Miss Hopkins in her most serious moods, or Daisy on the rare occasions when she has lost her temper and apparently has no desire to find it again.

Besides, I was in love with Daisy, and not only did I feel that I was condemned, but as if I were signing my own death-warrant.

Eight minutes! How quickly the hands seemed to travel! Six minutes! What should I do? I could think of no possible course to follow. I longed to take flight—abjectly run away and abandon the ground. This, however, I knew would be equally fatal. There

was nothing for me to do but to face the music—a distressing variation of the "Rogue's March" with the lugubriousness of a funeral dirge. I must remain—for what? To attempt the physically impossible. To try to be in different places at the same time. I could hope for success only by equaling in a measure the mythological personage mentioned by Mrs. Malaprop and being, if not "three," then at least two, "gentlemen in one."

I looked at the timepiece in my almost trembling hand. The moments had sped. Only three more separated me from the fateful and fatal period when I must act. At the eleventh hour—which was the twelfth in fact—I was as much at a loss as to what I was to do as I ever had been.

Motionless, spellbound, helpless, I saw the minute-hand race on. Only the smallest white opening was between it and the black midnight-mark. That was closing up, and soon the point would be over the first letter of the Roman numeral.

I started. I heard the deep boom of a bell. Hastily I assumed that my watch was slow. Unawares, Fate had stolen a march on me. In the twinkling of an eye I stood alert. The sound which fell on my ear was not the familiar note of the town clock. The fire-bell was ringing. For any amateur fireman of Spread eagle at such a call, at any time, only one course was to be considered. With the first clang of alarm, every one dropped everything. On a week-day, men left their occupation—abandoning an uncompleted bargain or dropping an unfinished bit of work instantaneously. On Sunday, the members of the fire-company at the tintinnabular summons tore down the aisle and out of church.

For obeying that call no one could blame me. With that excuse Miss Hopkins, and Daisy herself, could find no fault. A leap seemed to take me to the stairs. With a bound, I was down them. At full speed, I made for the engine-house. I could see, as I ran, men making from all directions. In a scramble, I was in my fireman's shirt. Breathless, I

pressed down the shining helmet on my head. Helter-skelter, in hot haste, I was racing with the others with the hose-cart.

"Where is it?" I gasped.

"The feed-shop behind Odd Fellows' Hall," some one shouted.

In my mad race, I had come from the fire only to return to it. As we tore into the square, I saw that in the few minutes in which I was gone the conflagration had made headway. Smoke was pouring from the windows of the shop beneath the hall in which the people had been dancing. Thin white clouds arose even from the lighted windows of the ballroom. In the street were huddled the dancers—the girls shivering in their ball-dresses. The tumult was bewildering. The confusion was frenzied. Forcing my way through the terrified throng, I stood in the open space before the building. The flames were breaking out. In the glare I could see all distinctly.

"Where is Daisy Brown?" I heard a girl cry.

"I haven't seen her," another answered. "She is left behind."

The smoke was belching out in great clouds now, the light of the flames tingeing it with a sinister glow. Already I could feel the heat on my face. I did not pause to think. I did not know what I could do. I felt only that I must do something. I made for the entrance-door, the shouts and calls of the multitude falling on my heedless ears. I sprang on. In the hall, the hot, smoking breath of the furnace beyond met me full in the face. I lowered my head and got my foot on the first step of the stairs. As quickly as I had come down, I sprang up. My head began to swim.

I could see nothing. I fought my way onward and upward as if against a bodily foe. I seemed to be toiling painfully. I appeared to have no control of my feet. I lost consciousness.

When I came to, I was in the cool night air of the square. Odd Fellows' Hall was blazing, the flames roaring high in the heaven, the sparks dancing away brilliantly against the black sky. For an instant I watched them with fascinated intensity. Then I remembered. I lifted myself up on my elbow. I gazed about. My startled eyes fell on the figure of Daisy Brown kneeling by my side.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "say something!"

"I came," I said, mistily, "to have the pleasure of taking you in to supper——"

As I considered the matter later, I came to the satisfactory conclusion that Philip Dormer Stanhope could have done no better.

"Oh," she murmured, softly.

"At twelve o'clock," I went on, unsteadily.

"Never mind," she said, almost crying. "Oh, I am so sorry! We only did it to torment you. Flossy and I made up, and we told each other. I should not have pretended I did not want to go with you——"

"You did?" I demanded, vaguely.

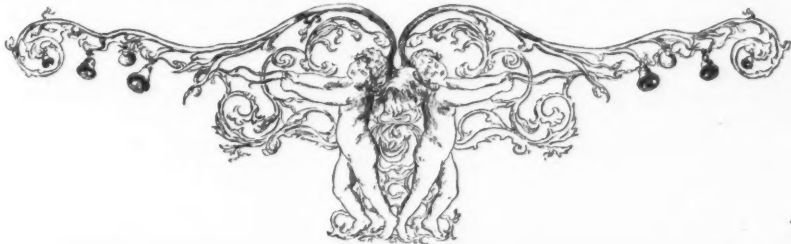
"Yes—and always," she whispered. "When I saw you rush into the fire to save me—I was lost in the crowd—I cried to stop you——"

"I was a little late," I said, hazily.

"That's all right. Then I knew——"

"What?" I asked, more clearly.

"That I—loved you," she said, bending with her lips at my ear.



A TRUST IN AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

THE OPPORTUNITIES OF THE NEWLY FORMED TRUST, AND ITS FAR-REACHING INFLUENCES

By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS

THIS shall be the story of the harvester trust, and the harvest it reaps with the sickle of its unclean avarice. In any right chemistry of commerce, money is an acid, property an alkali; money selects, while property submits, and the consumer, not the producer, is king. And thus it was in an older day. In that hour, law was made and enforced against the man with the gun, not against his victim; and the consumer was protected from the producer. Now with the times turned topsy-turvy, plus the native selfishness of men, the producer is protected, while the consumer is left to protect himself—if he can.

These trusts were not all built at once, but taken a trust at a time, as the great financiers, and what others were their hungry allies, found leisure and capital for their construction. Whenever one of these commercial leeches had been given completest generation, it was taught to fasten to whatever particular vein of the body politic it had been designed to drain, there to cling and fatten, sucking blood.

In their black-flag day, the closest students of maps and charts were the buccaneers. Their trade was pillage, and to carry it successfully forward they must know where a world in its traffic had developed its richest ports. In that manner they might locate what seas were affected by a world's argosies, and dispose of their own pirate energies so as to cut off those argosies, and have rich advantage of them. And thus was it with our trustmongers—the modern Drakes and Englands! They have had ever the map of men's commerces before them, to consider what fields of profit might best be forayed next.

Perhaps, of all that have swept the

commercial ocean in a black-flag trade, there has been none to maintain at the masthead of its rapacity a sharper lookout for prizes than those who are now exploiting the agricultural communities. It was not to be expected, then, that so numerous and easy a prey as the agricultural peoples would be overlooked. Nor was it. In August, 1902, the harvester trust was resolved upon, and under the name of the International Harvester Company incorporated at Trenton. Being thus launched at those old familiar shipyards of modern piracy, the New Jersey-Trenton yards, the harvester trust, without reserve or setback, has marauded agriculture ever since.

As exhibiting how opulent is that field of trust endeavor, a rough review is worth while. The round production of the American farms, in figures, is each year \$4,900,000,000. It is three times the gross earnings of all the railroads. It is fourfold the output of all the mines—gold, silver, iron, copper, coal. It is six times the whole capital of all the national banks.

To produce that annual crop, the aggregate value of which is \$4,900,000,000, the farmer spends yearly \$100,000,000 for tools, implements and machinery, and it was for the conquest of those \$100,000,000, and to turn them to its own profitable favor, that the harvester trust was conceived. It is not too much to say that, now, in the third year of its existence, the harvester trust from those \$100,000,000 pockets a yearly profit of over \$40,000,000, eighty per cent. of which may be counted as merest rapine, attained by methods that would shame a footpad, and are wholly criminal in the eye of law.

When the harvester trust, as the International Harvester Company, was

incorporated, and given a license to make a prey and spoil of the farmers of the land, the real ones in interest, whether through fear of statute or shame to look folk in the face, concealed their identity behind the usual roll-call of "dummies."

There were perhaps ten American concerns engaged in the manufacture and sale of farm-tools and -machinery when the harvester trust was formed, and of these the Deering, the McCormick, the Milwaukee, the Plano and the Champion companies were included therein. The list carried the largest plants in the country. There have been added to it since, the "Minnie," the Aultman & Miller and the D. M. Osborne companies. As now framed, the harvester trust controls over nine-tenths of the farm-implement trade, and by methods of extortion, constriction and lawbreaking, so dominates the market situation as to compel what opposition is struggling against it to do business at a loss.

The mighty peril to this country lies in the ignorance of the rich. If, in aiming a blow at that ignorance, one were disposed to lay out a course of study for the trusts, a best book to put before them would be the fables of *Æsop*. But, if one may be permitted to leave for a brief moment the trail of the harvester trust—we shall return to it presently—to preach a general warning, it can with as good a justice be said that, next in the list of popular perils to that great one of the ignorance of the rich, stands the ignorance or lazy indifference of the common herd.

If laws were enforced, and courts and state lawyers did the duty for the performance of which they draw their pay, the trust so called could not practise its thimblery. If such as the harvester trust were limited to lawful methods, and confined in their dollar-hunting to what honest rules of the chase are set forth in the public's statutes, not a bit of harm would come from them. It is only when they become criminals, defy justice, stifle competition by villain means, and enslave a market in the teeth of law, that prices go up, quality and quantity go down, and the

consumer-public is plundered in two ways at once.

There is a multiplied reason for enforcing the law against vicious companies that seek success by criminal means. If unchecked in their lawbreaking, they, by the very profits of their malefactions, compel honest folk in the same commercial walk to a choice between bankruptcy and the adoption of their felon courses. To seek for illustration in another theater of trade:

Once I was in the soft-coal country about Pittsburg in search of information touching mines. I traveled through those regions known as Tom's Run and the Banning. The coal-miners were being obviously robbed by the mine-owners, with company houses, company stores, lying scales and crooked screens. The robbery of the miner by the coal-operator was the rule; if the exception existed, it escaped my ken. One of the mine-owners was good enough to explain:

"There are," said he, "but few honest men among coal-mine operators; and yet there are fewer still who wouldn't prefer to deal honestly with the men if they could. This is the trouble: Assume that I'm an honest operator, and do not in any fashion gouge or skin my miners. My coal, then, at the tippie, will cost me sixty cents per ton. Suppose that next to me is a rival mine-operator who is robbing his miners by company stores, company cottages, diamond screens and fraudulent scales, and that the aggregate of his robberies reduces the expense of mine-operation so that he gets his coal to the tippie for fifty cents per ton. You will see that such a condition gives him an advantage over me in the market of ten cents a ton. Do you realize what that advantage means? It means one of three things. I must either quit the business, drift into bankruptcy or rob the men. That is why the mine-operators cheat the miners. The thievish small per cent. among the operators go into it of their own evil will; the others are thereby driven or dragged into it to save themselves."

What is true of the coal business is

equally true of the farm-tool companies, and every other phase of trust expression. If one of them be permitted to have criminal advantage of freight rebates from railroads so as to strangle competition, or in short to do any other dishonest or unlawful act that pays a profit, it can cut the market from beneath the feet of what rival upright concerns deny themselves those crooked privileges. Wherefore, when one of these is guilty of crime it should be punished, and the nest of its iniquities be broken up. To fail of the law's enforcement against such trade banditti is to put the honest company at the mercy of the dishonest company, protect the brigand and offer a reward for crime.

You doubt the supremacy, among their trade fellows, of those trust criminals I've described. You cannot believe that the wrong-doer would control the right-doer. You fall back upon an aphorism, and say that honesty is ever the best (i. e., strongest) policy.

One is not so sure of that proverb of the copy-books. Lamb once wrote an essay in its refutation. Also, many of our most profound scoundrels are our richest men. In a barrel of apples, do the sound ones cure the rotten ones? Or does decay spread into a kind of triumph of corruption, until every sound apple in the barrel is infected of that rottenness which at first was inherent in and belonged only to one?

When the \$120,000,000 harvester trust was on its feet, and ready to transact its ebon destinies, its first thought—ever the first trust thought—was to strangle competition. It would kill off rivalry; this it might accomplish in divers ways.

The best and earliest move in doing this was to begin life as a criminal, and commence by breaking the law. This need not cause a shock; it should be kept constantly before one, as a defense against shocks, that the great purpose of trust conception is crime, and to destroy competition by defying law.

The trust spirit—indeed the impulse of its conception—is to destroy competition, and secure to itself a monopoly by whatever methods, criminal or law-

ful, may lie at nearest hand. In this behalf, the trust's first effort is addressed to the railroads. If it can force a rebate in freight-rates, and have its product distributed at a lower cost than can its rivals, that will be all the advantage it requires. It can use that rebate, as a thug uses cord and creese, to stab and strangle opposition.

It was quite within the nature of things when, at the very dawn of its existence, our \$120,000,000 harvester trust turned to railroads and freight-rates with the purpose of a rebate. To be sure, to rebate freight-rates was contrary to law; but if you who read fancy that a trust is hampered by any respect for law, then I have written in vain. Law! The harvester trust, like all trusts, cared as little for law as a cow cares for a cobweb! It would walk through it! For what else was it ordained?

The harvester trust in approaching freight rebates waxed diplomatic, not to say forbearing. It would not rudely fall upon the law in front, breaking it perforce, and thereby outrage the sickly, sniveling sensibilities of what shallow per cent. of our citizens still stood for the majesty and sacred character of a public statute. No, it would attack the law in flank. It would not buck the center, it would go around the ends. The harvester trust would profit by football. Wherefore, it did not seize the railroads by the collar, drag them out back of the barn, and arrange a stealthy, criminal rebate with them—threatening the loss of its immense shipping business, in case any particular railroad refused.

The harvester trust whipped the rebate Satan around the statute-stump. Having billions behind it, the harvester trust bought two railways for itself. It went into the railroad business. Since most of its plants were, so to speak, within stone's throw of Chicago, with the most remote among them no farther afield than Akron, Ohio, it pitched upon Chicago as its central point of distribution. That being determined, it proceeded to purchase the Illinois Northern Railroad outright, and secure the

whip-hand of control in the West Pullman Railroad Company. It also so arranged that, whether a car used for the shipment of its wares were to run finally over the Alton, the Santa Fé, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Pennsylvania or any other railroad, in leaving its central depots of farm-tool supplies, it must first run a mile or two over one of those railroads it controlled. By this sagacious practice, the harvester trust need never traffic with any railroad for a rebate; its own railroad would be able to make the deal.

It is worth, in the railroad-rate market, from two dollars to three dollars a car for the Illinois Northern Railroad to shunt in and out a car, designed for the reception of a shipment of harvester trust wares. The Illinois Northern compels the other railways to pay twelve dollars for that service, or from nine dollars to ten dollars more than it is worth. Since the harvester trust owns the Illinois Northern, those nine advantageous dollars are as so many direct dollars in the till of the harvester trust. In this manner, on every shipment of its goods, the harvester trust, employing the Illinois Northern or the West Pullman Railroad as a mask, succeeds to a rebate of nine dollars a car.

The lawyers hired to aid trustmongering believed, when they invented the above scheme, that they had created a lawful situation, and one against which the law forbidding rebates would break its teeth. In coming to that benign conclusion they overlooked a point. We live in a day when the White House, rather than the courts, construes the law. Doubtless, had some president other than Mr. Roosevelt occupied the Executive Mansion, those lawyers would have had a better chance of being right. Mr. Roosevelt, however, did not agree with them; he held the situation they had constructed to be a mongrel makeshift.

Since he is of a militant integrity, Mr. Roosevelt made war upon it. Whereupon, with a most excellent genius for imitation, the Interstate Commerce Commission made war upon it also. A tree-toad will take the color of whatever it

rests upon. Everything in Washington except the Senate—and that exception is only partial—is so much like a tree-toad that, ever resting more or less upon the executive, it takes its color from a president and makes its complexion match the complexion of an administration. Wherefore, observing the Roosevelt feeling, the Interstate Commission in November, 1904, at a hearing before it, used the following words:

"The International Harvester Company, owns the Illinois Northern Railroad. Whatever accrues to that company, inures to the benefit of the Harvester Company, its owner, alone. When any of the railway lines leading from Chicago, pays to the Illinois Northern Railroad Company \$12 for the performance of a switching service which is worth but \$3, it gives to the International Harvester Company, the shipper of that carload of merchandise, \$9. When the Santa Fé Railroad pays to the Illinois Northern \$12 for moving a car loaded with the traffic of the Harvester Company, from the McCormick yards to its Corinth yard, a service which it might exact under its contract with the Illinois Northern for \$1, and when it does this to obtain the traffic of the Harvester Company, it thereby grants that latter company in effect a rebate. It is guilty of an act by which an advantage is given, and a discrimination is produced, in favor of the Harvester Company. It is urged that all this is simply an arrangement between railroads, that there is no negotiation with the shipper, and no payment to the shipper. This is a mere play upon words. The Illinois Northern Railroad and the Harvester Company are one and the same thing."

If not alone the harvester trust, but the whole black family of trusts, possessed the military intelligence of a Pawnee or a Sioux, they would read in that signal-smoke which the Interstate Commerce Commission has set up, the beginning of the end. They would realize the finish in its coming, and anticipate its rigors by quietly returning to the agency. And the reason they do not, is because a trust stupidity is

greater than either a Pawnee or a Sioux stupidity.

The trusts, blown and bloated of their own vanity, imagine themselves equal to a law war with the government. They forget the simplest of truths. They forget how men were not made for companies, but companies for men, and that a public, robbed into resentment, can crush them at will. They have bought legislatures, and bullied courts, and palsied district attorneys by the cold touch of their policy, until they deem the public powerless against them. Bulwarked behind their billions, and from their high ramparts of gold, they look down with contempt upon any hint of danger. They should read history. Every despot, and whether he were great or small, a Charles I or a Boss Tweed, followed a similar policy, and came finally to regret it in a prison or by block and ax.

On a kindred occasion I once quoted from that Sappho of the Cumberland, Polly Hines, the poetess of the 'Possum Trot, where, to a trust of her day and region, she wrote warningly:

"Thar's a word to be uttered to the rich man in his pride:

Which a man is frequent richest when it's jest before he died!

Thar's a word to be uttered to the hawg a-eatin' truck:

Which a hawg is frequent fattest when it's jest before it's stuck!"

No; the trusts should be guided, if not by the wisdom of history, then by the wisdom of song. For all their power, and all their money, they can be overwhelmed. More; whenever it is roundly the people's resolution, they will be overwhelmed. It is but to open a flood-gate, break a dike, and—to steal a simile from one who is dead and under the grass-roots, and not therefore likely to complain—the people's will, which, like the sea o'er Holland, is always in sight, will rush in and swallow them up.

Having arranged with the railroad for a nine-dollar rebate per car, the harvester trust began establishing agencies. You should know that, specifically, the harvester trust manufactures everything in the tool or implement or machinery line called for by the labor

of a farm. Its output covers plows, hoes, axes, shovels, spades, harrows, cultivators, wagons, hay-rakes, gasoline-engines, threshing-machines, mowers, reapers, grain-drills, ropes, binding-twine, harness—in short anything, everything, that goes with modern tillage. Also, you are not to forget that from the beginning the harvester company controlled ninety per cent. of the American production of these wares. Having so much the upper hand in mere trade volume, the Harvester Company took its pick of the would-be agents of the country. Likewise its trade superiority enabled it to put the following "exclusion clause" into its contracts with agents:

"Said agent especially agrees not to accept the agency for or be interested in the sale of any grain-binder, header, corn-binder, husker and shredder, reaper, mower, stacker, sweep-rake, hay-rake, hay-tedder other than those manufactured by the International Harvester Company."

The clause sets forth that in case the agent, or any partner or employee for him, violates the clause, he shall pay as a penalty to the Harvester Company, on every tool or implement sold in violation thereof, a sum which ranges from ten dollars to fifty dollars. The effect was to screw up competition to such a point that in many places it wholly disappeared.

This latter condition of things resulted in a wicked freedom for the trust, and a sort of slavery for the farmer. The trust could offer as poor an article as it pleased at what price it pleased; the farmer must buy or go without. If one of the harvester trust's poor rivals pushed into some pet region, the trust had but to undersell it for a week or a month or a year, and it must either die or disappear.

Speaking of dying, the fate of a rival concern, being the D. M. Osborne Company, should be noticed; only that ambitious firm didn't die in the usual sense, it was devoured. The harvester trust has a long battle-line of banks behind it. Since the farmers put their money—when they had any—into these

banks, the harvester trust was able to open a credit system with ruralists who wanted tick.

The harvester trust, for its more expensive machineries, offered the farmer-purchaser one or two or three or even four years' time, and would take his notes. These notes, coming due in the autumn, were expressively called in the trade, "one-fall," "two-fall," "three-fall" and "four-fall" notes. They were well named, and many a farmer has fallen by them. The interest demanded ran from six to ten per cent. Since the harvester trust could borrow all the money it wanted from itself at three and four per cent., this exchange was not, from trust standpoints, a discouraging one. Practically the trust borrowed farm money for three and four per cent., and loaned it to the farms for from six to ten per cent. This scheme of credit fostered trade; the farmers, being optimists, with a rainbow ever ahead, marking with prismatic foot a pot of gold, took farm-machinery, and gave notes therefor with reckless liberality.

The Osborne Company, being fiercely a rival of the harvester trust, was drawn into this game of giving time and taking notes, and not having the great banks to hold it up, was drawn in beyond its depth. To carry on the war, the Osborne Company was forced to borrow money. Its own paper came out for thousands.

Since a spy system is an element of the trust system, the harvester trust was kept fully aware of the Osborne Company's note-making. Through its line of banks, the harvester trust got quiet hands on all the Osborne Company paper it could find. Then it descended upon the Osborne Company, demanding instant payment. There must be no talk of extension; the Osbornes must pay at once.

It was the old story of wolf and sheep, and the Osbornes were gobbled up. The harvester trust took the Osborne Company's scalp. Since it was not so gallantly picturesque as an Indian, the harvester trust did not fasten the scalp to its belt. No, forsooth! Being utilitarian, it used the hair in braiding another string for its bow. Also, about that

time, the harvester trust bought a transatlantic steamship line, and a big ropewalk in Manila.

With its limitless money; with its steamships, its railroads, its rebates, its exclusive agencies, its sure control of over ninety per cent. of the plants manufacturing farm-implements and -machineries, the harvester trust within a next trio of years, as have the beef trust, the coal trust and the sugar trust in their respective fields of rapine, will have backed the last lean vestige of rivalry or opposition off the scene. Then it will have the farmers, and those one hundred million dollars which they annually expend for farm-implements, to itself. Under such fat, not to say footpad, conditions, those farmers may be prevailed upon to increase their expenditures to two hundred million dollars, while the trust, with no one to molest it or make it afraid, will be able to give less in quality, less in quantity—after the frugal manner of the tobacco trust and others of the vulture brood.

The harvester trust—hatched to bleed the farmer for forty million dollars of profit every year—with its railroads and its steamboats and its ropewalks in Manila, has invaded Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and South America with its products. There it is selling them at a wholesome per cent. below what is demanded of the American agriculturist with his one-fall, two-fall, three-fall and four-fall notes at six to ten per cent. From this alien trade alone, the harvester trust cleans up a rotund yearly treasure of twenty-one million dollars. The export value of American farm-tools and -machinery increased, during the year just closed, over four million dollars beyond the figure of the year before; and it is safe to submit, since that export was disposed of at prices widely under the prices asked for the same articles in America, that the harvester trust enjoys a fringe of profit from its home trade that in much of its illicit extravagance might better be sheared away.

The trend of the trust is toward monopoly, and monopoly is feudal in its essence. If trusts persist, we shall

yet have the Old Mexico scheme of peon and padrone confronting us. And yet, why should one either fear or wring one's hands? More than once I have argued that every government, whether it be a despotism, an aristocracy, a monarchy or a republic, is the just expression of its people, like a flower of its stalk, and that for good or bad or black or white it is an equivalent for the popular desert. In the eternal fitness of things, a community of men will get man-government, a community of dogs will get dog-government. And wherefore not? Why waste a man-government on a dog-public? A dog-public should have dog-government—a kick, a kennel, a bone to gnaw and a chain to clank. The scheme of our own government is equal to the times. If there be rogues in power, wrongs in place, it is by the public's fault. The people, like a tailor with a coat to make, has ever its destinies in its own lap, and may ballot-cut them, ballot-baste them, ballot-stitch them in whatsoever fashion, grim or gay, it will.

The farmer who, like a bucolic Marco Bozzaris, is bleeding at every vein from his wounds, comes, when all is said, to be fairly the architect and the support of that system, and, ergo, of what cormorant trusts are thereby engendered and fledged. The one hopeful thing, and one to forbid a tearful sympathy, is that he may lay it down when he will. If he wear trust fetters, he also carries the key to those fetters, and may release himself.

Were one permitted, like Silas Wegg, to lapse into verse, one would, when reviewing the farmer, and considering the effect of the trusts upon his fortunes,

be tempted to quote Byron, where he steals from Waller for his lines on White:

"So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart."

It is a daring flight that makes a "struck eagle" stand for the farmer of the land; and yet, why not? And since the metaphor is settled, if the farmer, when he has done viewing his own feathers on the fatal dart, will turn from a contemplation of that plumage so sadly misapplied, to a consideration of the iron head of the missile—for one may assume, I take it, that the agricultural interests have been pierced through and through—he will find that the head was forged wholly of his vote for precisely the slaughtering archery wherein it has been employed.

Meanwhile—for one must close—save for what threat may lurk in courts and commerce commissions, president-driven to their duty, the harvester trust, with its railroads, its steamships and its bank allies, is managing an annual export trade of twenty-one million dollars; is doing a yearly domestic business of ninety million dollars; is borrowing money at three and four per cent. to loan at six to ten per cent.; is killing competition; is stifling invention as threatening expense; is pressing toward a monopoly—that commodity most sure to rust republican institutions!—and paying dividends a splinter above forty per cent. on its capital stock of one hundred and twenty million dollars. The whole presents a condition of fiscal bloodsucking, permitted by the people, who are as sheep.





"From that morning Cory became to the whole staff, . . . 'Aunty' "

CORY, OF THE WOMAN'S PAGE

By EDNA KENTON

With drawings by W. Gluckens

YOU won't have much to do, Mr. Cory," remarked Miss Caton, encouragingly. "I have a lot of advanced stuff pasted up. I've divided the 'Answers' into average lots, and it ought to run you for over a week, unless something goes slump out yonder, and Harris thunders for more copy. Of course he will. But you can fight it out. You're a man."

"You bet I am!" said Cory, savagely. "How the devil Rawson came to slide this blame job onto me, with Miss Denison handing in a stickful a day of

society drivel, and hiking round with that young jackass of a Davidson the rest of the time, I don't fathom. No man can run a woman's page, anyhow—oh, go hang!" He took a package of mail from his *bête noire* among the office-boys, and motioned him off. Already he perceived, by the leer of Willie's wall-eye, that the news of his fall was abroad in the land.

Winifred Caton smiled ominously. "You'll know women better when you're through with this job," she said, putting forth a helpful hand to sort out the letters. "Some of them are sixteeners—

others are older. Most of them are simpletons, of course. Once in a long while there's a sincere call for help, the sort that keeps you awake nights. There's a case like that now. She writes to me every week or so, from a little town down in Indiana. She has a love-affair on, and she wants to go on the stage. It's a miserable little story. But you won't need to bother. Never

Evening Probe," picked up her handbag, and departed for the biennial meet of woman's clubs.

Cory stood wrapped in gloom. Confound the "Probe"! This was what came of its eternal shifting policy. Even the foreign assignment that awaited him next month lost its allurements, for it was owing to that advance that he was to begin next day to break in Davidson,

the jackass aforesaid, and because of the superstition afloat that breaking in a new man meant vacation for the trainer, that he was being given the Woman's Page to edit in his leisure.

Just then Willie's high-pitched voice fell on his ear.

"Aunt Patience, ma'am? Yes, ma'am; right here, ma'am!" And Willie's round, impudent face hung in the doorway of the tiny office till Cory slammed it savagely to on himself and his caller, a woman of plain dress and firm purpose.

"I want Patience Strong," she said, curtly. "She ain't a man, is she?"

Without the door, which led straight to the city-room, Cory heard the sound of feet, a muffled



"Winifred Caton laughed in the face of Cory"

mind about reading any of this stuff this week. Perhaps you'll have to clip a little from the English weeklies. But for goodness' sake, don't try to annotate in cookery or fashions. Mrs. Sheldon will be on in two weeks to take complete charge. It's too bad she can't come now. But, thank heaven, I'm saying good-by to it for all time. Mr. Rawson is sure not to expect too much of you. So good luck, Cholly, alias Mignon Le Fevre, alias Alice Sullivan, alias Polly Spicer, alias Patience Strong, alias poor Fred Cory—good-by!"

Then Winifred Caton laughed in the face of Cory, late sporting-editor of "The

voice or two. It was the gathering of the clan.

"Oh, no," he said, grimly. "She ain't a man. I'm merely her nephew; but you can say anything to me—in reason," he amended, a cold fear creeping over him as she laid aside her umbrella.

"You look well-meanin', young man," she said, at length, "and if your aunt's liable to be gone long, I don't mind to tell you what I come for. My Nannie wrote her a fool letter a week back about her sweetheart and her pa and her and me. We don't favor the young man, and Nannie did, so she up and wrote. She's comin' our way at last, but she

won't quite promise to give him up till she hears from Patience Strong. So off I slips this mornin' to tell your aunt how she should answer Nannie in the paper, not to go ag'in her pa and me. That's all, young man, and you put it right to your aunt, and good morning to you."

Without, the clan made respectful way for "Ma" as she passed on her way back to Nannie. Then Vincent, dramatic editor, Davidson, the new sporting man, even Rawson, city-editor, filed gladsomely in and saluted, and sealed thereby Cory's doom. Among her many pseudonyms Miss Caton had always preserved her own identity, but from that morning Cory became to the whole staff, down through the office-boys to the elevator-men and old Oleson, "Aunty." Which added naught to his scant cup of joy.

For two days Cory sent out Miss Caton's prepared copy. On the third day her prophecy came true, and Harris of the composing-room thundered for more "aunty stuff," and some fashion notes. Cory was a sporting man to his teeth, and the terminology of this new craft was strange to him. Yet he set his teeth and started in to manufacture replies to some of the letters that grew of nights to amazing piles on Miss Caton's desk. The first one he picked up was from a young thing in southern Illinois asking advice on the proper conduct of weddings. He groaned and sought Miss Dennison, who received him with womanly compassion.

"It's a shame," she declared, "to put a man on such work. But when Mr. Rawson makes up his mind, nothing will change it. There!" She handed him a sheet of paper. "It's all done, down to the menu. Come to me again, Mr. Cory."

Cory retreated to his den and opened a few more letters, all of which were filled with queries about luncheons and lawn-parties and cold-water canning processes. He continued through the pile, and chose a sweet thing in shiny pink paper.

"Dear Miss Strong," he read. "I have never written to you before, and I take the greatest of pleasure to drop you a few lines to ask you a few questions about the stage, or the first step, or what to do, or how you begin. Or what it is makes a girl give up the love of a man she knows loves her to go on the stage. Does it show that she ought to act, or what? I have almost made up my mind to go to Chicago and on the stage. I have a good deal of money saved, twenty-five dollars, which will last me a long while. How long will it last? I can memorize quick and am a pretty girl. I could say long speeches without trouble. Where are the places girls go to when they go on the stage? Please answer quick as possible, and tell me why I cannot love this lover, and if I ought to give him up or the stage. —Respectfully, Maimie Morris."



"Willie the wall-eyed"

Cory laid the letter down. This was running a Woman's Page, was it? Maimie Morris, Chicago, the stage. And a decent sort of fellow, probably, loved her! Something about that letter sent Cory into a brown study. The world was full of 'em, just such girls, and what could one do?

Suddenly his face lighted up. "By George!" he said, briskly. He ran rapidly through the remainder of the night's crop of letters. He picked out from them perhaps six whose questions he could answer satisfactorily; six others that he could manage fairly well, with slight help on technical points from Miss Dennison. He managed his six questions, and then sought Miss Dennison. When he returned, his quota for Harris was made up. He sent out the copy, and then brought out the pink letter.

Some fifteen minutes later, he surveyed what he had written.

"My dear little girl," he read, proudly. "I know you have never written to me before, although I hope to hear from you again. You ask what it is that makes a girl want to give up the love of a good man to go on the stage. I don't know what it is. And if you try it, you'll wonder harder than you wonder now. Even then, you probably can't name it. I will say this, however, that it doesn't necessarily mean that she can act. How long will twenty-five dollars last you in Chicago? Just long enough to get you into an agency—no longer. You ask a few questions about the stage, such as the first step, or what to do, or how to begin. The first step takes you into places the like of which you have never seen—dens of iniquity or robbers' holes or pits of black despair they would be for you. Try to love him and forget it. Don't come to Chicago.—Your loving Patience Strong."

"By George!" said Cory, again. "That certainly will fix her right. That little hint about writing again—glad I put it in—like to see how it strikes her."

Two mornings later, Cory ran over his mail eagerly. Half-way down the pile he found another shiny pink envelope. This is what he read:

"Dear Miss Strong: What sort of men are theatrical agents, and what do they do to girls getting on the stage? Must they wear tights, and what do you mean by dens of iniquity? As you have helped so many, help me now by giving me the addresses of some agent places, and explain your frightening letter. Reply without fail.—Maimie Morris."

"Now what," mused Cory, of the Woman's Page, "could any fool girl mean to do, judging her by that letter! Is she scared, and does she want to be scared some more; or is she working me for addresses, or what the dickens is up!"

He reflected all morning while he was making up the page. He went out to dinner with Dirke Vincent, the "Probe's" dramatic critic.

"Oh, they come from all over," said Vincent, easily, after he had listened to Cory's tale of Maimie Morris. "Haven't you seen that pretty little piece of femininity in and out after me for a week now? She's come up from God knows where to get on. Wants Camille and Lady Macbeth, you know, when her size prohibits forever anything but sou-brette work. I've got my sister-in-law to blame for this piece of bother, too—mighty competent woman is Jane, but has a heavy faculty of making others finish up a lot of what she begins. Jane ran into this little piece at a girl's lodging-house down near the Illinois Central station, where they take 'em in for the night, ten cents a bed and five cents for breakfast, and then turn 'em loose till night again. So Jane sent her round to me, and she's still coming. Throw it into this girl hard, Cory. She's asked for facts—then tell 'em. They never want 'em when they ask for 'em—but tell 'em. You can hide behind your delicate female personality, and beat Miss Caton at her own game. Tell her what beasts she'll meet with, and that she can't break into legit. Tell her she's got to wear tights—that fixes a great lot of 'em."

"Well, now," said Cory, enthusiastically, "I'll just write and tell her facts. Coming from Patience Strong, it'll do her good, won't it, now?"

So that afternoon Cory pored over his typewriter, and of facts he gave Mamie Morris fourscore and ten. Theatrical business is hydra-headed, but Cory passed by all those members which seemed to smile, and gave her instead desk. Dirke Vincent was laboring with a too persistent press-agent in his corner, and Rawson was talking to Davidson and a reporter. Suddenly Willie the wall-eyed came down the center of the room, wearing his cynical leer.



"'I want Patience Strong,' she said, curtly. 'She ain't a man, is she?'"

only those which appal and distract.

It happened the next afternoon that, at five o'clock, Cory was still lounging in the city-room. Most of the reporters had knocked off work for the day. A few readers still lingered at the copy-

"'Here's Maimie Morris—wants to see Aunt Patience, quick!'"

Cory gave a jump of anguish, while his associates laughed, and turned—to face a pale, country-clad, determined-looking young man, who stared at

Cory in his turn, as if he clearly detected a split heel through that young gentleman's tan shoes. Cory swallowed hard.

"Where's M—Miss Morris?" he stammered. "You're not——"

"That's correct," said the country boy. "And I see clear you ain't Miss Patience Strong. It kind o' looks like a case of lay low on both sides. But all I want is the human being who wrote them letters to another that called itself Maimie Morris. Is it you?"

"Yes," owned Cory, dejectedly, with

about whether to go on the stage or not, and she read me her letters, but wouldn't give me a squint at Miss Strong's. So I up and decides to git a girl's side of the case if I could, and I made out like I was Maimie Morris. Them letters you wrote back made fearful reading for me, for it's a week now since Jessie come up here, with no address left behind, to spend her little twenty-five dollars——"

"What's this, Cory?" broke in Rawson, curtly. "Who's the story on?"

"Me," said Cory, briefly. "It's a corking good one, too. You give me a man for to-night, and I'll——"

"What'll you do?" asked the country youth, swiftly.

"We'll find the girl, that's what we'll do," said Cory. "We'll scour the town to-night, and run down some of those agencies—gosh, but it's good!"

"I don't want no monkey-work in this," broke in the boy, fiercely. "You're takin' holt amazin' quick for city folks. I'm goin' to save her from the rottenness you swore was waitin' fer her on every corner—and I don't want no help that don't look to the same thing."

"This thing's lively as a rattlesnake," said

Rawson, suddenly. "Work it up to beat hell. Take that boy's picture. Get a picture of the girl. Keep the story quiet, too; it needn't be a police thing yet awhile. You fellows ought to be able to run it yourselves."

The country youth had slowly drawn out a cheap, glazed photograph of a girl. "This is her," he said. "She wouldn't give her own name, though. Probably she'd call herself Angelique Keator, or Ethel Maude, or something like that."



"The man liked me—he said he would take me—then he took all my money!"

no shred of resourceful lying at his command.

"They was good letters," remarked the youth. "They was double-extra-good letters, and I ain't got a kick coming, even if they was writ by a six-foot man. Especially as I was the man that wrote the letters they answered. I ain't the girl you thought you was writing to, but I'm her sweetheart all right. She's Jessie Heath, that's been writing to Miss Patience Strong for some time now,



"The wedding that was celebrated at six o'clock in the city-room of 'The Evening Probe' was complete in its main details."

"Winifred Caton has been writing to a girl named Angelique Keator," broke in Miss Dennison just here. "She's been trying to get her to stay home and marry the man she loves."

"That's me, ma'am," said the country boy, simply. "She loves me all right, but she won't own to it. If the woman you spoke of is another of your Miss Patiences on here, she's the one that's been writing to Jessie. And this man here that calls himself Miss Patience, he scared me plumb out of a year's growth. So here I be, to stay till I take Jess back."

"Why didn't she come straight to Miss Patience, then," asked Dirke Vincent quickly, "if she'd been writing to her?"

"She'd 'a' fell dead if she had," responded her lover seriously, as he scanned Cory's frame. "I dunno why she didn't come. Say, d'ye think we'll git her?"

According to Rawson, the next development almost spoiled the story, having the air of being too palpably made up in the office by the youngest reporter. For Dirke Vincent suddenly grabbed Cory's arm. He had been staring abstractedly at the photograph.

"You don't forget the yarn I told you yesterday?" he said. "The names are 'way off, but this photograph fits to the dot of an i. Look yonder!"

He pointed toward the door leading to the outer corridor. They all turned. A girl was standing in the doorway. Her face was chalky-white, and her eyes were wide apart and scared. She was little and slender and brown-eyed and curly-haired. She was arguing with the despot Willie.

"Oh, but I must see Miss Patience Strong, if she's come back," she said, huskily. "She wrote me she'd be here after a week. Or else Mr. Vincent—tell him it's—Una Hudson again."

Cory caught back the country boy in a practised grip, while Dirke Vincent went quickly over to the girl. In the silence, every word was heard.

"What is it?" Vincent asked her, gently.

The girl stared vacantly, and then she put her hands up to her shamed face.

"I—answered—an advertisement," she said, pitifully, "to-day—it was for girls, small girls—under a hundred pounds—to come to a place on Dear-born Street—to join a ballet—for the road—for dancing—the man liked me—he said he would take me—then he took all my money—for my clothes—he said——"

"Tell me where it was," said Vincent, quietly. He passed the scribbled address over to Rawson, who took it as a pearl of price. "Now go on. What did he do then?"

"He"—the girl gasped pitifully—"for my—clothes, he said—and then he—told me what they were going to be—and that I must be—measured——"

Cory's grip availed nothing any longer, for with one savage spring the country boy was across the room, holding the shaking girl in his arms. "Honey, honey, honey!" they heard him say over and over again, the words half drowned by her hysterical sobbings.

"Well," said Rawson, his voice oddly soft, yet keen, "there's some juice bound to be squeezed out of that ad anyway. It was in the 'Morning Cry'—I had it looked up. Wha'd you think of a regular show-up of those agencies, eh? I'll see McKinlock. It'll be racy reading, and full of juice. It's your story, Cory, if you want to work it up—find out the end of that before they go." He nodded toward the two lovers, standing in the doorway.

Evidently the "Probe" atmosphere was oozing dramatic situations that afternoon, for the country lover turned at that moment and faced the room.

"We're goin' to be married right away, gentlemen," he remarked, coolly. "And bein' as I'm strange here, it'll add to all you have done and meant to do if you'll kindly direct us to the license-man and a minister."

Miss Dennison brought her hands together softly. "Doctor Greggsmith is in Mr. McKinlock's office!" she exclaimed. "Why not——" She hesitated a moment, and then she went up to the girl, standing with her face against the cool wall. When she turned back and faced the city-room,

she wore the air of a general in command.

"She would rather be married here than anywhere else," Miss Dennison announced. "Mr. Vincent, suppose you take this young man over to the City Hall and get the license; and, Mr. Rawson, would you go down and ask Mr. McKinlock to excuse Doctor Greggsmith for a little while—in fifteen minutes, say?"

There were some other directions, which do not matter here, but which set the entire office busily to work. Then Miss Dennison, having given her city-editor his assignment in the case, proceeded down the hall to interview competently her managing editor, the brute McKinlock, and later, Mr. Marvin, owner and publisher of the "Probe."

In consequence thereof, the wedding that was celebrated at six o'clock in the city-room of "The Evening Probe" was complete in its main details. Young Davidson had gone mad temporarily to the extent of ordering up a bushel or so of carnations, which he and Miss Dennison hastily arranged. The agency had proved "juicy," and the "Probe" had the story—it also had the little would-be actress' money, already folded in an envelope and directed to Mrs.

Hiram Buckley, to be presented after the ceremony. In addition, the "Probe" had made up a hurried money gift, thanks to Miss Dennison's fearless requests of low and high alike. And Dr. Eberly Greggsmith, perhaps the most prominent clergyman of the town, remained and read the service.

"Well, for an amateur, you've cleared up a pretty fair swath," remarked McKinlock to Cory, as that young gentleman started back to his desk after the bridal couple had departed in a carriage for their hotel for a week's honeymooning in the city, all by courtesy of the "Probe."

"A very fair Aunt Patience," added Mr. Marvin, genially.

"You're very good, sir," said Cory, writhing. "I doubt, myself, if Miss Caton could have put up a better piece of work."

"Nevertheless," remarked the brute McKinlock, "I'm happy to tell you that after to-morrow you can devote your entire energies to working up this dramatic-agency show-up. Mrs. Sheldon will be in then, to take the Woman's Page off your hands—and in the mean time let the correspondence slide. Fool's luck doesn't always last."

THE LOVER—IN APRIL

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

THOU hast come back to me!
 (Thou who didst die a year ago
 And slept so many days beneath the snow),
 Thou hast come back to me.
 Now that the buds break on the hawthorn-tree,
 And the old gladness of the earth revives,
 Thou hast come back to me
 In the dear hyacinth and white anemone.

The spring's great resurrection is thine own!
 This fragrance of young blossoms is thy breath;
 This silence is thy spiritual tread—
 Thou art no longer dead!
 Who is it, dear, that saith
 Thy body is in the bondage of strong death?
 Nay, from the darkness, on the light winds blown,
 Thou hast come back to me
 In the dear hyacinth and white anemone!

THE ROTATION OF CROPS

By L. H. BAILEY, Director of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University

ALL agriculture depends on the increasing, or at least on the maintaining, of the productiveness of crops. The general means of increasing productiveness are four: tillage; fertilizing the land; rotation of crops; breeding of plants, whereby better and more productive varieties are secured.

The term "rotation of crops" is used to designate a system of recurring succession of plants covering a regular period of years, and maintained on alternating fields of the farm. Its purpose is primarily to increase the productiveness of the various crops by conserving the fertility of the soil and eliminating weeds, pests and crop-diseases. All farmers practise rotation to some extent, but usually it is imperfect and unplanned. In most parts of the Northern states it is common practice to have oats follow corn, and wheat follow oats. Definite rotation is usually a practice of old and well-settled countries, where the virgin fertility of the soil has been somewhat depleted and new lands are not to be had. In most new countries, the husbandry is at first haphazard and unscientific. The land is exploited. Fertility is seemingly exhaustless and little attention is given to conserving it. The land is robbed, and the robber moves on. But when the land must be used over and over again, century by century, the farmer looks to the future and lays out a plan that will cause his land to increase in value. The rotation of crops will be a subject of increasing importance in North America.

These remarks are well illustrated in the depletion of lands once devoted to tobacco and cotton. Wheat-production constantly moves westward. George Washington wrote to Arthur Young, in England, as follows, in 1787:

"Before I undertake to give the information you request, respecting the arrangements of farms in this neighborhood, &c. I must observe that there is, perhaps, scarcely any part of America,

where farming has been less attended to than in this state [Virginia]. The cultivation of tobacco has been almost the sole object with men of landed property, and consequently a regular course of crops have never been in view. The general custom has been, first to raise a crop of Indian corn [maize] which, according to the mode of cultivation, is a good preparation for wheat; then a crop of wheat; after which the ground is respited (except from weeds, and every trash that can contribute to its foulness) for about eighteen months; and so on, alternately, without any dressing, till the land is exhausted; when it is turned out, without being sown with grass-seeds, or reeds, or any method taken to restore it; and another piece is ruined in the same manner. No more cattle is raised than can be supported by lowland meadows, swamps &c. and the tops and blades of Indian corn; as very few persons have attended to sowing grasses, and connecting cattle with their crops. The Indian corn is the chief support of the labourers and horses. Our lands, as I mentioned in my first letter to you, were originally very good; but use, and abuse, have made them quite otherwise.

"The above is the mode of cultivation which has been generally pursued here. but the system of husbandry which has been found so beneficial in England, and which must be greatly promoted by your valuable Annals, is now gaining ground. There are several (among which I may class myself), who are endeavouring to get into your regular and systematic course of cropping, as fast as the nature of the business shall admit; so that I hope in the course of a few years, we shall make a more respectable figure as farmers, than we have hitherto done."

A significant part of Washington's letter is the statement that land was "respited" for eighteen months. He meant that the land was allowed to lie idle, or fallow. It is an old notion that

land "rests" when allowed to go wholly uncropped; and, in fact, it is true that the succeeding crops may be better for the fallow, but in most instances equally good results can be secured by other means and without the loss of a year's crop. The fallow was a regular part of early rotation practices. Fallowing was employed by the Jews, Greeks and Romans. It is common in many large parts of Russia and other countries today. Vergil advises:

"On the alternate seasons hold thine arm,
And the field new gathered assail thou not.
Suffer it rather for so long to lie
Fallow and thirsty, under the parching sky."

A general rotation-practice in Europe in Roman times, outside of Italy, was:

1, Naked fallow; 2, autumnal grain; 3, spring grain.

In special cases, and in regions of insufficient rainfall, fallowing is still an allowable practice; but in general it belongs to a rude and unresourceful type of agriculture. In most of the humid regions of this country the practice, if employed at all, is diminished to "summer fallowing," whereby the period of idleness is reduced to a minimum. The summer fallow was formerly often employed in order to fit the land for wheat. The land was kept in more or less clean and free tillage from spring till fall, without crop, for the purpose of destroying weeds and of putting it in good condition of preparation. With improved tillage-implements and well-planned rotations, these results usually can be secured without resort to fallow.

There is no dispute as to the value of rotation of crops. The only differences of opinion are in respect to its feasibility in particular cases and the merits and demerits of the different courses. Many scientific experiments have reenforced common experience as to the importance of rotation, particularly in recuperating old lands. Experiments made at the famous station at Rothamsted, England, are perhaps the most conclusive, because of the long period through which they have run. Wheat was grown on the same land for sixty-two consecutive years and the crop yielded at the end of that time only

about one-fourth as much per acre as wheat grown on similar land for fifty-two years as a part of a four-course rotation. In both cases the land was not fertilized. At the Louisiana Experiment Station it was found, as a result of eleven years' work with a three-course rotation (first year corn, second year oats followed by cow-peas, third year cotton), that the yield increased from twelve to twenty-five per cent., even without the application of manure. In another part of the same experiment, manure was applied and the general increase in yield was four hundred to five hundred per cent. This shows that a plain rotation is itself capable of increasing yield, but that the greatest increase is to be expected by a combination of rotation and manuring.

The first rotation-farming to gain wide attention in North America seems to have been the so-called Norfolk system. This was chiefly a four-crop rotation employed on the light lands of Norfolk, England, and which had grown up during a long course of years. A century and more ago this system was explained by writers and thereby became widely known, the more so because at that time the American agricultural literature was drawn chiefly from English sources. The exact rotation itself—comprising roots, barley, clover, wheat, in various combinations—was of less importance to the American colonies than the fact that attention was called to the value of rotation-farming in general. At the same epoch another system of farming practice was also coming in from English sources. This was the clean-tillage system introduced by the epoch-making experiments of Jethro Tull in tilling land by means of horse-implements. Tull taught that plants subsist by taking in the minute particles of soil, and it naturally followed that the smaller the particles the more freely and easily could they be utilized by the roots. The value of thorough tillage depended, therefore, merely on the comminution or making fine of the soil. Tull first wrote in 1733. His philosophy was erroneous, but his practice was correct. In a modified way, this teaching came later to be known as the Lois-Weedon system

of husbandry. Between the discussions of the Tull "new husbandry" and the Norfolk rotations, agricultural practices were overhauled in the new country. But the questions concerned with methods of tilling the soil and with cropping schemes are still as important as ever, because they lie at the foundation of all resourceful agriculture and are always modified in details by discoveries of science and by the demands of changing civilization.

REASONS WHY ROTATION INCREASES PRODUCTIVENESS

One of the early explanations of the good results of rotation of crops was the doctrine that some plants exhaust the soil of certain materials which are not needed by other plants; therefore the value of rotation depended on securing such a combination of crops as would in time utilize all the elements of the soil. There is, of course, some truth in this teaching, but we now know that the question is by no means one of so-called exhaustion alone.

Another explanation was found in the theory that roots excrete certain substances that are noxious to the plants excreting them and innocuous or even beneficial to other plants. The excretory theory was taught early in the past century by the renowned Swiss botanist, Pyramus de Candolle. It was no doubt a suggestion from the animal kingdom. This theory was practically given up before the middle of the past century. Yet it is most interesting to find recent experiments in England on the growing of grass in orchards leading to the suggestion that one plant may exert some influence on the soil deleterious to another plant. It is believed that this influence, however, is biological rather than chemical—in some way, perhaps, concerned with the little-understood germ-life of the soil. The minute biological interrelationships of plants are certain to be the subjects of much investigation.

Some of the reasons why rotation-farming is advantageous may now be mentioned.

1. One crop tends to correct the

faults of another crop. The continuous growing of one crop usually results in the injuring of the soil in some respect; a rotation tends to overcome and eliminate such effects. It evens up and works out the inequalities. The general average of many or several kinds of treatment is better than the effects of one treatment.

2. Plants differ considerably in the proportions of the different kinds of foods that they take from the soil. They make the maximum of their draft on the soil at different times in the year, thereby allowing the progress of the seasons to even up the inequalities.

3. By a judicious choice of crops, different plant-food materials may be incorporated in the soil in available condition, through the decay of the parts plowed under or left in the ground. The most marked benefit in this direction comes from the incorporation of nitrogen compounds through the use of leguminous plants. These plants have the power, by means of their root nodules, of fixing the free atmospheric nitrogen of the soil; and the new compounds are turned back to the soil in condition to be utilized by plants that do not have the power to appropriate the nitrogen of the air. Since nitrogen is the most expensive and usually the most easily lost of the plant-food elements that the farmer has to buy, this rôle of the leguminous plants is most important. It is significant that most of the early rotations, developing before rational explanations of them could be given, comprised some legume. The legumes, or pulse-crops, comprise all the clovers, alfalfa, cow-peas, peas, beans, lupines, and the like.

4. Some plants have the power, more than others, to utilize the content of the subsoil. Such plants may not only make less proportionate draft on the upper soil, but by their decay may add to the richness of such soil. It has been determined, for example, that lupines are able to take more food from the subsoil than oats. Most of the legumes have similar power, largely because of their deep-rooting habit; and this affords additional explanation

of the good results accruing from the use of such plants in the rotation.

5. A rotation of crops can be so planned as to maintain the supply of humus in the soil. This humus, coming from the decay of organic matter, adds to the plant-food content of the soil and, what is usually more important, exerts a great influence in securing a proper physical texture of the land. The humus is chiefly supplied by the grass-crops and clover-crops in the rotation. The practice of "green-manuring" rests chiefly on the need of supplying humus. Green-manure crops are those that are grown for the special purpose of being turned under, root and top, and are not usually a definite part of the rotation; but, so far as it goes, the root-and-stubble part of similar crops employed in the rotation answers the same purpose.

6. Well-considered rotation schemes reduce the necessity of excessive use of concentrated or chemical fertilizers. On the other hand, they may utilize such fertilizers to greater advantage than do the continuous-cropping schemes, as has been well shown by the Ohio Experiment Station.

7. A good rotation provides for the making of farm manures, because it grows crops for the feeding of live stock. As a general practice, it is better to market the hay- and straw-crops in the form of animals or animal-products than to put them on the market directly; for the farmer not only has the opportunity to make an extra profit by an extra process, but he gains the manure with which to maintain the fertility of his lands. He raises the crop to feed his stock to secure manure to raise a better crop. In the maintaining of fertility, the live-stock farmer has the great advantage of the horticulturist or other special farmer, for the latter must resort to special practices or special purchases in order to maintain the producing power of his land.

8. Rotation is a cleaning process. Certain weeds follow certain crops. Chess and cockle are common weeds in old wheat-lands. The life-cycle of these plants is so similar to that of wheat that they thrive with the wheat;

and the seeds may not be removed from wheat-seed in the ordinary cleaning process. These weeds are soon eliminated by the grass-course in the rotation, or by some clean-tillage course. Most weeds are eradicated in the course of a good rotation; in fact, a rotation cannot be considered to be good unless it holds the weeds in check. With crops which are not grown as a part of a rotation, as rice, it is sometimes necessary to interject another crop for a year or two in order to clean the land.

Insects and plant-diseases follow certain crops. There are no insects or diseases that follow all crops. Therefore a rotation cleans the fields of many of these troubles and pests. Nearly all continuous-cropping schemes run upon these difficulties sooner or later. A short and sharp rotation, for example, is the best means of contending with wireworms. It is not uncommon sometimes to find onions failing year after year in the best onion-regions. The trouble is likely to be due to pests or diseases. Two or three years of celery or other crop may clean up the difficulty. The horticulturist is particularly liable to suffer from insects and plant-diseases, especially if he is an orchardist, because he cannot well practise a definite rotation. The larger part of the spraying devices and materials are devised to meet the necessities of the horticulturist.

9. A rotation allows the farmer to meet the needs of the staple markets by providing a continuous and predictable output.

10. Rotation-farming develops a continuous and consecutive plan of business. It maintains the continuity of farm labor, and reduces the economic and social difficulties that arise from the employing of many men at one time and few men at another time.

ROTATION PRACTICES

Just what rotation scheme shall be adopted in any case must depend on many local and special considerations. What some of these considerations are may be briefly discussed.

(a) The rotation must adapt itself to the farmer's business—to the support

of live stock if he is a dairyman or stock-farmer, to the demands of the grain trade if he is a grain-farmer, to the cotton-market if he is in a cotton-region.

(b) It must adapt itself to the soil and the fertility problem. Often the chief purpose of a rotation is to recuperate worn and depleted lands. In such case, the frequent recurrence of leguminous humus crops is preeminently desirable.

(c) The fertilizer question often modifies the rotation—whether manure can be purchased cheaply and in abundance or whether it must be made on the place.

(d) The kind of soil and the climate may dictate the rotation.

(e) The labor supply has an important bearing on the character of the rotation-course. The farmer must be careful to plan to keep the number of plowings and the amount of cultivating within the limits of his capabilities.

(f) The size of the farm, and whether land can be rented for pasturage, are also determinants. It is not profitable to grow the cereals and some other crops on small areas; in fact, rotation-farming is chiefly successful with large-area crops.

(g) In the future more than in the past, the rotation must be planned with reference to the species of plants that will best serve one another, or produce the best interrelationship results.

(h) The rotation must consider in what condition one crop will leave the soil for the succeeding crop, and how one crop can be seeded with another crop. One reason why wheat is still so generally grown in the East is because it is a good "seeding crop"; grass and clover are seeded with it, and it therefore often makes a rotation practicable. In some parts of the East, rye takes the place of winter wheat in the rotation-course. Every careful farmer soon comes to know that a certain tilth or condition of soil may be expected to result from certain crops. Thus buckwheat has a marked effect on hard-pan soils, leaving them mellow and ashlike. The explanation of this action of buckwheat is unknown. Potato-growers who have hard land like to grow buckwheat as a preparation

for potatoes, although buckwheat is rarely a regular part of a rotation. Winter wheat commonly follows oats, for the reason that the oats are harvested early enough to allow the sowing of wheat in the fall. However, barley is considered to be a better preparation-crop for wheat, as it comes off the land earlier and does not deplete the moisture content of the soil so much; it therefore usually allows the making of a better seed-bed for the wheat.

It must be remembered that the rotation is not confined to a single field. If a perfect system is practised, there must be as many equal fields concerned in the rotation as there are years in the course, so that every crop is grown on some part of the farm every year. The farm is therefore laid off into shifts or blocks. It is unusual, however, that a farm is sufficiently uniform in surface and soil to allow of such a perfect arrangement, and consequently the output of the various crops varies from year to year. Of course, it is not expected that the entire farm is to be laid under a rotation system. Parts of it will be needed for gardens, orchards, woods, permanent pasture, and for special crops.

Not all the crops of the farm are adapted to rotation. The cereal- and hay-crops are most adaptable. Cotton ordinarily is not a part of a rotation-scheme; and this is one reason why cotton-lands so soon become "exhausted." The adopting of a short and good rotation, in which cotton would be the pivot crop, would no doubt add immeasurably to the wealth of the Southern states. Some crops occupy the land for a series of years and therefore do not often become parts in a rotation. Of such is alfalfa, now largely grown in the West and rapidly working its way into the East. But even this crop will probably tend more and more to occupy a place in rotation-courses; and in the South (and even in other regions) this may be enforced in order to overcome disease.

Usually a rotation contains at least one "money-crop," that finds a direct and ready market; one clean-tilled

crop; one hay- or straw-crop; one leguminous crop. Formerly the manure was applied mostly to one crop in the rotation, but the tendency now seems to be to distribute the application of some kind of fertilizer throughout the various years of the course. Some crops, however, may receive the coarse manure, others the fine or rotted manure, and others the chemical fertilizer. It is now believed that there is advantage in rotation of fertilizers. In the Norfolk system, manure is usually applied heavily with the root-course. Grass-crops follow clean-tilled or "exhaustion" crops. Pasturing eliminates the weeds of tillage, compacts the land following tillage-practice, and provides manure in the droppings of the animals.

The leguminous rotation-crops most used in North America are red clover and cow-peas. The clover is adapted to the humid North, cow-peas to the South. The use of the cow-pea is making a new epoch in the Southern states. It supplies the missing link in the rotation, and makes humus; it adds nitrogen, obviating the necessity of depending on chemical fertilizers alone, which has been such an undesirable practice in the South.

Nearly all special crops can be grown without rotation, because the market value of their products is so high that the grower can afford to resort to extra manuring and other expensive practices in order to keep the land in good heart. This is the chief reason for the excessive use of stable-manure in market-gardening, a use which usually far exceeds the needs of the crops in mere plant-food. When the land is not too high-priced, it is a practice with gardeners to "rest" part of the land now and then in clover. Orchards do not lend themselves readily to rotation, although peaches generally do not follow peaches directly nor apples follow apples. In order to supply the humus to these lands and at the same time to secure the benefits of tillage, the practice of cover-cropping has lately come into vogue. This is the use of some quick-growing crop that can be sown in midsummer or later, after tillage is completed; this is plowed under early

the following spring. Acceptable cover-crops are crimson clover, vetches, peas, rye, and sometimes buckwheat, rape or cereals.

A cropping-course that has been much recommended of late years is the Terry rotation, named for T. B. Terry, a prominent farmer of Ohio. This is a three-year course:

1, Clover; 2, potatoes; 3, winter wheat.

This rotation "keeps the land moving." It repeats clover every third year and thereby becomes a great rejuvenator of the land.

A course that has been practised for many years by the College of Agriculture at Cornell University is as follows:

1, Wheat, with 8-10 tons of manure per acre (yields of wheat 30 to 40 bushels); 2, clover and timothy one year (mown twice, yielding up to 5½ tons per acre); 3, corn, manured, cut for silage (yielding 8-10 ton per acre); 4, oats (40 to 50 bushels per acre).

The above rotation was devised largely to increase the productiveness of unprofitable land.

A good rotation for weedy land is as follows:

1, Sod, 1 year; 2, corn; 3, potatoes or some other clean-tilled crop; 4, oats or barley.

A common rotation in the corn-belt states is:

1, 2, corn; 3, wheat or oats; 4, 5, 6, timothy and clover.

A frequent five-course rotation, where soil and climate are not so well adapted to corn, is as follows:

1, Corn; 2, oats; 3, wheat; 4, 5, timothy and clover.

In potato- and dairy-regions of New England, the following is in use:

1, Potatoes; 2, 3, corn; 4, 5, 6, clover and grass.

In grain- and sugar-beet-regions the following is sometimes employed:

1, Sugar-beets; 2, barley; 3, clover; 4, wheat.

For the maintenance of much live stock the following is recommended:

1, Silage corn; 2, oats; 3, wheat; 4, clover.

The Rothamsted course, mentioned

at the beginning of this article, is as follows:

1, Rutabaga; 2, barley; 3, beans or clover; 4, wheat.

The Rhode Island Experiment Station has published the results of three-year, four-year and five-year rotations and fertilizing on light and much-exhausted soils. The three-year rotation was as follows: winter rye sown the fall the potatoes were dug, followed the next spring with red clover. The rye was cut for grain and straw, and the succeeding year the clover was cut for hay. After having been cut one year, the clover was then turned down and potatoes planted. It was, therefore, a rotation of

1, Potatoes; 2, winter rye; 3, clover.

A report of the experiment was made after two courses, that is, after the experiment had run two rounds, or six years, in part as follows:

"In the first course of the three-year rotation the yields of merchantable potatoes upon plots 11, 14 and 13 were but 60, 117 and 75 bushels per acre, respectively. In the second course of the rotation the yields were 233, 193 and 268 bushels per acre, respectively. These increased yields illustrate well the improvement in the condition of the soil.

"During the first course of the rotation the value of the crops was less than the total expenses, in five out of nine instances. The average loss per year amounted to \$6.79 per acre during the first course of the three-year rotation.

"During the second course of the rotation there was an average profit of \$23.54 per acre annually."

The four-year rotation was:

1, Corn; 2, potatoes; 3, winter rye; 4, clover.

In this case the clover was turned down and the corn planted on the clover sod. The general results were as follows:

"In the first course of the rotation (four years), three of the plots showed total net losses of \$18.40, \$44.00 and \$17.56 per acre, and one a total net gain of \$46.80 per acre.

"But two of the plots have been carried completely through the second round of the rotation. These plots

showed net losses in the first course of the rotation amounting to \$18.40 and \$44.00 per acre, but in the second round the same plots showed gains amounting to \$80.70 and \$64.40 per acre, respectively.

"Reckoning as a part of the original investment a portion of the expenses of the first three to four years until reasonable conditions of fertility and tilth were established, good profits resulted."

The five-year Rhode Island rotation was:

1, Corn; 2, potatoes; 3, winter rye; 4, 5, grass.

The grass was timothy and redbtop. The manure was applied with the Indian corn and the potatoes. The general results with the corn and potatoes were as follows:

"Indian corn produced, in 1893, only 13.78 bushels of grain and 1.3 tons of stover per acre. In 1896, it produced 72.57 bushels of grain and 2.4 of stover. The highest yield of stover in any subsequent year upon any plot was 3.9 tons per acre. This was obtained in 1900, though the yield of shelled corn was less that season than in 1896.

"The potato-crops have shown marked gains. The smallest crop of marketable tubers was that of 1893, which amounted to but 60 bushels per acre. The largest crop thus far recorded was 283.33 bushels per acre, in 1900, when the total yield of large and small tubers amounted to 321.66 bushels per acre."

One of the first effects of the contemporaneous research by the experiment stations was apparently to magnify the importance of special practices and of isolated problems. For a time we seemed to lose sight of the fact that farming is a philosophy put in practice, and that the new problems are all related to a few general fundamental plans of farm management. We are now beginning to sort and classify our experimental results, and to work out rational scientific systems. These invaluable scientific results will add to the efficiency of the old-time farm-plans, rendering them less dogmatic and more reasonable, but nevertheless emphasizing their enduring importance.



THE GHOST-EXTINGUISHER

By Colett Burgess

I happened to notice that the Japanese have no objections to spooks. Now, whenever I have such a building to rent, I let it to Japs at a nominal figure, and after they've taken the curse off, I raise the rent, the Japs move out, the place is renovated, and in the market again."

The subject interested me, for I am not only a scientist, but a speculative philosopher as well. The investigation of those phenomena that lie upon the threshold of the great unknown has always been my favorite field of research. I believed, even then, that the Oriental mind, working along different lines than those which we pursue, has attained knowledge that we

know little of. Thinking, therefore, that these Japs might have some secret inherited from their misty past, I examined into the matter.

MY attention was first called to the possibility of manufacturing a practicable ghost-extinguisher by a real-estate agent in San Francisco.

"There's one thing," he said, "that affects city property here in a curious way. You know we have a good many murders, and, as a consequence, certain houses attain a very sensational and undesirable reputation. These houses it is almost impossible to let; you can scarcely get a decent family to occupy them rent-free. Then we have a great many places said to be haunted. These were dead timber on my hands until

I shall not trouble you with a narration of the incidents which led up to my acquaintance with Hoku Yamanochi. Suffice it to say that I found in him a friend who was willing to share with me his whole lore of quasi-science. I call it this advisedly, for science, as we Occidentals use the term, has to do only with the laws of matter and sensation; our scientific men, in fact, recognize the existence of nothing else. The Buddhist philosophy, however, goes further.

According to its theories, the soul is sevenfold, consisting of different shells or envelopes—something like an onion—

which are shed as life passes from the material to the spiritual state. The first, or lowest, of these is the corporeal body, which, after death, decays and perishes. Next comes the vital principle, which, departing from the body, dissipates itself like an odor, and is lost. Less gross than this is the astral body, which, although immaterial, yet lies near to the consistency of matter. This astral shape, released from the body at death, remains for a while in its earthly environment, still preserving more or less definitely the imprint of the form which it inhabited.

It is this relic of a past material personality, this outworn shell, that appears, when galvanized into an appearance of life, partly materialized, as a ghost. It is not the soul that returns, for the soul, which is immortal, is composed of the four higher spiritual essences that surround the ego, and are carried on into the next life. These astral bodies, therefore, fail to terrify the Buddhists, who know them only as shadows, with no real volition. The Japs, in point of fact, have learned how to exterminate them.

There is a certain powder, Hoku informed me, which, when burnt in their presence, transforms them from the rarefied, or semi-spiritual, condition to the state of matter. The ghost, so to speak, is precipitated into and becomes a material shape which can easily be disposed of. In this state it is confined and allowed to disintegrate slowly where it can cause no further annoyance.

This long-winded explanation piqued my curiosity, which was not to be satisfied until I had seen the Japanese method applied. It was not long before I had an opportunity. A particularly revolting murder having been committed in San Francisco, my friend Hoku Yamanochi applied for the house, and, after the police had finished their examination, he was permitted to occupy it for a half-year at the ridiculous price of three dollars a month. He invited me to share his quarters, which were large and luxuriously furnished.

For a week, nothing abnormal occurred. Then, one night, I was awa-

kened by terrifying groans, followed by a blood-curdling shriek which seemed to emerge from a large closet in my room, the scene of the late atrocity. I confess that I had all the covers pulled over my head and was shivering with horror when my Japanese friend entered, wearing a pair of flowered-silk pajamas. Hearing his voice, I peeped forth, to see him smiling reassuringly.

"You some kind of very foolish fellow," he said. "I show you how to fix him!"

He took from his pocket three conical red pastils, placed them upon a saucer and lighted them. Then, holding the fuming dish in one outstretched hand, he walked to the closed door and opened it. The shrieks burst out afresh, and, as I recalled the appalling details of the scene which had occurred in this very room only five weeks ago, I shuddered at his temerity. But he was quite calm.

Soon, I saw the wraithlike form of the recent victim dart from the closet. She crawled under my bed and ran about the room, endeavoring to escape, but was pursued by Hoku, who waved his smoking plate with indefatigable patience and dexterity.

At last he had her cornered, and the specter was caught behind a curtain of odorous fumes. Slowly the figure grew more distinct, assuming the consistency of a heavy vapor, shrinking somewhat in the operation. Hoku now hurriedly turned to me.

"You hully up, bling me one pair bellows pletty quick!" he commanded.

I ran into his room and brought the bellows from his fireplace. These he pressed flat, and then carefully inserting one toe of the ghost into the nozzle and opening the handles steadily, he sucked in a portion of the unfortunate woman's anatomy, and dexterously squirted the vapor into a large jar, which had been placed in the room for the purpose. Two more operations were necessary to withdraw the fantom completely from the corner and empty it into the jar. At last the transfer was effected and the receptacle securely stoppered and sealed.

"In formeryore-time," Hoku explained



Drawn by George T. Tobin

"The cut was piled full of frenzied, scrambling specters, as rank after rank swept down into the horrid gut"

to me, "old pliests sucked ghost with mouth and spit him to inside of vase with acculacy. Modern-time method more better for stomach and epiglottis."

"How long will this ghost keep?" I inquired.

"Oh, about four, five hundled years, maybe," was his reply. "Ghost now change from split to matter, and comes underlegality of matter as usual science."

"What are you going to do with her?" I asked.

"Send him to Buddhist temple in Japan. Old pliest use him for high celemony," was the answer.

My next desire was to obtain some of Hoku Yamanochi's ghost-powder and analyze it. For a while it defied my attempts, but, after many months of patient research, I discovered that it could be produced, in all its essential qualities, by means of a fusion of formaldehyde and hypofenyltrybrompropionic acid in an electrified vacuum. With this product I began a series of interesting experiments.

As it became necessary for me to discover the habitat of ghosts in considerable numbers, I joined the American Society for Psychical Research, thus securing desirable information in regard to haunted houses. These I visited persistently, until my powder was perfected and had been proved efficacious for the capture of any ordinary house-broken fantom. For a while I contented myself with the mere sterilization of these specters, but, as I became surer of success, I began to attempt the transfer of ghosts to receptacles wherein they could be transported and studied at my leisure, classified and preserved for future reference.

Hoku's bellows I soon discarded in favor of a large-sized bicycle-pump, and eventually I had constructed one of my own, of a pattern which enabled me to inhale an entire ghost at a single stroke. With this powerful instrument I was able to compress even an adult life-sized ghost into a two-quart bottle, in the neck of which a sensitive valve (patented) prevented the specter from emerging during process.

My invention was not yet, however,

quite satisfactory. While I had no trouble in securing ghosts of recent creation—spirits, that is, who were yet of almost the consistency of matter—on several of my trips abroad in search of material I found in old manor-houses or ruined castles many specters so ancient that they had become highly rarefied and tenuous, being at times scarcely visible to the naked eye. Such elusive spirits are able to pass through walls and elude pursuit with ease. It became necessary for me to obtain some instrument by which their capture could be conveniently effected.

The ordinary fire-extinguisher of commerce gave me the hint as to how the problem could be solved. One of these portable hand-instruments I filled with the proper chemicals. When inverted, the ingredients were commingled in vacuo and a vast volume of gas was liberated. This was collected in the reservoir provided with a rubber tube having a nozzle at the end. The whole apparatus being strapped upon my back, I was enabled to direct a stream of powerful precipitating gas in any desired direction, the flow being under control through the agency of a small stop-cock. By means of this ghost-extinguisher I was enabled to pursue my experiments as far as I desired.

So far my investigations had been purely scientific, but before long the commercial value of my discovery began to interest me. The ruinous effects of spectral visitations upon real estate induced me to realize some pecuniary reward from my ghost-extinguisher, and I began to advertise my business. By degrees, I became known as an expert in my original line, and my professional services were sought with as much confidence as those of a veterinary surgeon. I manufactured the Gerrish Ghost-Extinguisher in several sizes, and put it on the market, following this venture with the introduction of my justly celebrated Gerrish Ghost-Grenades. These hand-implements were made to be kept in racks conveniently distributed in country houses for cases of sudden emergency. A single grenade, hurled at any spectral form, would, in breaking,



Drawn by George T. Tobin

"I fled, but Napoleon's men fled with me"

liberate enough formaldehydrom to coagulate the most perverse spirit, and the resulting vapor could easily be removed from the room by a housemaid with a common broom.

This branch of my business, however, never proved profitable, for the appearance of ghosts, especially in the United States, is seldom anticipated. Had it been possible for me to invent a preventive as well as a remedy, I might now be a millionaire; but there are limits even to modern science.

Having exhausted the field at home, I visited England in the hope of securing customers among the country families there. To my surprise, I discovered that the possession of a family specter was considered as a permanent improvement to the property, and my offers of service in ridding houses of ghostly tenants awakened the liveliest resentment. As a layer of ghosts I was much lower in the social scale than a layer of carpets.

Disappointed and discouraged, I returned home to make a further study of the opportunities of my invention. I had, it seemed, exhausted the possibilities of the use of unwelcome fantoms. Could I not, I thought, derive a revenue from the traffic in desirable specters? I decided to renew my investigations.

The nebulous spirits preserved in my laboratory, which I had graded and classified, were, you will remember, in a state of suspended animation. They were, virtually, embalmed apparitions, their inevitable decay delayed, rather than prevented. The assorted ghosts that I had now preserved in hermetically sealed tins were thus in a state of unstable equilibrium. The tins once opened and the vapor allowed to dissipate, the original astral body would in time be reconstructed and the warmed-over specter would continue its previous career. But this process, when naturally performed, took years. The interval was quite too long for the phantom to be handled in any commercial way. My problem was, therefore, to produce from my tinned Essence of Ghost a specter that was capable of immediately going

into business and that could haunt a house while you wait.

It was not until radium was discovered that I approached the solution of my great problem, and even then months of indefatigable labor were necessary before the process was perfected. It has now been well demonstrated that the emanations of radiant energy sent forth by this surprising element defy our former scientific conceptions of the constitution of matter. It was for me to prove that the vibratory activity of radium (whose amplitudes and intensity are undoubtedly four-dimensional) effects a sort of allotropic modification in the particles of that imponderable ether which seems to lie half-way between matter and pure spirit. This is as far as I need to go in my explanation, for a full discussion involves the use of quaternions and the method of least squares. It will be sufficient for the layman to know that my preserved fantoms, rendered radio-active, would, upon contact with the air, resume their spectral shape.

The possible extension of my business now was enormous, limited only by the difficulty in collecting the necessary stock. It was by this time almost as difficult to get ghosts as it was to get radium. Finding that a part of my stock had spoiled, I was now possessed of only a few dozen cans of apparitions, many of these being of inferior quality. I immediately set about replenishing my raw material. It was not enough for me to pick up a ghost here and there, as one might get old mahogany; I determined to procure my fantoms in wholesale lots.

Accident favored my design. In an old volume of "Blackwood's Magazine" I happened, one day, to come across an interesting article upon the battle of Waterloo. It mentioned, incidentally, a legend to the effect that every year, upon the anniversary of the celebrated victory, spectral squadrons had been seen by the peasants charging battalions of ghostly grenadiers. Here was my opportunity.

I made elaborate preparations for the capture of this job-lot of fantoms upon

the next anniversary of the fight. Hard by the fatal ditch which engulfed Napoleon's cavalry I stationed a corps of able assistants provided with rapid-fire extinguishers ready to enfilade the famous sunken road. I stationed myself with a No. 4 model magazine-hose, with a four-inch nozzle, directly in the path which I knew would be taken by the advancing squadron.

It was a fine, clear night, lighted, at first, by a slice of new moon; but later, dark, except for the pale illumination of the stars. I have seen many ghosts in my time—ghosts in garden and garret, at noon, at dusk, at dawn, fantoms fanciful, and specters sad and spectacular—but never have I seen such an impressive sight as this nocturnal charge of cuirassiers, galloping in goblin glory to their time-honored doom. From afar the French reserves presented the appearance of a nebulous mass, like a low-lying cloud or fog-bank, faintly luminous, shot with fluorescent gleams. As the squadron drew nearer in its desperate charge, the separate forms of the troopers shaped themselves, and the galloping guardsmen grew ghastly with supernatural splendor.

Although I knew them to be immaterial and without mass or weight, I was terrified at their approach, fearing to be swept under the hoofs of the nightmares they rode. Like one in a dream, I started to run, but in another instant they were upon me, and I turned on my stream of formaldehydrom. Then I was overwhelmed in a cloud-burst of wild warlike wraiths.

The column swept past me, over the bank, plunging to its historic fate. The cut was piled full of frenzied, scrambling specters, as rank after rank swept down into the horrid gut. At last the ditch swarmed full of writhing forms and the carnage was dire.

My assistants with the extinguishers stood firm, and although almost unnerved by the sight, they summoned their courage, and directed simultaneous streams of formaldehydrom into the struggling mass of fantoms. As soon as my mind returned, I busied myself with the huge tanks I had prepared for use

as receivers. These were fitted with a mechanism similar to that employed in portable forges, by which the heavy vapor was sucked off. Luckily the night was calm, and I was enabled to fill a dozen cylinders with the precipitated ghosts. The segregation of individual forms was, of course, impossible, so that men and horses were mingled in a horrible mixture of fricasseed spirits. I intended subsequently to empty the soup into a large reservoir and allow the separate specters to reform according to the laws of spiritual cohesion.

Circumstances, however, prevented my ever accomplishing this result. I returned home, to find awaiting me an order so large and important that I had no time in which to operate upon my cylinders of cavalry.

My patron was the proprietor of a new sanatorium for nervous invalids, located near some medicinal springs in the Catskills. His building was unfortunately located, having been built upon the site of a once-famous summer-hotel, which, while filled with guests, had burnt to the ground, scores of lives having been lost. Just before the patients were to be installed in the new structure, it was found that the place was haunted by the victims of the conflagration to a degree that rendered it inconvenient as a health-resort. My professional services were requested, therefore, to render the building a fitting abode for convalescents. I wrote to the proprietor, fixing my charge at five thousand dollars. As my usual rate was one hundred dollars per ghost, and over a hundred lives were lost at the fire, I considered this price reasonable, and my offer was accepted.

The sanatorium job was finished in a week. I secured one hundred and two superior spectral specimens, and upon my return to the laboratory, put them up in heavily embossed tins with attractive labels in colors.

My delight at the outcome of this business was, however, soon transformed to anger and indignation. The proprietor of the health-resort, having found that the specters from his place had

been sold, claimed a rebate upon the contract price equal to the value of the modified ghosts transferred to my possession. This, of course, I could not allow. I wrote, demanding immediate payment according to our agreement, and this was peremptorily refused. The manager's letter was insulting in the extreme. The Pied Piper of Hamelin was not worse treated than I felt myself to be; so, like the piper, I determined to have my revenge.

I got out the twelve tanks of Waterloo ghost-hash from the store-rooms, and treated them with radium for two days. These I shipped to the Catskills billed as hydrogen gas. Then, accompanied by two trustworthy assistants, I went to the sanatorium and preferred my demand for payment in person. I was ejected with contumely. Before my hasty exit, however, I had the satisfaction of noticing that the building was filled with patients. Languid ladies were seated in wicker-chairs upon the piazzas, and frail anemic girls filled the corridors. It was a hospital of nervous wrecks whom the slightest disturbance would throw into a panic. I suppressed all my finer feelings of mercy and kindness and smiled grimly as I walked back to the village.

That night was black and lowering, fitting weather for the pandemonium I was about to turn loose. At ten o'clock, I loaded a wagon with the tanks of compressed cohorts, and, muffled in heavy overcoats, we drove to the sanatorium. All was silent as we approached; all was dark. The wagon concealed in a grove of pines, we took out the tanks, one by one, and placed them beneath the ground-floor windows. The sashes were easily forced open, and raised enough to enable us to insert the rubber tubes connected with the iron reservoirs. At midnight everything was ready.

I gave the word, and my assistants ran from tank to tank, opening the stopcocks. With a hiss as of escaping steam the huge vessels emptied themselves, vomiting forth clouds of vapor, which, upon contact with the air, coagulated into strange shapes, as the white of an egg does when dropped into boiling

water. The rooms became instantly filled with dismembered shades of men and horses seeking wildly to unite themselves with their proper parts.

Legs ran down the corridors, seeking their respective trunks, arms writhed wildly reaching for missing bodies, heads rolled hither and yon in search of native necks. Horses' tails and hoofs whisked and hurried in quest of equine ownership until, reorganized, the spectral steeds galloped about to find their riders.

Had it been possible, I would have stopped this riot of wraiths long ere this, for it was more awful than I had anticipated, but it was already too late. Cowering in the garden, I began to hear the screams of awakened and distracted patients. In another moment, the front door of the hotel was burst open, and a mob of hysterical women in expensive nightgowns rushed out upon the lawn, and huddled in shrieking groups.

I fled into the night.

I fled, but Napoleon's men fled with me. Compelled by I know not what fatal astral attraction, perhaps the subtle affinity of the creature for the creator, the spectral shells, moved by some mysterious mechanics of spiritual being, pursued me with fatuous fury. I sought refuge, first, in my laboratory, but, even as I approached, a lurid glare foretold me of its destruction. As I drew nearer, the whole ghost-factory was seen to be in flames; every moment crackling reports were heard, as the overheated tins of phantasmagoria exploded and threw their supernatural contents upon the night. These liberated ghosts joined the army of Napoleon's outraged warriors, and turned upon me. There was not enough formaldehydrom in all the world to quench their fierce energy. There was no place in all the world safe for me from their visitation. No ghost-extinguisher was powerful enough to lay the host of spirits that haunted me henceforth, and I had neither time nor money left with which to construct new Gatling quick-firing tanks.

It is little comfort to me to know that one hundred nervous invalids were completely restored to health by means of the terrific shock which I administered.



CROWN-PRINCE WILLIAM AS FIRST LIEUTENANT IN THE FIRST REGIMENT OF FOOT-GUARDS

GERMAN ARMY MANEUVERS

By POULTNEY BIGELOW

THE nation which to-day is least prepared for a serious war is our own, while the one whose preparation is most complete is Germany. Yet in theory we have the same military ideals. Our written and unwritten constitution proclaims to the world that every United States citizen is liable to be called out in the cause of his country, that in the event of war we must each of us bear a musket and march to meet the enemy. Indeed, the proposition is so obvious that it needs no emphasis. We all accede to it and permit it to remain on paper—a dead letter.

To judge by our professions, it would seem as though we Americans were the most patriotic people in the world. We are approaching a moment of history when Uncle Sam shall call upon his patriotic children to make good their

professions and to prepare in time of peace for the work which war inevitably entails.

I hear my readers say: "What is war, anyway? All that you want is that the people should volunteer, march against the enemy and shoot him down!" True, that is the whole matter, and it sounds so deliciously easy that many of our wisest politicians, and even a few of our statesmen, would have us believe that we need no more preparation than merely a supply of enough guns to put into the hands of those who rush to the colors when the president calls a nation to arms.

This worked after a fashion during our first war with the mother country, when the military problem consisted mainly in cutting off food from the enemy and harassing his movements in

a country where we were at home and he a hated stranger. This system worked well enough in South Africa, where each Boer was trained to the rifle and the saddle, and operated over his own field amongst his own people and against an enemy that had to bring food from a base six thousand miles away.

We are as a nation practically invincible; that is to say, there is no power on earth which could conquer us to-day if our problem consisted merely in defending our own soil against an invading army. We might lose our seaboard cities. The enemy might levy glorious booty from the sack of Wall Street and the Golden Gate, but it is not reasonable to think that any enemy would risk a march across our continent or even an excursion of a few hundred miles inland.

The Japanese war with Russia has emphasized a fact which we must take to heart—that it is not the population of a country that wins battles. It is not even the money in the treasury. Russia has over one hundred million people, as against a nation with less than half that number. Russia also is richer in taxable property than Japan. War is a struggle not between the figures of

the census, but strictly between the fighting-men which at a given moment can be brought to a given point. And herein lies the key to Japan's success, and at this point we commence to appreciate that army maneuvers are essential to such nations as have reason to anticipate war with a serious power.

Spain was not a serious power. She went into the war with us with reluctance. She was painfully conscious of her unfitness to hold the field, and she made a show of resistance at one or two points merely in order that she might escape the disgrace of surrender without a blow. For that war we mobilized nominally two hundred and fifty thousand men, but those men were soldiers mainly on paper. They had as a rule no uniforms; they knew nothing of soldier work, and their officers knew as little as their men; they were gathered into unsanitary camps, where they commenced to suffer from disease before the real campaigning had begun. Most of them never smelled powder, but the little that they did experience of mobilization taught them at least this:

Armies are not created; they must be organized like any other great industry;



EMPEROR WILLIAM CONVERSING WITH THE ARCHDUKE FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA AT THE MANEUVERS



IN THE TRENCHES, AWAITING
A CHARGE BY THE ENEMY

there must be cohesion between all the parts, from the commander-in-chief down through the heads of army corps, to the divisional commanders, to the heads of brigades, to the colonels of regiments, and so on, through majors, captains, lieutenants, to the man in the ranks.

During our Spanish war, the military posts were given away to politicians or friends of politicians, with little or no reference to military capacity. The result was that our army was demoralized from the start.

The Germans annually hold extensive maneuvers, in order to be reasonably certain that when war does break out they shall be able to do in the flesh what they profess to do on paper.

In the navy we are always reasonably prepared for war, because politicians do not find life comfortable on a man-of-war. They are apt to be seasick, and are sure to get drowned if sent off in charge of a ship's cutter, or else electrocuted or blown up if detailed to look about in the entrails of

a swiftly moving torpedo-boat. The machinery of our navy is constantly being kept in good condition by the mere fact that our ships move from port to port and sailors are kept busy with the tools of their trade. In our army, on the contrary, we have men whose hair is white and yet who until 1898 had never seen of military life more than the youngster fresh from the training of West Point. I have seen venerable officers of our service bewildered when confronted with more than one or two regiments at a time;

shall have ocular demonstration of the great fact that it is prepared for war, that it is getting something in return for the immense war-taxes. We pay heavier military taxes than Germany, and we have a right to demand an equivalent return. The great maneuvers will demonstrate: first, that politicians do not always make good officers; secondly, that we must have honest military reform.

Germany insists that each officer shall furnish frequent evidence that he is in good condition, a test which would send



PIONEER CORPS BUILDING A PONTON BRIDGE

they are as green in the business of real war as a naval officer might be who should be ordered to command a battleship after an experience exclusively with lighthouse-tenders or harbor-launches. In the army, a political general can surround himself with a brilliant staff and live happily on shore doing worse than nothing.

Germany is a thrifty nation and maneuvers are very costly, but Germany pays the cost cheerfully, as a wise man pays his fire-insurance. Army maneuvers mean that once a year the nation

to the rear at least half of the men to-day drawing pay from Uncle Sam for alleged military service. When William II ascended the throne of the Hohenzollerns (1888), he found most of the generals survivors of the war of 1870, trusted friends of his venerable grandfather. They have their analogy on this side in the large number of officers, promoted from the ranks, who survived the civil war and who stayed on in the army until they became almost senile.

The German emperor in his maneuvers simulates so far as possible a state

of war between two sections of his country, and calls one army corps of thirty thousand to engage another army corps of corresponding strength. At times he calls out three or even four. The preliminaries to the final crash may consume a month or six weeks, and it is this feature which to-day would prove of greatest service to our military organizations throughout the United States, for in this work we should solve the many technical difficulties connected with rapidly moving large bodies of troops—of going into camp and breaking camp at short notice, of supplying large bodies on the march with food for man and beast, of securing horses and teams for the transport service, of maintaining communication between extended wings of the army by means of field-telegraph, of crossing broad streams by means of pontoons, of searching out the enemy by means of captive-balloons.

Nowadays armies do not move as do our cavalry squadrons on the plains, in a bunch, or, at least, all within sight of their commanding officer. An army corps would occupy thirty miles of road if strung along in the usual formation, with the needful baggage and ammunition-trains, artillery, cavalry, and so forth. Now, such a length would be dangerous, for if the head of the column were attacked it would take two days, possibly three, before the last of the train could reach the firing-line.

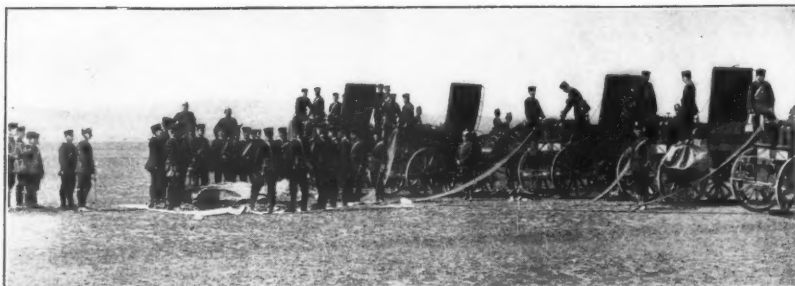


BALLOON USED FOR SIGNALING

An army corps must therefore march in three columns on roads nearly parallel, and the columns must keep in communication as well as possible, so that in case one is attacked the others may render early assistance. The moment you commence to play with a force of this size you feel the need of a staff in the true sense of the word. The usual definition of that much-abused military term has been a body of handsomely dressed and conspicuously incompetent young men, who are personal friends of the commander or friends of some important politician. The German emperor understands under a staff-officer one who is not only a thorough soldier



FIELD-ARTILLERY IN ACTION



INFLATING A BALLOON FROM WAGONS FILLED WITH GAS-TANKS

in the West Point sense, but is moreover a specialist in some branch of war.

Germany was the first of the powers to break away from the notion that a staff-officer was intended mainly for the purpose of carrying the parasol of the commander's wife. To-day the staff-officer in Germany is responsible for making the maps which guide the army in strange parts; he goes ahead and brings back the information on which the army can proceed in safety; he must report upon the condition of the roads, whether the bridges will bear his artillery, whether there is enough water for his animals, what houses there are which may shelter his men, how much forage he may expect, and so on.

The Japanese military schools are especially good in training officers for this delicate work. West Point has not yet taken up this feature of a staff-officer's duties in a practical manner. The time is ripe when it would seem well to regard West Point as a staff-college and to establish at least two other national military schools whose graduates should come to West Point for staff-work exclusively.

But to come back to the German maneuvers. When the order to mobilize is issued, it is as though a national war had been declared, and the reserve man is ordered to report for a summer of campaigning. He hurries from his cottage to the rendezvous of his company, and there he finds a captain waiting for him; he has but to don his uniform, strap on his knapsack, shoulder his rifle and step into line, and then away to

join the other companies which are forming in neighboring villages.

Now, this is simple work for the soldier; it means elaborate care, honesty and intelligence in the military administration, which throughout the rest of the year keeps track of each man liable to military service, takes charge of the military supplies, has a detailed inventory of each horse and cart in the district. Consequently, when the bugle sounds, not only does the man appear, but so do the accouterments, and even the horses and carts necessary to transport the heavy baggage, the forage, the ammunition, and, in real war, to convey the wounded afterward to the rear. For a single company of two hundred and fifty men, this means much detail. When it comes to an army of half a million men in peace and over two millions in time of war, we see that the machinery required is of a costly and extensive nature.

It was the honesty of the army administration in Germany which made it possible to keep up to the war-strength the regiments besieging Paris, and also to have them well supplied with stores.

The Emperor of Germany turns over each little department of his army once a year to see that every section of it is in working shape. He hauls out the carts, the draft-horses, the pontoons, the balloons, the telegraph-poles, and, above all, he compels all the gouty and corpulent reserve officers to climb into the saddle and prove their capacity to take the field, or the reverse.

What do all these men do in the weeks which intervene between leaving their



REVIEW OF HUSSARS BY THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS

wives and sweethearts and finally appearing in a great mass under the eyes of their kaiser? The company which leaves its home to-day may have to march two or three hundred miles before the decisive battle; it will have to camp out, to skirmish with patrols of the enemy. At first it will march to join a second company, then a third; then it will become a part of a battalion, and the major will lead it forward until it finds the other two battalions; and then a colonel will command it as a full regiment.

During those weary days the officers are practising their profession, becoming expert in the many tricks of outdoor life, and the men are little by little hardening their leg-sinews to endure marches which each day increase in

length. The German officer listens to no excuse from stragglers, for the straggler is presumed to be a coward. The captain trains his men carefully and gives them every opportunity for hardening their feet by degrees. Indeed, the care of the feet is in Germany second only to that devoted to keeping the rifle clean.

Soon the regiment touches its sister regiment, and now a brigadier-general takes command, and the work of the staff-officer commences on a small scale, for the handling of a full brigade of six thousand men is not easy, and with each increase in number the possible complications are increased. One regiment facing another in battle can be fairly well controlled by a single head who may be in a position to see for himself all parts of his command. But



THE EMPEROR DIRECTING A MOVEMENT OF TROOPS



HUSSARS RESTING AROUND
A CAPTURED CANNON
AFTER A CHARGE

when thirty thousand men are engaged the firing-line may be ten miles in extent from wing to wing, and the nature of the ground may not be such as to permit one man seeing all of it. If now we imagine two, three or four army corps all engaged at once, and if at the same time we will imagine the confusion that is possible when three columns of troops, each occupying ten miles of highway, are seeking to reach the front at the same time, then we may conceive the task of the well-trained staff-officer in achieving order out of this chaos.

Even in so perfectly organized an army as that of Germany I have repeatedly seen regiments of infantry tangled up with the batteries of artillery, all seeking to use the same road at the

same time, and almost coming to blows amongst themselves in their eagerness to get to the front.

Of course, in military maneuvers there is no real shot-and-shell fighting. But if you read carefully the campaigns of any notable commander—of Napoleon, Stonewall Jackson, Washington, Moltke—you will note that the superiority which one leader has shown over the other has lain largely in the power of concentrating at a given moment a large number of well-fed and well-trained men. And this power has been the result of just the sort of prevision which can be cultivated through maneuvers in time of peace.

In other words, an army must be coached much as we do a football team or an eight-oared crew, and this coaching must not be postponed until the day before the contest. The German emperor venerated his illustrious grandfather, just as we venerate the heroes of our great civil war, but he knew that justice to the living demanded that his generals be sound men physically no less than mentally. So in September of 1888 he mounted these old generals and started them on a gentle trot across broken



LIGHT REFRESHMENTS DURING A RESPITE

country. It was hard on those who had internal troubles, but the trot became a canter, and the canter drifted into a gallop. There were ditches on the way, and many drifted into the ditches.

When the emperor was satisfied that he had applied his test long enough, he drew rein and gazed back over a field strewn with rotund and bald-headed warriors vainly trying to climb once more into their slippery seats. That was a magnificent field-day for Imperial Germany. None but a commander with

to introduce bodily into this country the military system of Germany, with all its vices incident to social caste. If it were a question of seeking European models, I should recommend first that of Switzerland. But we need not go abroad at all for models. We have at home in our own history and the experience of our true soldiers lessons by which we can profit.

West Point taught us that to make a real soldier we must eliminate the poison of politics from his education, that we must promote him strictly according



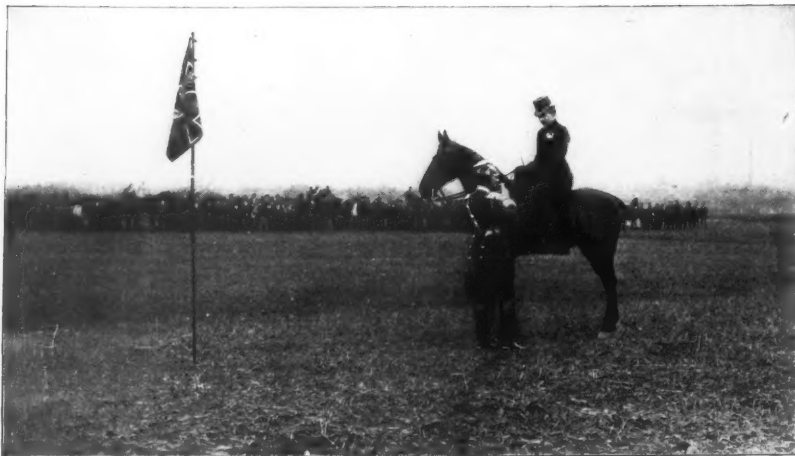
NEEDLES AND THREAD AND A GAME OF CARDS BETWEEN BATTLES

immense moral courage would have been so cruel to his political intimates in order thereby to show his kindness to the nation at large. The German emperor acted upon what he saw. Those who fell off, stayed off. At once ensued promotion of young blood, and the principle has since then been adhered to, that the man who is entrusted with the lives of his fellow men must be a man in all senses.

I do not for a moment seek to leave the impression that it would be wise

to merit, must keep weeding out the incompetents, and fill their places by the younger and more energetic. Next, we must treat our military organization as we do any other great machine—we must keep inspecting it and putting it into motion and looking carefully into the working capacity of every part.

Let not the public be deceived by the fine phrases of "general staff" and "war-college" and the glittering rhetoric which dazzles him who reads the last report of our war secretary. The real soldier is



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT THE MANEUVERS IN WESTPHALIA

not humbugged by them. What our army craves is honesty in the Washington administration. To-day the reforms are on paper. The political machine runs the army as it does the consular service, and appointments into the army are being daily made now, as during the Spanish war, with a single eye to political rather than military needs.

The larger we make our army to-day, the more stealing and jobbery will be the consequence. Honest and capable West Point graduates are being driven to retirement because they see rivals shoved in over their heads through political intrigue.

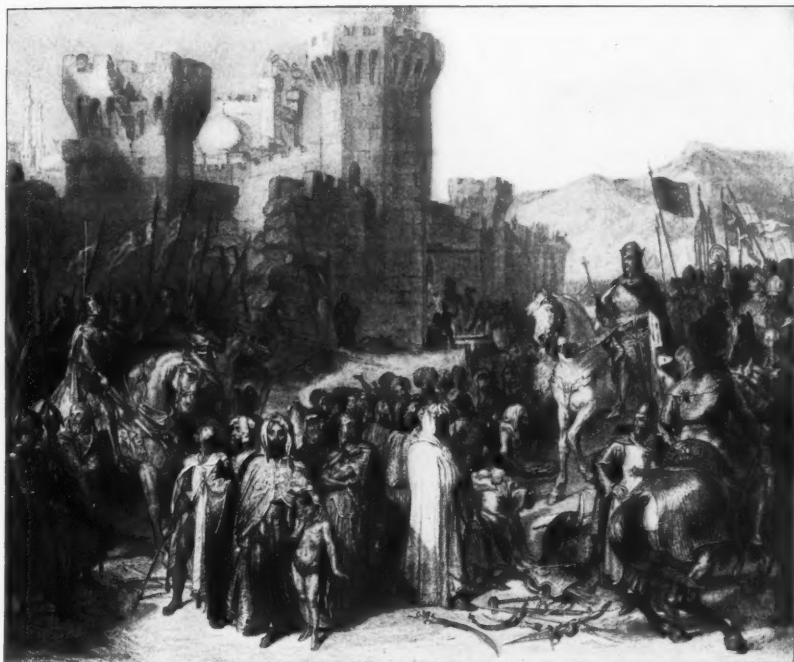
President Roosevelt means well; so does the secretary of war, Mr. Taft; so did Mr. Root; but the political machine is too much for all of them combined, and a war to-morrow would show us the

same form of corruption and helplessness which characterized our army in 1898, or on the eve of Bull Run. However, this is not written in a pessimistic vein; the future is in our own hands, if we will but recognize the faults of the present and set to work in the path of reform.

Let us, however, by all means have grand maneuvers. They will cost a large amount of money, and many politicians will get rich out of contracts incidental to their execution. But they will do good, for they will call attention to the incompetency of officers who have entered the army through political channels; the men of the army will learn to despise such officers, public attention will be called to the matter, and when public sentiment is once aroused, then, and not till then, may we hope for reform.



INFANTRY LYING UNDER COVER



SURRENDER OF ACRE BY THE SARACENS, UNDER SALADIN, TO THE CRUSADERS, LED BY PHILIP AUGUSTUS AND RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED, 1191

THE GREAT SIEGES OF HISTORY

I.—ACRE; CONSTANTINOPLE

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Illustrations from old prints

AS a campaign gives rise to strategy, a battle to tactics, so a siege affords opportunity for the display of obstinate determination, tenacious courage and ingenious resourcefulness on the part of assailants and defenders. In the history of the leaguers of the world may be found more examples of dogged, stubborn, desperate heroism on the part of offense and defense than in any other accounts of high achievement.

In discussing the subject, the chronicler is confronted by an embarrassment of riches. In the brief limits of these papers only the more significant and characteristic episodes can be mentioned.

I have been compelled to dismiss from consideration ancient sieges like those of Troy, Tyre, Syracuse, Athens, Saguntum and Jerusalem, interesting though they are alike to the student and to the general reader. I shall confine myself to those that have taken place since the twelfth century. Instead of considering them chronologically, I have chosen to group them in accordance with locality and the character of the combatants.

Acre is one of the most ancient towns in the world. It is mentioned in history at least fourteen hundred years before Christ, when it was captured

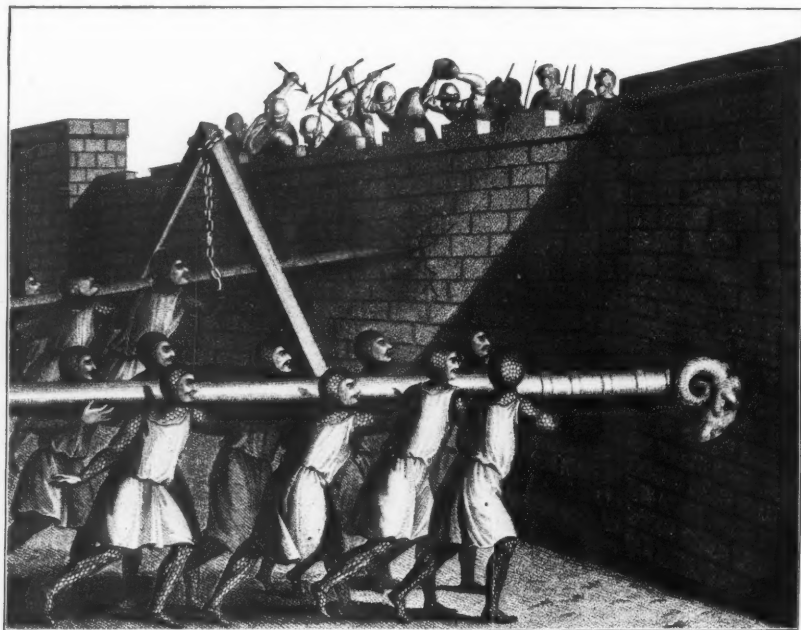
by Sennacherib. Under the name of Acco it is referred to in the book of Joshua. Since the Assyrians' day it has sustained numberless sieges. Associated with it are some of the greatest names in history.

The very meaning of the name Acre seems to refer to siege, for it means "Close pressed together." It was conquered in the fourth century by Ptolemy Soter, and from him received the name of Ptolemais. It was given in the middle ages to the Knights of St. John, and was by them called St. Jean d'Acre. For many years it was a part of the Roman Empire, but in 638 it was taken by the Saracens, and remained in their possession until the advent of the first Crusader. After the conquest of Jerusalem by Godfrey de Bouillon, his brother Baldwin took it in 1104, after a siege of twenty days, the conquest being followed by the usual massacre of the infidels—a gentle way the Christians had of signaling their victories! After the recapture of Jerusalem a hundred years

later by the Moslems, the fortress was retaken in 1187, after an investment of but two days, by the greatest of the Saracens, the incomparable Salah-ed-Din, "The Shield of Religion," commonly called Saladin, the Bayard of the East.

Saladin had previously captured the last actual reigning king of Jerusalem, Guy de Lusignan. Exacting a promise from his prisoner that he would cease hostilities, abandon his pretensions to the crown, and depart to Europe, the Saracen released the Christian. Under the plea that the oaths had been extorted from him under duress, King Guy was absolved by his spiritual advisers from discharging his obligations.

The loss of Jerusalem after the terrible defeat of Hattin (Tiberias), the capture of the king and the complete conquest of the country, reawakened the crusading spirit of a dormant Christendom. While the great monarchs who were inspired to go to the Holy Land were making extensive preparations, smaller bodies of zealous knights and pilgrims were



THE BATTERING-RAM AS USED IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY

The implements of war used in the middle ages were less formidable than those employed by the ancient Greeks and Romans



THE FRENCH ATTACKING ST. JEAN D'ACRE, 1799

continually arriving in Palestine. They rallied to the standard of the king, and on the 28th of August, 1189, Guy laid siege to Acre.

Tyre, which was held by Conrad de Montferrat, alone of the seacoast towns remained in Christian hands. The jealousies everywhere present among the Christians closed the gates of Tyre to the king. Nor would Montferrat lend any assistance to the unfortunate monarch to whom he owed fealty.

Acre had been known from the earliest time as the key to Palestine. It was strongly fortified. The old Byzantine walls still remained practically intact. The harbor, like all of those on the Syrian coast, was poor. An artificial mole afforded some shelter, but the only good anchorage was at Haifa, some miles below the town, under the shadow of the promontory of Carmel. To the eastward of Acre stretched the great plain of Esdraelon, one of the battle-grounds of the world. Acre itself stands on an arrow-headed peninsula jutting out to the west. The land wall is at the base of the triangular arrow-head.

Guy began the investment with but nine thousand men. Acre was amply garrisoned and provisioned. Saladin contented himself by throwing a large force into it commanded by two valiant emirs, Malchub and Karacush, the latter a hunchback. They were veterans of approved skill and courage. The forces of Guy were constantly augmented by swarms of Crusaders from all parts of Europe. Neither the Saracens nor the Christians retained command of the sea. The crusading ships sailed away as fast as they came, and the relieving ships from Egypt, after discharging their cargoes, also departed. The siege pro-

ceeded in a leisurely manner, marked by frequent sallies and attacks for a short time.

Saladin, appreciating at last the seriousness of the situation, assembled a great army from all parts of Asia, with which he surrounded the besiegers. By this time the Christians mustered nearly one hundred thousand men. To feed and provide for such a multitude was a task of the greatest magnitude. Whenever ships landed reinforcements, the Christians had plenty to eat. Most of the time they were at starvation-point, for Saladin held the country with an iron grip. The sultan still maintained communication with the town, although every day was marked by the hardest kind of fighting. There wasn't a deal of military science on either side, but whatever there was of strategy and tactics was exhibited by the Arabs.



JOACHIM MURAT

One of Napoleon's principal generals in front of Acre



GENERAL KLÉBER

With 4,000 French he held 30,000 Turks at bay before Acre

The besieging force had now grown so strong that on October 4, 1189, an attack was launched upon Saladin's encircling lines. In three bodies, the right commanded by the king, the left by the Grand Master of the Templars, the center by Montferrat, the Crusaders left their entrenchments and marched toward Saladin's camp. So confident were the Christians of success that the cry of one of the barons as he led forth his men was, "Let God remain neuter and the victory is ours!"

As they were marching from the center outward, the three bodies diverged widely, lost touch with one another, and, in effect, fought three separate battles. The center division fought its way forward until it actually broke Saladin's line and seized his personal camp. The Arabian light-horsemen were driven back before the onslaught of the mail-clad Crusaders, and the day appeared to be lost. The Crusaders were always incoherent and undisciplined

organizations. Their leaders lost command of them; they broke ranks and began to pillage the camp.

On the right, the advance was delayed by marsh and river, and was more hotly contested. On the left, the battle was raging furiously. From all parts of the field the Saracens rallied to the support of their monarch. A reserve which he had posted conveniently was not yet in action. His emirs thought the defeat was retrievable, and they pressed the sultan to advance at once. Saladin decided to wait till the Latins began to retire. He reformed his horsemen, brought up his reserve and reattacked the Crusaders as they left his camp to return to their own. Unprepared and unsuspecting, the Latins were driven from the tents, and in their disorder could present no effective resistance to the furious charges of the Moslems. Striving to reform, they were swept back in terrific confusion. The only thing that saved them from utter annihilation was the quick movement of the right wing, which was thrown by the king on the sweeping Arabian advance in a desperate endeavor to stem it. The hardest fighting availed little, and the right and center were soon driven headlong back to their fortified camp.



SIR SIDNEY SMITH

He balked Napoleon at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre

The plight of the Templars was more desperate. Stealing along the shore, a large party from the garrison fell upon the rear of the left, already hotly engaged, and it was soon swept away in utter rout. The Grand Master of the Templars was captured and slain. It was with the greatest difficulty that the besiegers regained their fortified camp. This Saladin did not venture to attack. In order to prevent further sallies from the town while waiting for additional reinforcements, the Crusaders carried their lines from sea to sea, completely blockading the city. The winter witnessed a comparative cessation of hostilities, but the Crusaders still continued the siege, and the following year was marked by renewed fighting.

The pleas of the Christians were heeded by three of the most powerful monarchs of the age—Frederick Barbarossa, an old man of seventy; Richard the Lion-Hearted, in the very prime of life;

and Philip Augustus, a youth of twenty-three. Barbarossa, the German emperor, was the greatest monarch of the age. He led his force overland, but was unfortunately drowned while bathing in the Calycadnus River, in Asia Minor. A division of his troops under his son, the Duke of Swabia, reenforced the besiegers, however. Philip and Richard, the former the greater king, the latter the better soldier, were more fortunate. They came by sea, and reached Acre in the spring of 1191 without mishap.

Their arrival put a different face on the situation. Their armaments were the choicest that could be procured, their soldiers the finest in Europe. The attack of the town was pressed with great vehemence. Bombarding ships assailed it from the seaward side with fire-towers. Vast wooden structures were built by the French and English engineers, carrying battering-rams in



CRUSADERS ENTERING CONSTANTINOPLE AFTER THE CITY'S CAPITULATION
APRIL 10, 1204

their lower stories, and drawbridges to drop upon the walls in the upper stories. The towers were filled with armed men, and were rolled on wheels to the attack. Batteries of huge petrariæ, or catapults, threw enormous stones which battered the towers and curtains to pieces. The walls were mined, supported temporarily on stakes, which, when burnt, would cause the walls to give way. There was fighting all along the line continuously, in spite of jealousies and rivalries among the Christians.

Saladin attacked the besiegers again

wooden towers of Philip and Richard, although they had been covered with green hides or with iron plates to prevent this. The ships of the Crusaders closely blockaded the town and prevented succor from the sea.

It was evident at last that the most furious onslaughts of the sultan could not break the ring of steel that surrounded the devoted city. Starvation, disease, reigned behind the ruined walls. A capitulation was inevitable. After sustaining the siege for twenty-three months, on the 12th of July, 1191, the town gave up.



CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY MOHAMMED II, AFTER FIFTY-THREE DAYS' SIEGE. MAY 19, 1453

and again. On one side they beat back the hosts of the Turkish sultan, on the other they launched assault after assault on the doomed town. Knights and soldiers vied with each other in prodigious deeds of valor and resolution. Alberic Clement, the first marshal of France on record, was killed on the walls. Every attack of the besiegers was met with the most desperate defense on the part of the besieged. Countermining was resorted to by the garrison. Greek fire, that mysterious compound so terrible in its effects, burnt the great

The conditions of the surrender required a payment of two hundred thousand pieces of gold, which Saladin engaged to provide. Three thousand of the noblest of the garrison were held as security. Payment not being forthcoming at the time appointed, Richard coolly murdered his captives. Acre had fallen, but a fearful price had been paid for it, in which were counted six archbishops—including Baldwin of Canterbury—twelve bishops, forty earls, five hundred barons and, so it is alleged, three hundred thousand soldiers. The

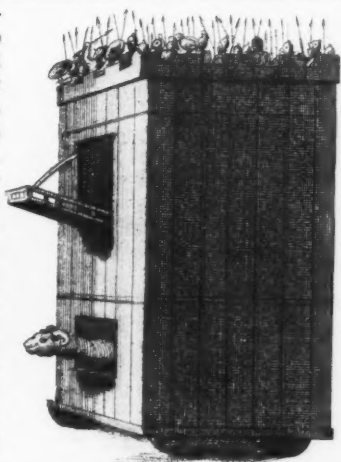
Saracens, in the words of their chroniclers, had indeed defended it "as the lion defends his blood-stained lair."

The Christians were finally expelled from Palestine, and in 1291 the last spot in which they maintained themselves in the Holy Land was Acre. It then contained one hundred thousand inhabitants and twenty thousand men under arms. Sultan Khalil besieged it with a force of sixty thousand horse and one hundred and forty thousand foot. The Christians held it for thirty-three days, when the Mohammedans took it by storm. The hand-to-hand fighting was so terrific that the ditches and moats were filled with human bodies, and the conquerors struggled to the breaches over the dead men as a bridge. The soldiers were killed to a man, and thousands of inhabitants were put to the sword. The nuns in the town mutilated their faces terribly to preserve their virginity. The Templars held a strong building in the town for three days after the place had been taken, and this citadel was captured only after all but ten knights had been slain. The seizure by Khalil ended what Gibbon has aptly called "the world's debate" on the shores of Palestine.

More than five hundred years thereafter, Acre was forced to stand another siege. Advancing from Cairo with twelve thousand men, General Bonaparte, who had just overrun Egypt, found it blocking his way on March 19, 1799. His plan was for Constantinople and the Orient. His dream was one of the most magnificent that have ever been entertained by a great captain. He expected to accomplish it with his disciplined soldiers and the disaffected people without difficulty. He marched

up the coast from Cairo on what he believed would be a mere military promenade. Joppa fell into his hands after feeble resistance. On the plea of military necessity, he caused two thousand Turkish prisoners who had surrendered on assurance of safety to be murdered ruthlessly in cold blood by his soldiers. He could neither feed them nor detach a guard from his small army to care for them! The story of this deed nerved the Turks to desperation. They had nothing to gain by surrender. In any case their lives would be the forfeit. They would fight therefore in the future like men with halters around their necks.

Acre was an utterly insignificant town at this time. Bonaparte expected to take it as easily as he did Joppa. It was held by a Turkish garrison under Achmet Djezzar Pasha—Achmet the Butcher! It is probable—certain, in fact—that he would not have been able to withstand the French assault but for certain strokes of good fortune. The great siege-guns with which the French intended to reduce the walls were sent by sea from



TOWER FILLED WITH ARMED MEN,
WITH DRAWBRIDGE AND BAT-
TERING-RAM IN LOWER
STORIES

Alexandria. These guns fell into the hands of Sir Sidney Smith, who, with two ships of the line, the "Tiger," his own, and the "Theseus," Captain Miller, an American, was patrolling these waters. With Sir Sidney was a French officer, Phélippeaux, a Royalist, who had been a schoolmate of Bonaparte at Brienne.

Phélippeaux was an engineer of the first order. He took charge of the repairing and strengthening of the fortification, while Sir Sidney Smith was the mainstay of the defense. The task before the French was an impossible one. With light field-artillery they could do little to the walls. Bonaparte's

genius did not shine in the slow and tedious work of the siege. Nevertheless, the attack on Acre was pressed with tremendous energy. Mines were exploded beneath the walls, breaches were made, assault after assault was delivered. On several occasions the town was penetrated, but when they passed through the broken walls the French encountered another rampart created by the genius of Phélippeaux. When the Turks inclined to give up, they were reanimated by the English.

A huge relieving army was assembled and despatched to attack the besiegers in the rear. Bonaparte detached Kléber with four thousand of his best men to hold this army in check. On the 16th of April, 1799, Kléber was attacked by a force of thirty thousand, largely cavalry, under the shadow of Mount Tabor. Deborah and Barak, three thousand years before, had gone down from that mount and ten thousand men had gone with them to meet and discomfit Sisera, the Assyrian.

Throwing his men into a square, Kléber beat off a series of gallant charges. Yet his position was critical. His powder began to run low. He was relieved by Bonaparte, who left a small detachment in the French lines to watch the town, and marched to assist his lieutenant with the balance of his force. As he came in sight of the battle early in the morning, all he could see was a vast body of men careering about a circle of flame and smoke. Although he had less than three thousand men, he deployed them and actually surrounded the Turks. Murat, with a handful of cavalry, took possession of the Turkish camp. Bonaparte fell on the Mamelukes like a tempest and drove them into utter and absolute defeat. There was no fear of that army or any other raising the siege thereafter.

Yet the town seemed as strong as ever. Although Phélippeaux died from the great heat, a good successor was a young Englishman named Douglas. Bonaparte had by this time got some siege-guns from Egypt and had made great breaches in the walls.

On the evening of the 7th of May,

thirty sail were seen in the offing. They were Turkish ships bringing reinforcements. The wind failed, and Bonaparte calculated that it would take at least six hours before they could be landed. At 10 p. m. a desperate assault was made. Again the French soldiers forced their way through the breaches into the city. There was terrible fighting in the streets. General Rambaud was killed. The intrepid Lannes was desperately wounded. The Turks were beginning to give way. Again Sir Sidney Smith came to the rescue. He armed the crews of his ships and led them in person to the succor of the besieged. The onslaught of these fresh sailors proved too much for the exhausted French. Contesting every foot of the way, they were driven once more without the walls.

Affairs were hopeless by this time, yet Bonaparte could not make up his mind to abandon the siege. On the 10th of May he called upon his brave soldiers for another assault. The spirit with which they responded is indicated by the remark of Colonel Venoux, who commanded one of Kléber's regiments which had not hitherto assaulted.

"If St. Jean d'Acre be not taken this evening," he cried, as he marched past his little captain, "be sure that Venoux is among the slain." St. Jean d'Acre was not taken that evening, but Venoux lay dead at the foot of its walls. The valor of the French troops could not effect the impossible. Bonaparte was forced to raise the siege, which had lasted sixty-two days. He had lost four generals and four thousand men. The English captain had brought about his defeat. "That man," he said afterward at St. Helena, "caused me to miss my destiny."

Byzantium of the Greek, Constantinople of the Roman, Stamboul of the Turk, the home of the Cæsars of the East and the Sublime Porte of the Califs of the West, for many years disputed with Rome the primacy of the world. The Goth, the Vandal, the Hun and the Persian, the Avar, the Bulgarian, the Russian, the Frank, successively

assailed it in vain. Impregnable behind the walls of Theodosius, it stood for one thousand years. None of the many soldiers who hurled themselves upon it had ever entered it under arms save the Latins and the Turks.

In 1203-4, the leaders of the Fifth Crusade espoused the cause of the rightful emperor, Alexius IV, who had been deposed by pretenders and who had bought their assistance by conformity to the Latin church and acknowledgment of the supremacy of the pope. These Crusaders stopped on their way to the Holy Land to seize the city. They could make no impression whatever upon the massive walls that defended it from the landward side, but the Venetian galleys, led by the Doge Enrico Dandolo, a marvelous old man of ninety-six, and blind, assailed the weaker walls along the Golden Horn and finally effected the capture of the city on the 10th of April, 1204. Dandolo, sword in hand, was among the first on the wall!*

The line of Latin emperors held Constantinople for sixty years, when it was recovered with little difficulty by Michael Palæologus.

Meanwhile, the growing power of the Turks had spread itself over Asia Minor and had crossed the Bosphorus, establishing itself at Adrianople. The Mohammedans were ancient enemies of the empire. Amurath II besieged the city successfully in the year 1422. Upon the death of this monarch, his son, Mohammed, called the Conqueror, determined finally to effect its capture.

Constantinople had ample warning of the attack which was to be launched upon it. Constantine XII appealed in vain to Christian Europe for assistance to enable him to hold the last bulwark in the East against the Turks. He became reconciled to the Latin church, received a papal legate in his capital, but got little more than fair words in answer to his pleas. Giustiniani, a noble

Genoese, with some two thousand men-at-arms, came to his aid. To defend his great capital he had less than twelve thousand men. There were one hundred thousand people left in the city, but of the Greeks not more than four thousand could be induced to bear arms.

On the land side, Constantinople was defended by a ditch and a counterscarp and a double wall. The inner wall commanded the outer. The towers and ramparts were of massive construction and were impregnable to the ordinary machinery of sieges. There had been in the service of Constantine a Dacian artillerist and engineer named Urban. His pay was in arrears. A project for casting large cannon that he brought before the authorities, which involved a considerable expenditure, met with no response. He resigned from the Greek service and offered himself to Mohammed. The Turk provided him with money and encouraged his experiments. He produced some sixty enormous cannon, the largest having a bore sufficiently capacious to admit a man's body and firing a ball weighing six hundred pounds. It is not too much to say that these guns decided the fate of the city, for this was the first siege in which gunpowder was used on a large scale. The investment began on April 7, 1453.

The principal entrance to Constantinople was the St. Roman Gate. Mohammed concentrated his attack upon this point. The great walls and ponderous towers were beaten to pieces. Huge breaches were made in the curtains, at which he launched assault after assault. They were repulsed by the defenders with most magnificent firmness and courage. The emperor showed himself a very paladin of valor. Five ships, mainly Venetian, laden with provisions, finally broke through the blockading fleet and greatly encouraged the defenders. The town of Galata was held

* Enrico Dandolo, Doge of Venice, whose prowess, in spite of his blindness, changed the face of Europe, was born of a family already illustrious. The tradition as to the loss of his sight, upon which, however, grave doubt has been cast, is that he was sent by the republic of Venice as ambassador to Constantinople, and that Manuel, the emperor there, tortured him by compelling him to gaze into a polished metal basin which concentrated the rays of the sun till excess of light destroyed the eyes. There is reason to believe that when Dandolo joined the expedition against Jerusalem, he was not moved by any great degree of crusading enthusiasm, but was mindful rather of the infamous treatment he had received. Dandolo died in 1206, one year after the establishment of the Latin empire at Constantinople.

by a colony of Genoese who, from commercial reasons, basely remained neutral in the struggle raging. An immense chain which closed the entrance to the Golden Horn could not be forced by the weak ships of Mohammed. He therefore conceived and carried out the arduous task of transporting them overland back to Pera and Galata and launching them on the Golden Horn. He was instantly attacked by the Venetians with two large galleys and a number of smaller ships. Cannon were used against these ships with signal success. One was beaten off, the other sunk. A number of Venetians were captured and were immediately decapitated by the Turks. Constantine grimly retaliated by beheading all his Turkish prisoners, on the walls in full sight of the padishah's camp.

Thereafter the city was assailed on the north, the water side, and on the west, the land side, simultaneously. Sally after sally was made, but the terrible wearing-down process reduced the besieged to the lowest ebb. They were unable to repair the breaches. There were scarcely men enough left to fill the gaps in the walls with their bodies. Treachery and half-hearted support weakened the efforts of the defenders. It was evident to every one that the end was at hand. Constantine had been urged again and again to fly from the city. He had gallantly refused to leave his post. He could, he would die, but under no circumstances would he retreat or surrender.

On the night of the 18th of May, he realized that he could not beat off another attack. For the last time, the Holy Communion was administered that night in the great temple with which Justinian had sought to rival King Solomon. The next day the final assault was delivered. Incredible as it may seem, the garrison actually held their own at the St. Roman Gate in spite of the hordes of assailants who strove to carry that place. Constantine was everywhere animating them and fighting with them. A forgotten and long-unused gate, or a neglectful sentry, at last permitted the Turks to effect an entrance to the town near the Circus. Through

this open way Mohammed hurled a great body of his choicest janizaries. They attacked the defenders of the St. Roman Gate in flank and rear. Giustiniani, who had conducted himself like a hero, was wounded in the hand. The pain was excruciating. His nerve gave way. He fled from the field, followed by many of his men, and escaped on his ships, only to die a few days later, bitterly repenting his defection.

Constantine disdained to fly. The place for him to die was there and his hour had come. Some of the Genoese refused to leave him and remained with him, and of faithful Greeks there were not a few. For a short time the battle raged furiously. Fearful lest he should be taken alive by his conquerors, Constantine sought a friendly hand to kill him. A better death than suicide was his fortune. There were plenty of blades in the hands of his enemies to strike him down. Fighting like a common soldier, his own weapon red with the blood of the slain, he fell by the hand of some unknown man. They found him the next day under a heap of dead, and recognized him by the royal trappings he wore.

Thousands of men and women were crowded in Santa Sofia. The monks and priests, who if they had possessed the spirit of the Latin Soldiers of the Cross would have been upon the walls, were there in expectation of a miraculous and angelic interposition. It never came. The Turks streaming through the streets, carrying fire and sword on every hand, broke open the doors of the church. There was no massacre. The unresisting people were taken as slaves. Later in the day, Mohammed rode on horseback into the temple. They tell the story of a mark left by his bloody hand on one of the columns, the sign-manual of the conqueror. As the triumphant Turk walked through the ruined and deserted pæce of the dead emperor, he is said to have repeated the following melancholy couplet from the Persian poet Firdusi:

"The spider hath wove his web in the Cæsars' palace hall.
And the owl is made the sentinel on the towers of Afrasiab."

CONFRONTING LIFE*

By MAXIM GORKY

CONFRONTING Life, two people stood—both discontent. And to the question, "What do you expect of me?" one made answer with weary voice: "I am distracted by the cruelty of thy contradictions. Feebly my reason strives to understand the meaning of existence, and with perplexing gloom my heart is filled before thee. My consciousness doth tell me man is the highest of creations."

"What wouldst thou have of me?" fearless, questioned Life.

"Happiness! For my happiness it is necessary that thou shouldst reconcile two endless chains of contradictions in my breast, brought about by my 'I will' and thy 'Thou must.'"

"Will that which for me thou must," Life sternly said.

"I do not wish to be thy victim!" the man exclaimed. "I wish to be the sovereign of life, and am compelled to bend the neck beneath her yoke of laws—wherefore?"

"Speak plainer," put in the other fellow, standing nearer Life; but, heedless of his companion's words, the first went on:

"I wish for freedom—to live in harmony with my desires, and do not want to be unto my neighbor, from sense of duty, either a brother or a servant. I would be that which I should freely choose—a slave or brother. I do not wish that in society I shall constitute a block, of which society may dispose at will. I am a man, the mind, the spirit of life; I must be free!"

"One moment," interrupted Life, smiling sternly. "Thou didst speak at length, and all that thou wouldst further say is known to me. Thou wouldst be free? Well—be so! Wrestle, subdue me and become my master; then will I be thy slave. Thou knowest I am not partial and ever yielded readily to conquerors. But thou must conquer. Art thou prepared to battle with me for

thy freedom's sake? Yes? Art strong enough for victory, and in thy strength hast confidence?"

And the man said, mournfully: "Thou hast set me at war with mine own self; thou hast made keen my reason like a blade—deep, deep it plunged into my heart and crushed it."

"Be more severe with the tyrant; stop complaining," again put in the other man.

But the first continued: "I want a respite from thy oppression. Give me a taste of happiness!"

Life smiled again, a smile like gleaming ice:

"Tell me, when thus thou speakest, dost thou demand or beg?"

"I beg," came like an echo from the man.

"You beg, like a habitual mendicant. But I must tell thee, poor unfortunate, Life bestows no alms. And—do you know?—the free ask not, they take my gifts themselves. Why, thou, thou art but the slave of thy desires, no more. Free is he who hath the power to withdraw himself from all desires and throw his total strength into but one. Didst understand? Away!"

He understood, and, crouching dog-like at Life's indifferent feet, made ready to pick up submissively the stray crumbs that fell from off her table, her leavings.

Then did the lack-luster eyes of stern Life glance at the other man—his was a rough but kindly face:

"What do you ask?"

"I ask not, I demand."

"What?"

"Justice! Come, give her up. All else I will take later; meantime I do insist on naught but justice. I waited long; patiently I waited; my days were spent in labor, sans rest, sans light! I waited— But enough! I seek for justice!"

And unto him Life calmly answered: "Take."

*This is one of three sketches by Gorky, whose publication was prohibited in Russia. It has been translated for "The Cosmopolitan" by Frances Kovitch.



THE FRENCH MOTHER

By CHARLES WAGNER, Author of the "Simple Life"

FOR a long time, it was considered a mark of bad taste in France to speak to young girls of their future maternity, although the bonds of nature hold the little girl and her doll too closely together for it ever to have become any one's idea to separate them. And many little girls with us—as doubtless elsewhere also—grow into big girls without ceasing to play with their dolls. But unless they have the good fortune to have very little brothers or sisters, or have a sufficiently large surrounding, they scarcely ever have the opportunity of enjoying a real infant. And consequently the maternal instinct, lively even in the young girl, remains without nourishment. As to telling her of all that awaits her in her life as wife and mother, that seems abnormal, indiscreet, almost improper. Our modern conventional life presents these anomalies—or, as they might better be expressed, monstrosities.

The ideas of to-day have been greatly modified on this point as on many others. We are beginning to attach a high degree of importance to the practical education of young girls. A splendid initiative has been taken within the past few years. Women of heart and mind have set about reforming those

French customs that apply to the preparation of the woman for her special duties. For the common people, cooking-schools, courses in sewing and household science, have been started, and instruction given in matters of hygiene that concern the home. The middle class could not fail to do for its daughters what has been done for those of the workman. Very recently a school was opened in Paris, the School for Mothers, which has been organized under the direction of a remarkable woman, Mme. Augusta Moll-Weiss. She comes from Bordeaux, where for several years she has been teaching those branches of feminine education that she now wishes to cultivate in the capital. Many earnest and devoted persons have interested themselves in this budding enterprise. I shall do my best to encourage and sustain it. This is sufficient testimony as to the manner in which our young girls are being fitted for their prospective rôle of mothers; let me now attempt some observations as to the fashion in which their duties are practised by the women of France. But in passing, a word must be said of those who do not rear children, who are, in general, inimical to maternity.

There are women to whom children are a bore. They do not desire them.

They keep themselves from maternity as if it were a serious fault. If, however, an evil destiny wills that they have one or more children, they consider that they have depreciated. Their freedom or their beauty has been impaired, and for this they hold a grudge against the unfortunate little ones for whose existence they are responsible.

It is sufficient, it is altogether too much, that they have brought children into the world with pain and humiliation to themselves. The days of waiting have been days of torment; the hour of birth a moment when they have been hurt much more in their self-esteem than in their flesh.

But—let me hasten to say it—such women are rare among us.

Less rare, however, are those who, with no dislike for maternity itself, have no taste for its too absorbing demands. A conflict rages between their passion for the world and their mother-love. They surrender to the world and sacrifice their maternity. They make the sacrifice, perhaps, in tears; their souls are torn with astounding contradictions—but still they make it just the same. And from this transaction, which the conscience gets the worst of, there result many harassed, restless lives for the mother, and dull, loveless ones for the child. Many rich children are certainly less happy than those of the poor, for the latter have their mothers' whole affection, while the former often see this parent only at rare intervals, and then usually under hurried and pressing circumstances.

Still, it is owing to the truth to say that one meets many women of the world for whom all the conventions of fashionable society must give way to maternity. There is, for them, no comparison between the mother-happiness, kept up as it is at every moment by little duties and little acts of devotion, and the most prized of worldly satisfactions.

And it must be said to the credit of the human race that these women are honored and respected even by those whose sense of duty denies them all luxury and frivolous tastes.

Among the middle class, the simpler setting for the scene of living, family tradition, and the whole ensemble of the domestic arrangement, bring the children much nearer the mother. In that sphere, domesticity does not prevent women from busying themselves with their children and from doing for themselves. The woman who does not suckle her child refrains from doing so through some stern necessity; the doctor will have forbidden it for serious reasons, or a business position makes it impossible. It is very difficult for a professional woman or the wife of a petty tradesman to nurse her children. Sometimes in a large city, the state of a child's health demands that it be taken while very young to the country. The mother's occupation keeps her in town. But such a separation is always a painful sacrifice; everything is done before making it. Maternal devotion is the usual thing; negligence and indifference are the exceptions. With the common people it is the same. You must know them as I do—these Parisian working-men's families—to realize the almost superhuman amount of work and privation that the mother accepts for the love of her children. As a general thing, the women of the people stand very close to their children, and they have several to protect and to care for at the same time. It is difficult enough to make a home in their lodgings and obtain any degree of comfort. But when it becomes a question of fresh air for the little family, that is a real problem. To get the little ones down ill-constructed staircases from an upper story into the street is a positively dangerous undertaking. The mother, to prevent her children falling, frequently carries all together. She is as laden as a poor beast of burden. But she does not complain. I have observed hundreds and thousands of women of the people at work in the midst of their children, and I have always found them possessed of admirable good will and tenderness. Intelligence may often be wanting, and discipline, and common sense; they spoil their children oftener than they bring them up properly—but that is

through ignorance. As soon as they perceive there are better ways of doing things, they hasten to profit by good counsel and good example.

When the child reaches school-age, the mother is much relieved. But now, especially among the "*petite bourgeoisie*," she is called upon to fill another rôle. It is that of tutor. The father, as a usual thing, has no time to look after the hearing of his son's lessons. It is the mother who takes this upon herself. There are good secondary schools in every town of importance. To these the citizens send their children, but not as boarders. French customs are much changed on this point. The dormitory has not disappeared from the college or the *lycée*, but it is taken advantage of only by those parents who live too far from the school for their children to return home every night. Now, to send a child—especially a girl—to a city school a mile or a mile and a half away, is a problem, especially if it is a matter of escort twice or perhaps four times a day. One person must be expressly assigned to this duty. The mother often devotes herself to it. You should see, in the reception-rooms of the Paris *lycées*, the mothers waiting for their sons. As soon as each appears, the parent kisses him; it is the mother-right. But then begin the trembling questions, and it is the tutor now who speaks—"How do you stand?" "Are you among the first ten?" "Show me your note-books." The mothers are often not content with merely waiting for their sons; they stay until the teacher comes in order to get explanations, to ask questions and make demands. Some of the more aggressive mothers are the terrors of the professors. But for a few of these indiscreet women, how many good ones are there who take their sons' studies earnestly to heart! Nothing escapes them! Some men of the teaching profession find them, indeed, altogether too watchful. They act as the consciences and constant guardians of their sons so well that the boys become too much accustomed to being controlled and watched to control and watch themselves.

And just here we touch upon a fault in the motherhood of France. The French mother does too much for her children, her sons particularly. Her solicitude is unceasing; her love is untiring. The children's studies are pushed and directed to such a degree that if perchance this control is ever relaxed, the young pupil, feeling at once the lack of guidance, finds himself entirely at sea, or breaks away altogether. He has not learned to govern himself.

As for the child's health, the mother does too much coddling, and often weakens the constitution by excess of care, while a timid nature is developed by constant talking of microbes and contagion. As a general thing, French mothers are better for very young children than for adolescents. But it would be quite possible for them to pass from the system of protection to one allowing more freedom. However, I know personally many mothers who have made men out of their sons. They have been entirely equal to the task. Here and there in my memory I can pick out examples of finely educated young men of whom a watchful, intelligent mother has been the principal inspiration. And sometimes she has been a widow who, by force of a clear-seeing energy, has solved the difficult problem of controlling the formation of a man's character. In certain other cases, when the father has neglected his duty or set a bad example to his son, the mother, by her great patience, tact and devotion, has settled the boy in the right path.

There is one thing that French mothers do not do enough. That is to separate from their growing boys, to send them to the school of life, outside the home, and into situations where they must look after themselves. The mother's happiness is complete only with her children around her: let life not keep them too much apart. From this arise too fearsome ideas of distance, and a too timid attachment to the natal soil or the maternal city.

The difficulty is that it is very reluctantly admitted among the French that the time must come for the nestling

to use its own wings. I have seen most excellent parents worry themselves nearly to death because a daughter will not acquiesce in their ideas, or wish to accept the husband of their choice. To a son or a daughter, very devoted but independent, it is often said, "You love me no longer."

But if we have touched here upon a somewhat delicate point, the good will and love of the French mothers are above all praise, even if sometimes farsightedness and breadth of mind be somewhat lacking.

One remark which may be almost universally applied when it concerns the mothers of France, is that the mother takes first place over the wife. The great Michelet, describing the state of soul of a very young wife who had just realized that she was to become a mother, emphasizes this point and says, "Ah, young husband, henceforth you have a rival." Such a mental state seems abnormal, unless the woman has not found in marriage a sufficient degree of affection. The heart longing for tenderness then turns to the child, and seeks to console itself with what it has been denied. This in some cases is undoubtedly the explanation of the predominance of the mother over the wife, but in the finest unions, and oftenest then with the consent—I might say the complicity—of the husband himself, after the children come, the mutual feelings of the parents become a matter of secondary importance.

This is so accepted, so understood, that almost every one is satisfied with such a state of affairs. The contrary seems rather to be a matter for astonishment. There is a temptation to consider as bad parents those who get their due of mutual affection before giving tenderness to their children. I found myself one day by the sick-bed of a sweet and perfect young mother. Her condition was grave; death was visibly approaching. Then, amidst her sobbing, the dear soul said to me, "I am most distressed because I can reproach myself with having always loved my husband more than my children." With earnest words I calmed the

troubled heart. The young woman was the victim of a conventional error. She was perfectly right in loving her husband more than her children. Of this I am absolutely convinced.

Even in the interest of the children themselves, the union and mutual affection of the parents should be the first thing in family life. It is morally unhealthy for the child to feel that he comes first and the parents after him. All education, all discipline, suffer by it. And the child, in the long run, finding sacrifice and self-effacement on the part of the parents accepted as natural, attains a condition of naive egoism which leads to hardness of heart and ingratitude.

The mothers of France do not understand this sufficiently. But they love their children enough to be entirely disposed to take a new stand on the day when the great objections of the present situation will have become clear to them.

The child is the future; and the part of the mother is great in the creation of that future. But she must learn that one of the conditions of becoming a man is to have been first a child—a real child—through the modesty which contents itself with taking second place, through the respect shown to parents, through the absence of pretension. In this motive must we have a spirit of complete immolation, a pure joy in sacrificing ourselves to the very little ones, or the larger girls and boys. Let us know how to repress our love and control our devotion. To love them, to coddle them, to serve them too much, is to become their enemies. To school them better to the harsh voice of the world, to make them less timid, more capable of effort, and more respectful as well, to preserve their best for us—this is not egoism; it is wisdom, a clear-seeing affection.

I should be greatly astonished in these remarks upon the mothers of France, not to have found some to fit those of America in spite of all educational differences of the two sides of the ocean. Then I shall have proved once more what I have long believed, that when we get to the bottom of things, we are all alike.

A MODERN "SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON"

THE STORY OF THE SHIPWRECK OF A GREAT PACIFIC STEAMER WITH ITS
DISTINGUISHED COMPANY OF PASSENGERS—HOW THEY LIVED FOR THREE
YEARS ON AN ISLAND, AND THEIR FINAL RESCUE

By JOHN BRISBEN WALKER

XI

THE first twelve months of colony life had passed away. Many problems had come up for settlement in that time. Of the colonists, the fit had gradually been differentiated from the unfit. But, strange to say, the lines of demarcation between the two had not become more noticeable, as would have been the case in their old competitive life at home, but were being gradually obliterated. Men and women did not pride themselves specially on being able to do certain things. As there was no financial reward in the island based upon accomplishment, the different classes of labor were not accentuated as in the old days at home.

The colonists began to lose sight of the difference between the several talents of men and women. The skill of the man who drove from his plane the long, white, fragrant pine shaving was by many admired equally with the bright intellect which devised schemes of improvement for the colony. To do one thing really well became the ideal of the island. No matter how humble the task—that is, humble according to the standards of the old home-life—satisfaction was in proportion to the degree of accomplishment. Public thought did not concern itself with the relative importance of the work turned out, for no necessity existed for such attempts at measurement.

The attainment of riches was an impossibility, inasmuch as the committees controlled all things for the benefit of all. And there was a psychological advantage accompanying this state of affairs. It gave a sense of comfort not possible in a community where people

are constantly gaging one another by a dollar standard.

Although but four hours had been occupied in the daily labors of the colony, and the production had been by somewhat crude methods for the first year, it had already been discovered that this four hours' daily labor was quite sufficient to produce considerably more than was needed for the wants of the community. A part of the island had been found where cotton could be grown; and some machinery which was being forwarded to China was discovered in the hold of the vessel and set up where it could be operated by water-power; among this, machinery for ginning and weaving. The most delicate cotton cloths, almost with the fineness and texture of silk, were woven. There was no object to be attained in producing an inferior article. There was labor to spare: therefore it was nobody's object to palm off a poor textile: the competitive system alone could be responsible for such products.

Every one having artistic pretensions had been called upon to submit to Committee VIII designs for simple costumes in this delicate silken-cotton fiber. The cloth suited the climate admirably, and the result was that men and women appeared in the white, clinging stuffs, after the work-day hours were over, to the greatest advantage.

Attaching no value to property greatly simplifies life. As all knew that there was sufficient for all, there was no longer a motive for crime, except the one of sex jealousy. No law-officers were required: no police. There was no waste in jails and reformatories. There were no long hours spent in legal battles in court; there was no class of accountants

bent upon proving figures and making theft impossible. There was no attempt to palm upon others impure food, or imperfectly made articles or poisonous concoctions, in order that the concocter might obtain a small profit. In other words, the competition was purely friendly: never deadly.

A generous feeling gradually overspread the community and extended itself to all, even to those for whom, in their former life of competition, there had been written this translation of Omar's quatrain:

"But yours the cold heart, and the murderous tongue,
The wintry soul that hates to hear a song,
The close-shut fist, the mean and measuring eye,
And all the little poisoned ways of wrong."

Most important of all, there was no class of humbugs in the community. The good men who preached the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the colonists did so because their spirits breathed the feeling of Christ—not because by it they obtained a living. These reverend gentlemen, archbishop and bishop as well, each gave his four hours of labor, each of six days, and every man and woman in the community did likewise.

The committees who governed took four hours of labor in the fields or at the work-bench, and met for consultation afterward, feeling honored to have placed upon them the responsibilities of the community, and each gladly giving this extra labor.

In fact, the basis upon which the organization of the community was effected, was that of one of our great modern country clubs—all giving something toward the housing, the feeding and the entertainment of all; the members of the club gladly serving without pay or reward, except that of honorable position upon the committees which take in hand the duties required for the regulation of house and table, and indoor and outdoor entertainment.

Jealousies which had been alarmingly prevalent in the early days of the colony, began to disappear. The causes for their excitation had gradually been removed: dress was simple, household

furnishing was not extravagant. It was possible for one to achieve prominence only by service to the community. Having ample time after working-hours, people were able to devote themselves to the service of their neighbors—nursing them in sickness, helping to entertain, helping to educate. This sounds difficult, accustomed as we are to the hurly-burly and overtoil of our strenuous lives of competition: but it worked out in a simple, easy way.

The following principles had been laid down:

First: Education by the state shall begin at the age of two.

Second: Education for the adult is even more important than education for the child, and should cease only with death.

The ship's library consisted of four thousand volumes. Captain Robinson of the "Manchu" was a man of bookish tastes. He had personally selected the ship's library, and as his reading was broad, it covered not merely the usual collection of novels, but also a vast number of important philosophic, economic and scientific works.

Every member of the colony was required to appear before a subcommittee on education. This appearance generally took the form of a visit by invitation to the home of the colonists. There, over afternoon tea, or perhaps at dinner, the acquirements of the would-be student were sounded and his or her tastes brought to the surface. Subsequently, the committee would forward a table of suggestions as to volumes to be read in progressive order. These might be the subject of other conferences, until the ideas of the committee and the taste of the student could be brought in accord; or the entire program of the committee could be discarded and the student follow his or her own desires. For freedom of intellectual development was a recognized principle.

All were supposed to give two hours a day to mental development. This could be easily done, as there were but four work-hours in the day. In the beginning there were a great many who shirked this part of the colonists' program: but

gradually the special committees would succeed in finding a point of interest within the colonist's own mind, and after that it was easy to bring him up to his fullest standard of mental work.

Amongst those who were on a trip around the world was Mrs. Avery Winston. She had married, while still in her teens, the handsome Winston, who was so well known in the club-life of New York—attractive, fascinating in conversation, cold-blooded, cruel, dissipated. She had become the mother of three children, who had shared between them their mother's loveliness and some of their father's worst traits. Her education had been under a mother who thought only of society, and in a fashionable school where the preparation was wholly intended to facilitate shining in social life.

With the arrival of her first child, she found herself utterly destitute of knowledge regarding the duties of motherhood. Through endless blunders, most of them easily preventable if she had possessed knowledge, she advanced to the birth of her third child. By this time she began to grasp the meaning of maternity; she bought books, consulted those who professed to teach, and in a little while had become an earnest student of the science of training children. She saw developed in her oldest boy the traits of the father, and weakly struggled against them during the first three years. Finally, during a visit to Havana, the father and three children had been swept from her by yellow fever.

On returning home, she resolved to devote herself to the cause of young mothers, aiding them by books which she caused to be published, and by an endless number of articles written at her suggestion, for which she secured admission to the periodical press. On the island she had been made chairwoman of the subcommittee on child-education, and had been very determined in securing the adoption of a program which other members of the committee viewed with alarm, as infringing upon the rights of the individual mother. If Mrs. Winston could have had her full way, the child would have come under the super-

vision of the committee at the hour of birth, for it was then, she claimed, that mothers began to make their serious mistakes; but she compromised on the age of two.

No one comprehended better than Mrs. Winston a mother's love and the delight which the true mother finds in nursing her own child. Unlike the lawmakers of Draco's time, she had no desire to remove the child from the mother. She sought only to help the latter in her tasks—to remove her ignorance, to strengthen her judgment, and to sustain her through the trials and tribulations of early motherhood.

The first aid to this end was to be a "Mother's Report," made out upon a printed blank—a form at once instructive to the mother and enabling her without much effort to tell the committee just what course she was pursuing with reference to the training of her child, and the hygiene of its feeding and its surroundings. Upon the invitation of the mother, sympathetic members of the subcommittee would call to advise with her regarding the food, dress, fresh air and insistent training necessary for healthy childhood. Three doctors had been on board the "Manchu" at the time of her coming ashore.

The Committee on Hygiene had, after consultation with these gentlemen, resolved that the medical corps should be devoted, not to Curative, but to Preventive measures. Their round of duties required the inspection once in two weeks of the living-quarters of every member of the community, with some study of the lives being led. The medical advice included suggestions as to the mode of life—as to overeating, quality of food, ventilation of sleeping-apartments, methods of bathing, and the many smaller items which contribute to the preservation of good health.

Every important case of sickness was to be reported by the physician to the committee, with full explanation of its causes and of why the physician had been unable to prevent it.

As the members of the colony saw the working out of this method, they laughed to themselves at the competitive

system which had never recognized such a thing as regular medical inspection, and which had called in a doctor only after disease had firmly taken hold; a system which annually turned out of its colleges thousands of poor young men only to tempt them with the rewards to be obtained by keeping a patient in bed—temptations coming not infrequently to men driven to the severest stress in the support of wives and children.

The religious side of the community was also an interesting one. But one sermon was preached every Sunday, though there were numerous services and different forms at earlier hours—the Catholic archbishop said mass at eight o'clock, the Episcopal bishop had his prayers and service at nine o'clock. At eleven o'clock the sermon of the day was delivered, no longer now in the great tent which had first served as a public meeting-place, but in a log hall capacious enough to seat the entire colony, which served at various times as clubhouse, theater, public hall and church.

It had been the effort of the speakers of the various denominations—Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist, et cetera—to make their addresses applicable to the state of affairs on the island. When, however, it came to Archbishop Renwick's turn, he laid before him the Scriptures, and called their attention to the fact that Christ had preached to a state of society much like that in which they had formerly lived. He had come on earth at a time when the Roman plutocracy had trampled humanity into the very dust. "Everything to the few, nothing to the many," was the Roman plan. Christ had denounced these conditions with frightful vehemence. He had preached the equality of man, the brotherhood of man, the duty of all to help all kinds. He had commanded his Apostle to put up his sword, even in the protecting of His own person. This beautiful doctrine of humanity had so enraptured the world that in a century and a half Christians were in the predominance. Then came the seizing upon the religious organization by unscrupulous persons

for political purposes. To divert the minds of Christians from the noble doctrines of Christ, from the simple life inculcated, from His teachings against plutocracy, the power of empires was used to direct the practices of the church toward pomps and toward mysticism. The church was oftentimes made an adjunct to the purposes of the most corrupt brigandage. And yet the simple teachings of Jesus Christ continued to shine through the mass of superfluities throughout the ages, until in the twentieth century it has begun to take tangible form in the government of the world. The Equality and Fraternity which Christ taught are no longer meaningless terms.

In the cool of the early morning, a couple on horseback were riding slowly beneath the spreading foliage which covered the island road. It was one of those glorious days when life seems in every way worth the living; when one is hopeful with a buoyancy that almost raises the body above the earth. It was that season when the colony horses were not needed for agriculture, and were occasionally used for little excursions over the island.

Ralston had asked Miss Warden to ride with him to the caves, where they were to be met by Suzuki and Merryweather, and the Japanese was to tell the story of his discoveries and his progress in developing radium ores.

To go back a little: Soon after the arrival of his party from its adventurous boat-excursion, Ralston had become aware of a marked change in the manner of Miss Warden. She had taken pains to avoid him, and upon his pressing his attentions, had written a note expressing a desire that all intercourse between them should be at an end. Ralston was astounded, but undismayed. He sought an explanation without a moment's delay; but Miss Warden refused to meet him, and carefully avoided every occasion which would enable him to obtain light upon her sudden change of conduct.

Although not a man to be content with such a condition of affairs, Ralston found in her a will quite equal to his

own; and days and weeks and then months passed without his being nearer to an understanding. Meanwhile, she was surrounded by a great number of admirers. Amongst the most persistent of these was Marsden, who sought every occasion to be in her presence. And John Lodge, who had all his days led the life of a recluse, had at last fallen desperately in love. With the Japanese, Suzuki, it had been a case of love at first sight. With the first glance of her eyes, after she had been taken prisoner in the caves, he had mentally fallen in worship at her feet. Every idea was gone from him except this woman. And he was by no means the least interesting of those who sought her favor. Well read, with a wonderfully quick and active mind, and keen wit, although lacking in the sense of humor, he was a most entertaining companion.

It was John Lodge who first discovered the part which Marsden had played in breaking off the relations between Ralston and Miss Warden. He had heard from Marsden the story of Ralston's former life, and had not been surprised when Miss Warden had avoided the man whom the colony had accepted as her fiancé.

More than a year had passed, with Miss Warden resolute, and Ralston no nearer to an understanding than at the very beginning of his trouble. But the other lovers of Edith Warden seemed to make no progress. She remained gracious to all, the life of every assembly; but extending special favor to none.

John Lodge, who was a careful student of human nature, did not permit his own desperate devotion to obscure his mind. He saw clearly that his own suit was hopeless; equally clearly that none of those who made open love to Miss Warden had more of a chance than himself. He did not doubt that there was an unknown; and after a time he became convinced that, however cold she might be in the presence of Ralston, he was after all the one man in whom she felt a profound interest.

Lodge thereupon determined to know definitely of the former life of Ralston.

He observed him with care and could not believe that the very frank, fearless fellow who was always interesting himself in the welfare of others, and to whom he had felt attached since the very morning after shipwreck, could be other than a manly man. Thereupon he began to sound Marsden. He obtained from him the stories placed in Edith Warden's possession which had resulted so disastrously for Ralston. Marsden gave them with such detail as seemed to leave no doubt. Nevertheless, Lodge believed that they were untrue. After a time, he had discovered the process by which Marsden had sought to supplant Ralston in Miss Warden's favor. Then he resolved to go to Ralston direct and lay before him the charges.

"Where did you get these stories?" Ralston asked.

"That I must decline to tell."

Ralston paced up and down for a couple of minutes.

"I know," he said. "You need not answer."

"Well, I can say that they are ingeniously constructed lies. There are a dozen touches of reality throughout them, but there is not a single element of truth. So far as the facts underlying the charges are concerned, they are absolutely without foundation."

Then he went to his trunk and brought out a mass of papers. One by one he laid them before Lodge. The keen business mind was able to detect immediately the semblances upon which the stories had been built up, and yet the utter unreality of every charge made. Thinking over the matter, he was able to follow the shrewd hand of Marsden.

That evening, Lodge called on Edith Warden and asked the privilege of a private interview. She had long recognized John Lodge's devotion to her, and believed that now she was to go through the uncomfortable experience of receiving a declaration, and of being compelled to reject a splendid man well worthy of the best of women.

As he proceeded, she began to realize the object of his visit, and after a time to comprehend something of the injustice she had been doing Ralston. At the conclusion of the interview, she was in despair. How could this man, to whom she had given her soul, forgive her conduct? She was scarcely conscious of the debt due to Lodge as she gave him her hand in thanks. But Lodge was not yet through with his work, and he returned at once to Ralston. It was two days after this when our chapter opens with Ralston and Edith Warden on horseback.

(To be continued)



**POBIEDONOSTSEFF
THE REACTIONARY**

The grand duke Sergius, of Russia, having made his exit to the accompaniment of exploding dynamite, Constantini Petrovitch Pobiedonostseff, Procurator-General of the Holy Synod, steps to the front as the man most generally hated by the members of the Social Democratic party in Russia. The procurator-general is credited with being the most influential member of the Russian Council of State. He also is the most reactionary. The two facts are sufficient to commend him to the attention of the more violent of the Russian revolutionists.

The Holy Synod—one of the administrative bodies in the Russian governmental system—was established in 1720.

It is composed mostly of ecclesiastics—the three Metropolitans of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kiev, the Archbishops of Georgia and of Poland, and several bishops—but its head, the procurator-general, is a lay member. Together with the Council of the Empire, a purely consultative assembly; the Senate, which

is the court of appeal in civil and criminal cases, and the Council of Ministers—all appointed by the czar and responsible to him alone—the Holy Synod forms a part of the bureaucracy through which the czar exercises his absolute legislative and administrative power.

The church in Russia has not only hampered the spread of liberal ideas among the people by discouraging education, but also has contributed



**CONSTANTINI PETROVITCH
POBIEDONOSTSEFF**
Procurator of the Holy Synod



THE LATE GRAND DUKE SERGIUS OF
RUSSIA

to the great poverty of the nation by an insistence on a large number of holy days, in order that its coffers may be enriched by the enforced copecks of the attendants at church. There are no fewer than one hundred and thirty-two days in each year on which in Russia it is forbidden to the laborer to work.

Procurator-General Pobiedonostseff was born in Moscow in 1827, the son of a professor in the University. He studied law at the Imperial School of Jurisprudence in St. Petersburg, and was a member of many Russian universities. In 1846, he became referendar in the Moscow Senate, and in 1858 professor of civil law in Moscow University. Subsequently he was appointed instructor of jurisprudence to the hereditary grand duke Nicholas, and acted in the same capacity for many other grand dukes of Russia between 1866 and 1890. His association with the Russian ruling family led to his being made a member of the Council of State in 1872, and Procurator-General of the Holy Synod in 1880. He married in 1866, but is without children.

* * * *

SIR CASPAR
PURDON CLARKE

The cosmopolitanism of learning receives frequent illustration. The bounds

of nationality appeal only in a special sense to minds whose range of interest is world-wide. American students at Oxford, and German college professors in America, and American professors in Germany, are but recent examples of the fellowship of the world of science and art. The appointment of Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, an Irishman, to succeed the late Gen. Luigi P. di Cesnola, an Italian, as director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, at New York, is another instance.

The Metropolitan Museum in many respects stands in the very front rank among similar institutions, its collection of architectural casts, for example, not being surpassed by any in Europe. It is expected that Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, who is noted as an organizer and as a man of great energy, will, when he assumes his new post next September, introduce a plan for the establishment of an industrial-art school in connection with it. A similar school, attached to the South Kensington (London) Museum, of which Sir Caspar has been the head since 1896, has done much to raise the English standard of art in all industrial departments.

Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke was born in Ireland in 1846.



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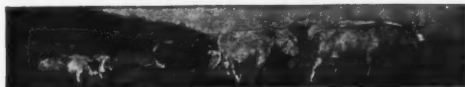
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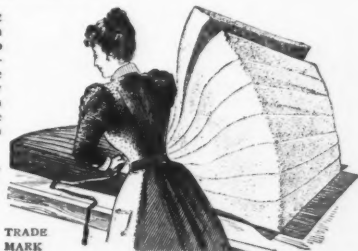
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Tenor Solo and Quartet.

Harry Macdonough and Haydn Quartet (orchestra acc.).

4277. "Where the Southern Roses Grow," Morse

Comic Duet by Roberts and Murray (orchestra acc.).

4276. "Oh! Oh! Sallie," Leonard

Comic Duet by Collins and Harlan (orchestra acc.).

4253. "The Bingville Band," Billing

Choir Records by Trinity Choir (organ acc.).

4271. "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," Fanny Crosby
31357. "Sing Alleluia Forth" (opus 65), Dudley Buck

March Song by Frank G. Stanley (orchestra acc.).

4259. "Listen to the Big Brass Band," Dave Reed, Jr.

March Song by Billy Murray (orchestra acc.).

4253. "Bunker Hill," Von Tilzer

Comic Song by Dan W. Quinn (orchestra acc.).

4258. "Esmeralda McCann," Heinzman

Coon Song by Bob Roberts (orchestra acc.).

4260. "Tennessee," Williams and Van Alstyne

German Parody by Frank Wilson.

4268. "Teasing,"

Haydn Male Quartet (orchestra acc.).

4256. "The Holy City," Adams

Minstrel Record.

4262. Olden Time Minstrels "F."
Ballad, "My Love Remains the Same."

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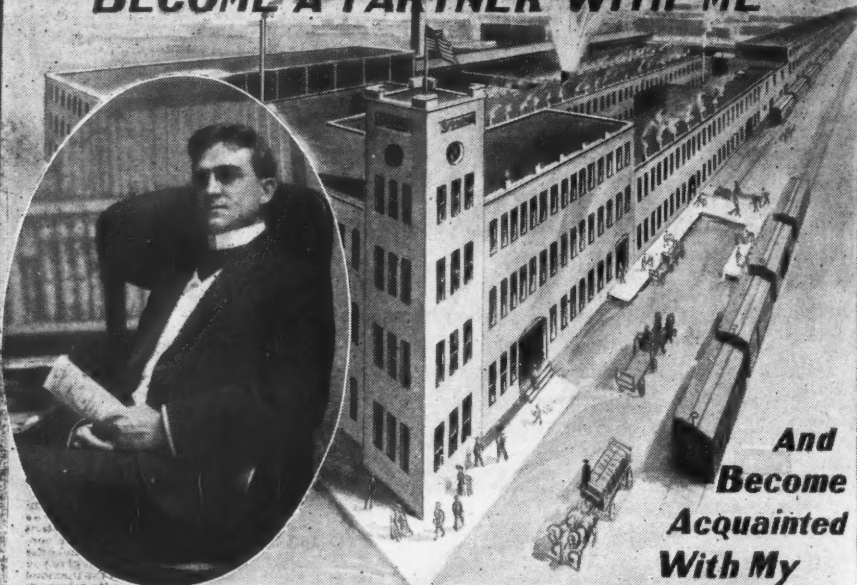
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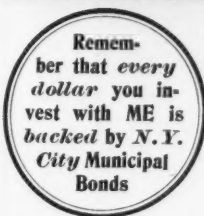
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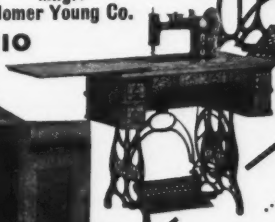
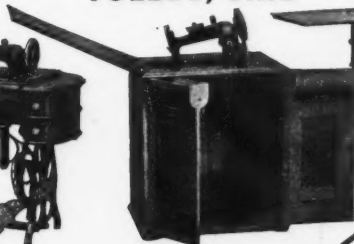
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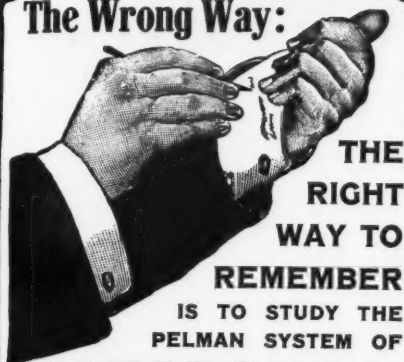
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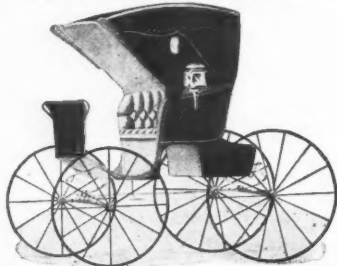
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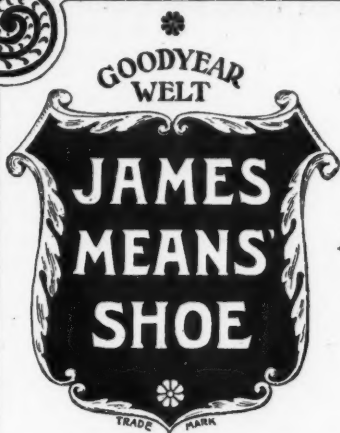


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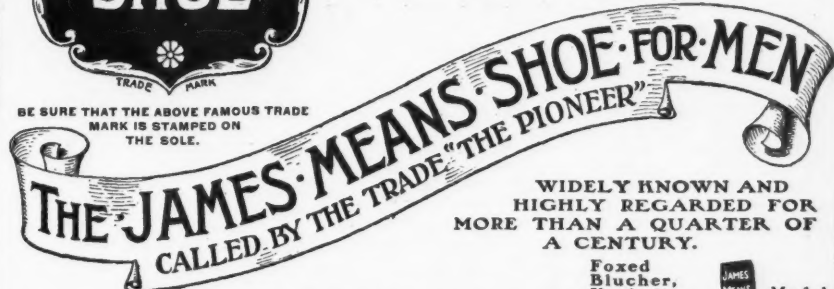
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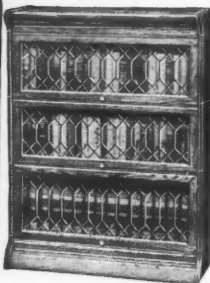
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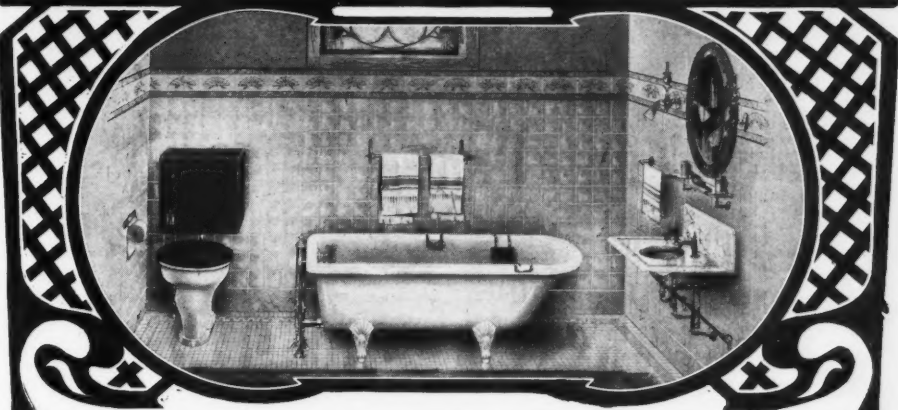
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THE LAVATORY Countersunk genuine marble slab; solid porcelain 14x17 inch Patent overflow oval basin; nickel-plated brass rope pattern brackets; nickel-plated brass Fuller basin cocks; nickel-plated brass supply pipes with air chambers; nickel-plated brass trap (both trap and supply pipes to the wall); nickel-plated chain and rubber stopper; basin clamps, screws; and nickel-plated flanges.

THE CLOSET Low tank pattern, thoroughly sanitary and modern in construction; latest improved Vitreous syphon wash-down bowl; seat and cover made of seasoned quarter sawed Oak with high polished finish; seat attaches directly to the bowl with post and nickel-plated hinges; tank is lined with heavy copper and includes a high pressure ball cock and float valve syphon, and has nickel-plated push button action; two-inch elbow connection between the tank and the bowl, and nickel-plated supply pipe from floor to the tank.

QUALITY We guarantee every article used in this Bath Room outfit to be new and perfect. The enamel ware is guaranteed for two years against crazes, chips or defects from ordinary wear. Any article proven defective within this time will be cheerfully replaced with perfect material. The outfit will be furnished with floor screws, flanges, clamps, etc., complete and ready to set up.

Connections easily made: Any ordinary mechanic can install with the aid of our comprehensive working plans and instructions. **Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.**

WRITE US Any one interested in Plumbing Material or Heating Apparatus of any kind will do well to write us before buying elsewhere, as we have the largest and finest selection in the world, and can save the purchaser considerable money—all fully guaranteed.

PRICE, as described,

We will furnish the additional trimmings—Paper Holder—two Towel Bars—Glass Shelf—Bath Seat and Soap Cup, for \$7.00.

\$55.00

Other Bath Room Outfits from \$25.00 to \$125.00

ASK US FOR CATALOGUE NO. F472—On Plumbing Material and Heating Apparatus.
CHICAGO HOUSE W. CO., - - 35th and Iron Sts., CHICAGO

NOTE.—We furnish country homes with complete water works systems.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"

\$8.50 a Month for Life

By Investing \$10.00 a Month for 20 Months

A postal-card written TO-DAY will bring our handsomely illustrated FREE prospectus which tells all about our novel method of co-operative fruit-growing.

Write the postal now, while you have the matter in mind. Before you turn the leaf—or write a letter, or sign, tear out and mail us the coupon at the bottom of this advertisement.

We realize that our statement—\$8.50 A MONTH FOR LIFE MAY BE SECURED BY AN INVESTMENT OF ONLY \$200—is so extraordinary that hardly any one will believe it until we have proven it.

We do not expect that any one will believe our mere statement that this can be done. We expect to furnish overwhelming proof—one hundred and one kinds of it—in every case.

Wonderful Possibilities

We believe the greatest money-making possibilities anywhere in the Western Hemisphere to-day are in the scientific growth of tropical fruits, especially bananas.

The demand for bananas is so great that it is practically unlimited. The magnitude of the banana industry is beyond human comprehension. Ten times as many bananas could be marketed here in the United States if the banana-growing companies would produce them.

A New Kind of Competition

The various steamship companies which buy bananas right on the plantation and bring them up (from Honduras and other banana-growing countries) are in competition with each other. Not in selling the fruit, but in buying it. This condition makes the banana-growing industry more and more profitable to banana growers.

Safety

We have a large plantation (the best banana land in the world) and are making a lot of money, and making it easily, and we are just as sure of our big profits from month to month as you are of your 3 per cent. or your 4 per cent. from your savings bank. Banks are all right if you are satisfied with a very small rate of interest. If, on the other hand, you want the largest possible income without risking your capital, it will pay you to investigate the banana business by a careful study of our prospectus.

What We Are Doing

In addition to our plantation, we have a large tract of unplanted banana land adjoining. We are planting this out of the profits from our banana acreage, but the tract is very large and all our available capital and all our profits for some time to come will not enable us to plant the whole tract.

We want to plant the whole tract without delay, because the larger the plantation the better the terms we can make with the steamship companies.

We want to make all of the money we can and make it as soon as we can.

What We Can Do For You

Therefore we make the extraordinary and liberal offer to plant some of this banana land for you—as much as you want if you apply at once—and let you pay us on small monthly instalments.

If we had the capital now to plant all of our land, you would not have a chance to invest a dollar in our business. We are not simply looking for an opportunity to divide up our large profits, but the best arrangement we can make for ourselves is one which creates a most extraordinary opportunity for a few outside investors.

A Life Income

It will pay you at once to write, or mail the coupon, and get our interesting and instructive pamphlet and look into the matter thoroughly. It is a wonderful chance to secure a life income.

The British Foreign Report No. 385 (and government reports are always conservative) gives the average income per acre as \$250. But we aim to be even more conservative. We figure only on the low average of \$100 per acre.

Based on this estimate:

\$10 a month for 20 months should net you, at least, \$8.50 per month for life.

\$20 a month for 20 months should net you, at least, \$17.00 per month for life.

\$50 a month for 20 months should net you, at least, \$42.50 per month for life.

\$100 a month for 20 months should net you, at least, \$85.00 per month for life.

After reading our prospectus you will wonder why most everybody doesn't go into the banana business—the most profitable business known.

The reason is that most people know little or nothing about it and they won't investigate anything so extraordinary with enough care to become convinced of the possibilities.

The vast majority of people will take it for granted that our offer is too good to be true, and they won't look into it at all. Those who do look into it will be the thrifty people, who are not going to be in poor circumstances or live on relatives in old age.

Don't Fail to Read the Free Booklet

The writer of this advertisement is actively engaged in the management of our Company. He knows exactly what he is talking about. He didn't condemn the enterprise because it looked too good to be true. He investigated it thoroughly before he offered any opinions. He knows that his FREE prospectus concerning the banana business in general and our plantation in particular will interest you. Write for it, or sign and mail the coupon now.

Co-operative Tropical Fruit Association

944 Real Estate Trust Building
Philadelphia

FREE

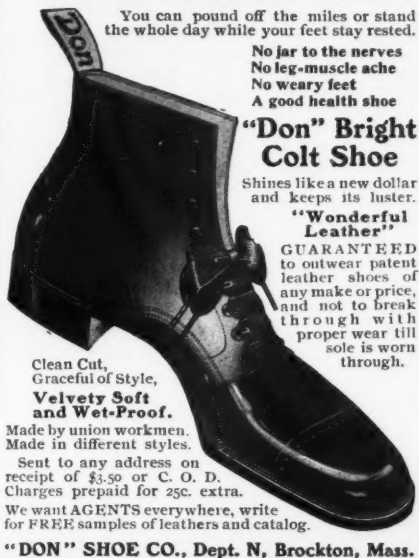
Co-operative Tropical Fruit Association,
944 Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia.

Send me the free illustrated pamphlet telling how to secure a life income of \$8.50 a month or more.

Name.....

Address.....

Swell "DON" \$3.50 Shoe With Solid Rubber Heels.



You can pound off the miles or stand the whole day while your feet stay rested.

No jar to the nerves
No leg-muscle ache
No weary feet
A good health shoe

**"Don" Bright
Colt Shoe**

Shines like a new dollar and keeps its luster.

**"Wonderful
Leather"**

GUARANTEED to outwear patent leather shoes of any make or price, and not to break through with proper wear till sole is worn through.

Clean Cut,
Graceful of Style,
**Velvety Soft
and Wet-Proof.**
Made by union workmen.
Made in different styles.

Sent to any address on receipt of \$3.50 or C. O. D. Charges prepaid for 25c. extra.

We want AGENTS everywhere, write for FREE samples of leathers and catalog.

"DON" SHOE CO., Dept. N, Brockton, Mass.



**Brighton
Silk Garter**

Holds on
Tenaciously
in an
Embrace of
Comfort

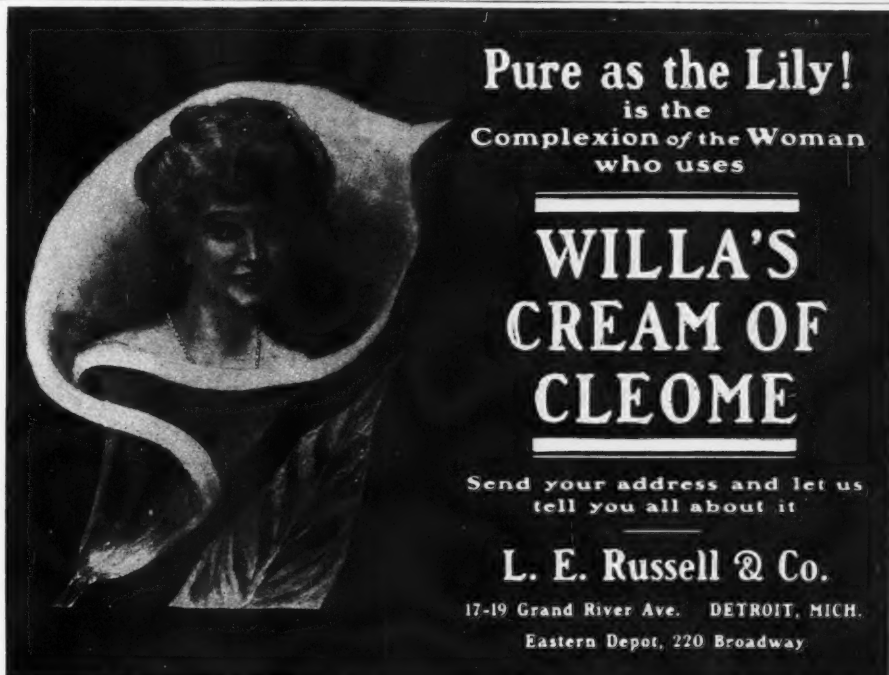
Clasps lie
FLAT Against
the Leg,
and Cannot
Chafe or Rub

**BRIGHTON
Silk Garter**

FOR MEN

Don't buy an inferior article. Look for the word **Brighton** on the clasps and on the box. Sold by dealers or by mail. Price 25 cents.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philada.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.



Pure as the Lily!
is the
Complexion of the Woman
who uses

**WILLA'S
CREAM OF
CLEOME**

Send your address and let us
tell you all about it

L. E. Russell & Co.
17-19 Grand River Ave. DETROIT, MICH.
Eastern Depot, 220 Broadway

Ivers & Pond Pianos.



Have you a little room in which you have wished it were possible to place a Grand Piano? We have enabled you to do so. For a quarter-century we have patiently experimented to reduce the size and price of Grand Pianos to adapt them to the limited space and purse of many music lovers. In the "Princess" we have at last produced a Grand that meets musically the requirements of the most exacting tone critic. This dainty, beautiful instrument charms all who hear and see it. The "Princess" has $7\frac{1}{2}$ octaves, overstrung scale, Capo d'Astro bar, agraffes, duplex scale, the true Grand action of the French-Swiss repeating model, and other features of concert-grand construction. May we send you our new catalogue fully describing this unique instrument

and containing accurate pictures of all our charming new styles? Ivers & Pond Pianos are constructed of the choicest materials by expert piano-makers. Their phenomenal durability and capacity for tune-staying are important considerations with careful purchasers.

HOW TO BUY. We can supply you with one of our Pianos though you may live in the most remote city or village in the United States. On request we will give you information of interest, and if no dealer sells the Ivers & Pond in your locality, quote prices and explain our Easy Pay Plan—12, 24 or 36 months to complete purchase. The piano will be carefully selected by experts, conscientiously following your preferences in every detail, and shipped subject to approval, to be returned if not entirely satisfactory. Write us.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO., 111 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Looking for an Easter Souvenir?

I have Fans for big folks and little folks, Favor Fans for children's entertainments, cotillions and dinners.

Serviceable, Lasting
and Acceptable
Gifts.

CARMELITA
FANS

487 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Send for my Illustrated Catalog
of Fans—Free!



When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"

20 ROSES

prepaid for
\$1.00

The roses we send will bloom freely this summer either in pots or planted in the yard. They are hardy ever-bloomers. We guarantee them to reach you in good growing condition. We also guarantee them to be the best dollar's worth of roses you ever purchased. Write to-day.

Souvenirs de Pierre Notting, orange yellow. *Souvenir de Elise* Varden, creamy white. *Madame Jean Dupuy*, light yellow rose. *Pierre Gullot*, deep crimson. *Mrs. H. H. Cant*, deep, rich red. *Rosamane Graven* aux (new), silvery pink. *Maurice Rouvier*, pink shaded buff. *Lady Mary Cory*, creamy yellow. *Luelole*, yellow flushed red. *Gladys Harkness*, the improved La France. *Aurora*, bright pink. *Killarney*, salmon pink. *Alliance Franco-Russie*, amber yellow. *Antoine Verdier*, glowing rose. *Ruby Gold*, yellow and crimson. *Bouquet of Gold*, golden yellow. *Hermosa*, everybody's favorite. *Ivory*, snowy white. *Bon Silence*, in bloom all the time. *Burbank*, beautiful flesh tint.

Remember, the above 20 roses mailed for \$1.00 anywhere in the world. Illustrated catalogue of all kinds of roses, plants, etc., free. Write for it to-day.

The Good & Reese Company
The Largest Rose Growers in the World,
Box C, Springfield, Ohio

DREER'S Garden Book

for 1905

—contains the largest and most complete list of seeds, plants, bulbs, etc. ever issued. Describes thousands of new, rare and standard varieties of Roses, Cannas, Chrysanthemums, Astors, Sweet Peas, Old-fashioned Hardy Plants, Vegetables, etc., etc., and gives expert directions for

Successful Flower and Vegetable Culture

written specially for Dreer's Garden Book. Making a great volume of 224 pages, profusely illustrated by photographic reproductions, with six full-page color plates painted from Nature.

Mailed free to old customers without request. Sent to anyone on receipt of ten cents in stamps or coin, which amount may be deducted from first order. Please mention this magazine.

HENRY A. DREER,
714 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



GIVEN TO YOU

Self-Lighting Pocket Lamp

Size of pencil. Takes place kerosene lamps, candles and matches. Exclusive territory to Agents. Rapid seller. Seeing's believing. Send Stamp.

PREMIER MFG. CO.,
Dept. 13. 82 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

AMERICAN BEAUTY

ROSES grown in your own garden if you have the Heller three-year-old hardy rose bushes. Our free art brochure "The American Beauty Rose," gives valuable information about rose culture—tells how you can have your own American Beauties six months in the year for the price of one florist's bouquet.

HELLER BROS., 931 Main St., New Castle, Ind.

Horsford's New Catalogue of Hardy Plants and Flower Seeds

is a dainty little book, a messenger of spring from the New England woods. It offers about a thousand kinds of hardy ornamentals suited to any cold climate where white folks live. It includes old fashioned flowers, hardy ferns, herbaceous plants, shrubs, trees, vines, a long list of lilies for out door culture, wild flowers and every thing for the perennial border or shady corner. You should see it before ordering because it offers what you want and prices are low for the quality of stock. Mailed for a 2c. stamp.

FRED'K H. HORSFORD, Charlotte, Vt.

COLDWELL

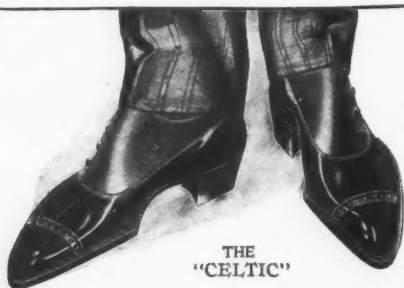
LAWN MOWERS

HAND · HORSE · MOTOR · ALL GRADES · ALL SIZES

On the parks of Greater New York are more than 600 Coldwell Horse and Hand Lawn Mowers that have been used constantly during the cutting season for the last seven years.

This speaks for itself

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER CO.,
11 Coldwell Street. NEWBURGH, N. Y.



THE
"CELTIC"

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

THE "CELTIC" BUTTON OXFORD

Some men still pay all the way from \$8.00 to \$15.00 for made-to-measure shoes. That means a waste of from \$3.00 to \$10.00 on every pair they buy. For \$5.00 you can get—Florsheim Shoes *made to your measure*—because unless your feet are abnormal in some respect, one of our 200 specially designed foot-form lasts is bound to conform perfectly to the shape of your foot. It's all a question of fit any way, because no matter how high a price you pay you can't get better leather, better workmanship and style than you get in Florsheim's for \$5.00. When you go below that price you can't get shoe satisfaction unless you're very easily satisfied.

If your feet are radically different from the average you'll be interested in this proposition:—

FREE Write for our new Style Book. Contains valuable advice to shoe buyers and explains why Florsheim's are the best. If you cannot get them at your dealer's, or have the least trouble in being fitted, send us your dealer's name and we will make a pair to your special measure.

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Be Your Own Boss!

MANY MAKE \$2,000.00 A YEAR. You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Enormous profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars. **C. KRUEGER CO., 155 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.**

I Turned Out \$301.27

worth of plating in 2 weeks, writes M. L. Smith of Pa. (used small outfit). Rev. Geo. F. Crawford writes, made \$7.00 first day. J. J. S. Mills, a farmer, writes, can easily make \$5.00 day plating. Thos. Parker, school teacher 21 years, writes, "I made \$9.50 profit one day, \$9.35 another." Plating Business easily learned. **We Teach You Free—No Experience Required.** Everybody has tableware, watches, jewelry and metal goods to be plated with Gold, Silver, Nickel and Metal plating. **Heavy Plate**—latest process. No toy or bumbag. Outfits all sizes. Everything guaranteed. **LET US START YOU.**

Write today for Catalogue, Agency and Offer. Address, **F. Gray & Co., Plating Works, Cincinnati, O.**

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan."

16
D. & C.
Roses
\$1.00

For nearly 80 years we have made Roses growing a specialty. With seventy greenhouses and a stock of over a million plants, we may fairly claim to be the **LEADING ROSE GROWERS OF AMERICA**. Once a year we make this special offer of our great Trial Collection of **16 D. & C. Roses for \$1.00**, sent by mail prepaid to any post office in the U. S. Satisfaction and safe arrival guaranteed. Each variety labeled. Superb, strong plants, hardy, ever-blooming kinds; no two alike. All on their own roots. Will bloom continuously this year. The collection includes two great new Roses, **White Mounsevochet**, a superb, new, hardy, ever-blooming Rose, and **Keystone**, our sensational, new, hardy, ever-blooming, yellow climbing Rose. Mention this paper when ordering, and we will send you a return check for 25 cents, accepted as cash on a future order. We will send free with every order, to all who write for it, whether ordering or not, the 36th annual edition of our

New Guide to Rose Culture
for 1905.—The Leading Rose Catalogue of America. 114 pages. Tells how to grow, and describes our famous Roses and all other flowers worth growing. Offers a complete list of flower and vegetable seeds. Ask for it to-day.

THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., West Grove, Pa.
70 Greenhouses. Established 1856.

STRAIGHT LEGS



If yours are not so, they will appear straight and trim if you wear our Pneumatic or Cushion Rubber Forms. Adjusted instantly, impossible to detect, easy as a garter. Highly recommended by army and navy officers, actors, tailors, physicians and men of fashion. Photo-illustrated book, testimonials and measurement blank mailed free under plain letter seal.



THE ALISON CO., Desk DC, Buffalo, N. Y.

EUROPE *Goldmark's Way*
New S.S. CALEDONIA, 9,400 tons. Specially Chartered. July 1st. \$245 up. Exceptional advantages. Many other Tours. Write us.
FRANK C. CLARK, 118 Broadway, New York.

NEW INVENTION.

Write for new booklet, Special Offer this month. Our new Quaker Folding Vapor Bath Cabinets, finest produced. Everybody delighted. Enjoy at home for 25 cents all the marvelous cleansing, invigorating, curative effects of the famous Turkish Baths. Opens the 5,000,000 skin pores, purifies the entire system. Beats Hot Springs. Prevents disease. Saves Dr. bills. Cured thousands. Nature's drugless remedy for colds, grip, rheumatism, aches, pains, blood and skin diseases, Kidney trouble, children's diseases and female ills. Guaranteed. Sent on 30 days' trial. \$100.00 to \$300.00 a month, salesmen, managers, general agents. 100 per cent profit. Address,

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The Mark That Multiplies Your Salary

When an institution with a working equipment valued at \$5,000,000 and a reputation of 13 years' continued success offers to show you *without charge* how to **multiply your salary**, either by advancing in your present work or by changing to a more lucrative occupation offering greater opportunities for your natural talents, isn't the offer worthy of your consideration?

When this institution further offers to give you the names and addresses of **a thousand and one** who as the direct result of investigating this offer have either secured lucrative positions or are managing enterprises *of their own*, isn't it worth the time it takes to ask how **you** can do likewise?

When this institution places before you a selected list of the most profitable and promising occupations, and invites you, without further obligations on your part, to indicate the position you would like to have by simply making

A MARK LIKE THIS X

doesn't your curiosity, if *not* your ambition, make it impossible for you to allow the opportunity to go by?

Study the List—Mark the position you desire—Cut out the Coupon and mail it to us.

International Correspondence Schools,

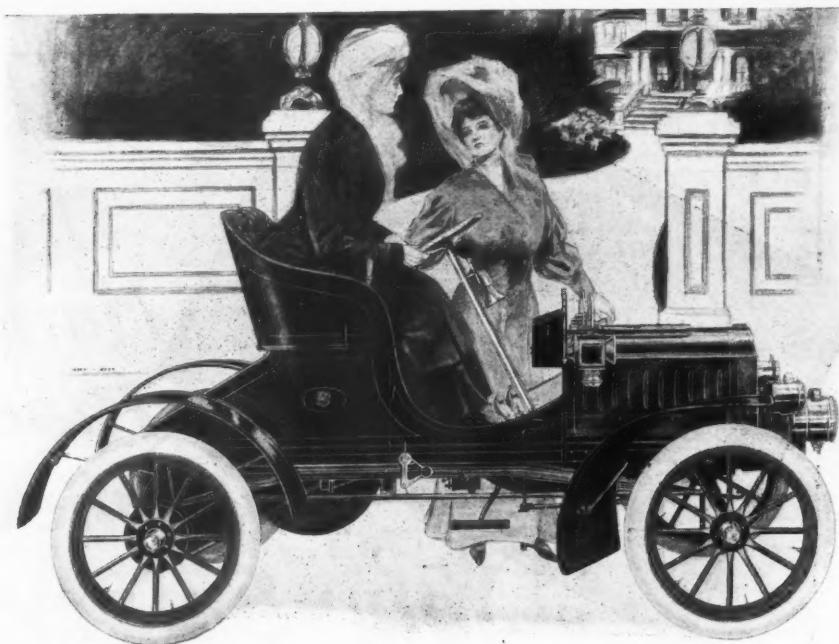
Box 841 SCRANTON, PA.

Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Mechan. Draughtsman
Ornamental Designer
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
French } with Edison
Spanish } Phonograph

Electrician
Elec. Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
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Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____



Makes everyone your neighbor—the

OLDSMOBILE

has endeared itself to the feminine heart just as it has established itself in the business world, by the universality of its merit. Its ease of control and freedom from getting out of order make every woman its friend. John Lothrop Motley said, "Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessities"—the *Oldsmobile* is both.

Our line of light cars is the most complete ever built. Satisfactory to your ideas of style, your requirements for comfort, and to your pocketbook.

Oldsmobile Standard Runabout, \$650	Oldsmobile Touring Car, . . \$1400
Oldsmobile Touring Runabout, \$750	Oldsmobile Light Delivery Car, \$1000
Oldsmobile Light Tonneau Car, \$950	Oldsmobile Heavy Delivery Car, \$2000

All prices f. o. b. factory.

Detailed specifications of any of these cars sent on request.

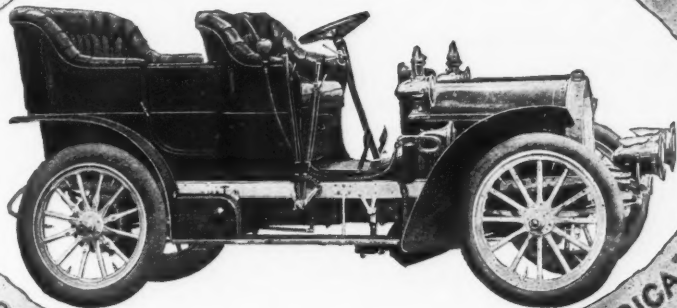
Send 10c. for six months' trial subscription to *Motor Talk*, a magazine devoted to automobile interests. Address Dept. N.

Olds Motor Works, Detroit, U. S. A.

Member of Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

Drawing by Henry Hutt.
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"EASILY THE BEST BUILT CAR IN AMERICA"

Locomobile Gasolene Cars

are not only equal in all respects to the best foreign cars, but are a *great deal better for American roads*. There are many reasons for the superiority of LOCOMOBILE Cars, but little room here to state them. What we want you to do is to send for our catalogue. It is not a rambling mass of generalizations but a book of facts and figures. Our catalogue tells you *why* the LOCOMOBILE is better than any other car in the world. Mailed free.

1905 MODELS. ALL 4-CYLINDER SIDE-ENTRANCE CARS.

15-20 H. P. Price, \$2,800.	20-25 H. P. Price, \$3,700.	30-35 H. P. Price, \$5,000.	40-45 H. P. Price, \$7,500.
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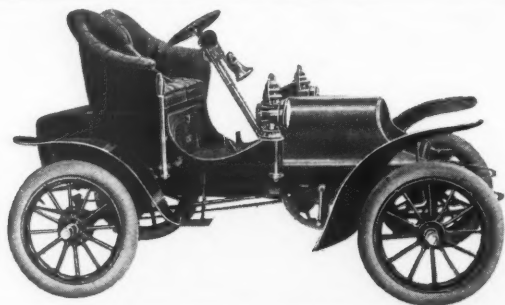
The *Locomobile* Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

NEW YORK, Broadway and 76th St.
PHILADELPHIA, 249 N Broad St.

Member Association of Licensed
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BOSTON, 15 Berkeley St.
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The charm of motoring in a *Franklin* is due to its enormous power, its lightness and ease of control.

Water-cooled cars have been developed to a high degree of excellence—especially since they have followed the lead of the *Franklin* in adopting four cylinders. But so long as they are hampered by their heavy and cumbersome water apparatus, and their power is exhausted through great weight and wasteful application, they cannot attain that spirited and bird-like buoyancy that is found in every *Franklin* car.

Runabout
Light Tonneau

20 H. P. Touring-car
30 H. P. Touring-car

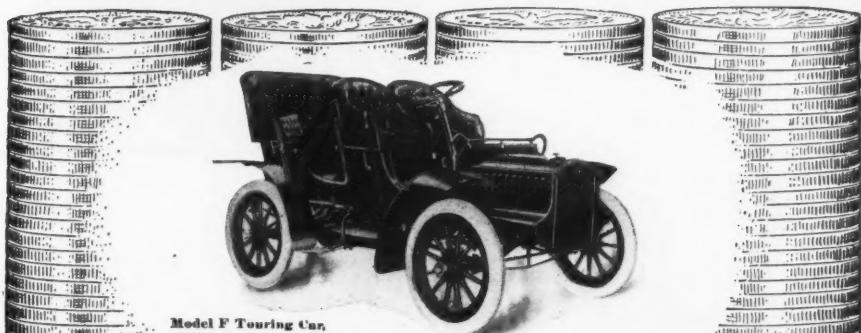
Send for catalogue and booklet which tells of the *Franklin's* record run from San Francisco to New York. Both books are read from cover to cover.

H. H. FRANKLIN MFG. CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



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Model F Touring Car,
\$950, f.o.b. Detroit.

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Among all
automobiles the

Cadillac stands pre-eminent for its
low cost of maintenance. Simple, durable, common-
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Because of simplicity of power-development and efficiency of trans-
mission there is practically no energy lost in the Cadillac—a feature which
alone reduces by a big percentage the cost of fuel, lubrication, etc.

The Cadillac mechanism is designed with a view to making it virtually *trouble-proof*,
with the result that the liability of damaging the motor or its connections through a
mistake in manipulation is reduced to a minimum. Absolute control at all times and
under all conditions is maintained more easily—*with fewer things to think of*—in the
Cadillac than in any other machine. This means that the Cadillac is the safest, the most
reliable and most easily operated of all motor cars. The new medium-power touring car
shown above is in every detail a notable example of art and skill in automobile building.
The many features of beauty, efficiency and appointment which characterize it are found
also in the other Cadillac models.

Model F—Side-Entrance Touring Car, shown above, \$950.

Model B—Touring Car, with detachable tonneau, \$900.

Model E—Light, stylish, powerful Runabout, divided seat, \$750.

Model D—Four-Cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car, \$2,800.

All prices f.o.b. Detroit.

Write for Catalog F, and address of nearest dealer, where you can see and try a Cadillac.

CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

The BIG FOUR of the



The Popularity of Our Cars

has created a demand for a complete line of Ford Models from which every user's individual requirements can be satisfied.

Model C, \$950
Removable rear entrance tonneau, double opposed motor.

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Side entrance tonneau, 4-cylinder vertical motor.



Detailed description of these models together with our new catalogue, describing unique Ford features will be sent on request

Ford Motor Co.
Detroit, Mich.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES
STEREOPTICONS

You Can Make BIG MONEY
Entertaining the Public.
Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE!
comprising the regular theatre and lecture circuit, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue and special offer fully explains everything. **Sent Free.**
CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 226 Dearborn St., Dept. 131, Chicago

WE PAY POST-AGE

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the **PENN MUTUAL LIFE**, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

16 FOOT LAUNCH
COMPLETE WITH ENGINE \$96

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SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG
ALL BOATS FITTED WITH WATER TIGHT COMPARTMENTS
CAN NOT SINK.
WE CARRY A FULL LINE OF BOATS READY TO SHIP.
MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., DETROIT, MICH.

LOCKE ADDER

\$5 \$10
Now Everybody Can Have an Adding Machine! Rapid, Simple, Handy, Practical, Durable. Capacity 999,999,999.
SOCKET FREE AGENTS WANTED
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IMPORTED

Will outwear 2 or 3 sets of American tires.
The cause—more experience—better quality of rubber and fabric. Send for valuable booklet No. 7.

THE CONTINENTAL CAOUTCHOUC CO., 298 Broadway, New York
When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"

THE COSMOPOLITAN

FORD LINE



Model F, \$1,200

is a larger and more powerful car than Model C, has the popular Ford double-posed motor, divided front seat, double side entrance tonneau.

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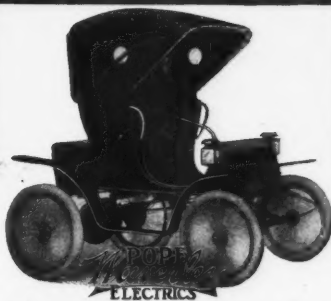


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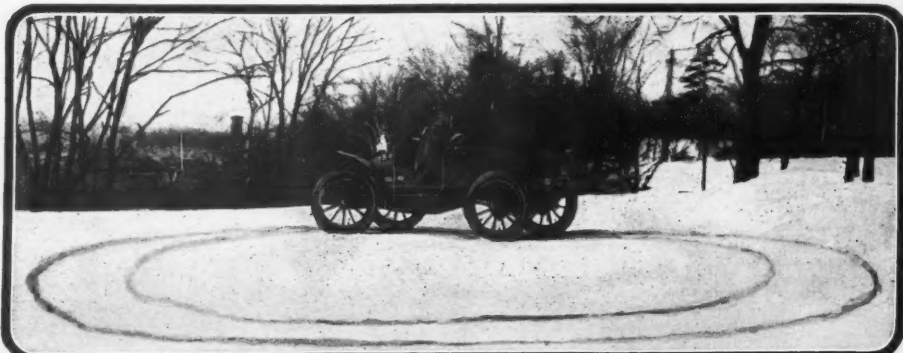
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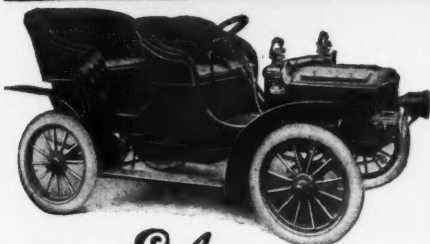
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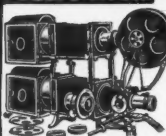
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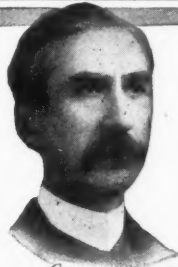
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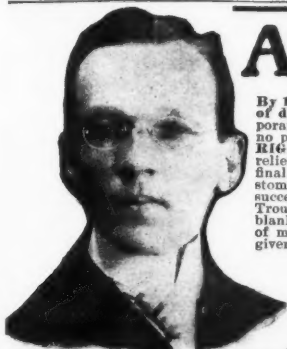
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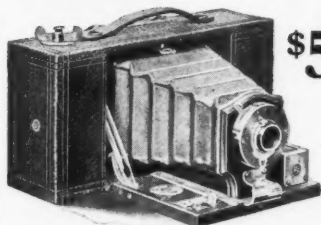
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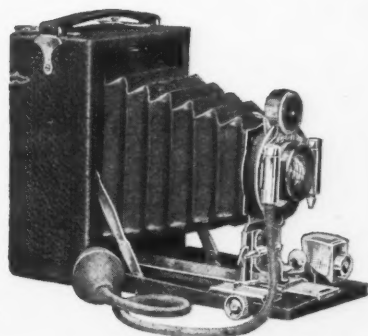
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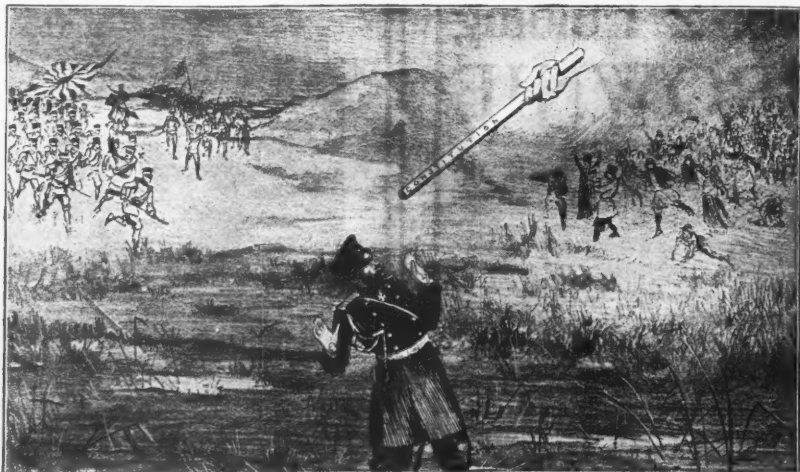
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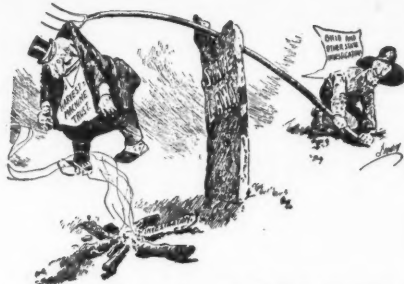
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From the Ohio State Journal



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From the New York Evening Mail. Copyright, 1905, by the Mail and Express Co.




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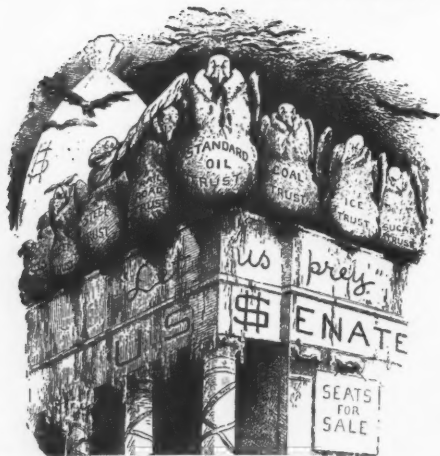
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From Collier's Weekly, Copyright, 1905, P. F. Collier & Son



"MOVE ON!"
From the New York World



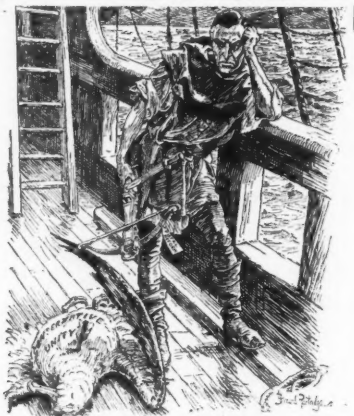
A TALL ORDER
French Financier (measuring Russian Giant for a new suit): "Always happy to give credit to an old customer—but forty millions round the war chest does cut into a lot of material!"
(Russia is applying to France for a fresh loan of forty millions)
From Punch, of London



POOR DELAWARE!
Can nothing be done to rid her of him?
From the Baltimore News



THE ANXIOUS-ARIA (SOLO BY DE WITTE)
"My dear Russian people, how I love to make them happy!"
From Lustige Blätter, of Berlin



THE POLITICAL ANCIENT MARINER
"God save thee, Ancient Mariner, From the fiends that plague thee thus! Why look'st thou so?"—"With my crossbow I shot the albatross!"
—Coleridge's Rime of the Ancient Mariner
From Punch, of London

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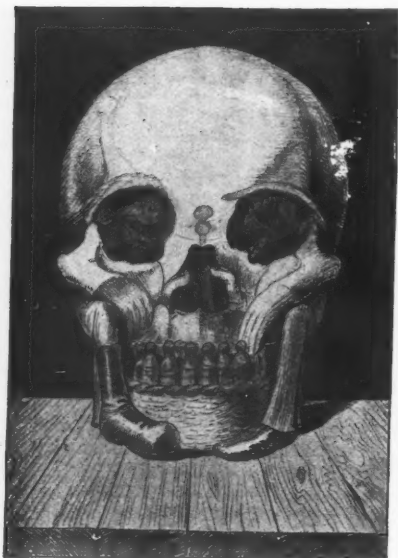
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The present situation in St. Petersburg
(To be looked at close and at a distance)
From Kikeriki, of Vienna



"UNCLE JOE" WANTS A LOOK INSIDE
From the New York Evening Mail. Copyright, 1905, by the
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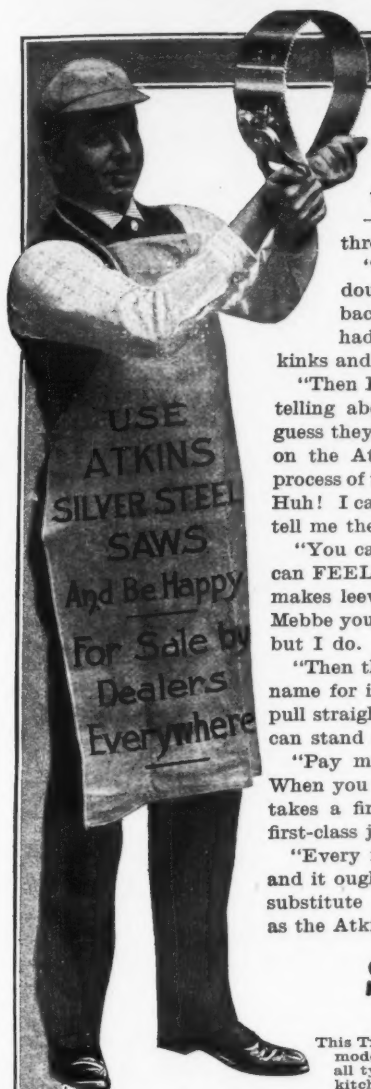
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see how things stand"
From Nebelspatter, of Zurich



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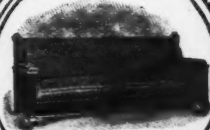
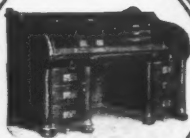
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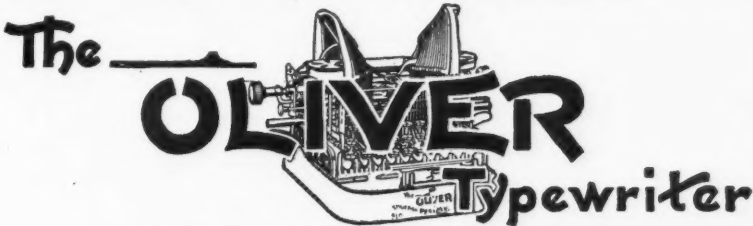
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We make over 200 styles of globes and reflectors. The globe shown above is No. 4401 for open gas jet. Price, 95c, prepaid. Holophane globes are sold by all leading dealers in gas and electric light fixtures.

HOLOPHANE GLASS CO.,

910 Glackner Bldg., New York, N. Y.

J. S. GODMAN & CO.,

220 Devonshire St., Boston.

BAKTER LIGHTING CO.,

121 N. 18th St., Philadelphia.

This trade mark in blue appears on every genuine Holophane Globe and Reflector.

Dykema Cement Stone Houses



need no repairs or paint, and considering maintenance, cost less than wood.

Dykema Cement Stone absorb no moisture—never discolor and excel natural stone in beauty.

Dykema Cement House Plans represent special knowledge in cement construction. Big Book of plans beautifully illustrated is sent for 25 cents coin and 8 cents stamps.

Dykema Cement Stone Manufacture, by the wet process, is worth investigation. We help get the business. BOOKLET V 45 SENT FREE.

K. DYKEMA & SON,

1745 Pearl Street,

Grand Rapids, Mich.

SAVE HALF YOUR CIGAR MONEY



Turning Our Backs On Well-Beaten Paths.

Years ago this advertisement appeared in these pages—the Pioneer advertisement of the "Pioneers." Did you ever see any Factory-to-Smoker advertisement before it? Our announcement then was

"Your Cigars Free For a Year"

and what we said then we repeat now—

"What you ordinarily spend at retail for cigars would, if spent with us, furnish you with another year's smoking FREE. The same value cigars for half money; twice as good for the same money; two years' smoking for the price of one."

We have had no reason to modify this statement or the proposition that has made our success.

Every cigar guaranteed to suit or

YOUR MONEY BACK

In full. Your satisfaction and saving positively made secure.

Send us \$1.00 and we will send an assorted box of 25 cigars, showing (15) 10-cent and 2-for-25c values, (10) 5-cent values. Or, tell us what you ordinarily pay for your smokes, if Clear Havana or Domestic, and we will send you a full two dollars' worth of cigars at retailers' values that will best show you how well we will "save half your cigar money." If you don't think so, we will send your dollar back.

Our beautiful catalogue, "Rolled Beveries," goes with every order.

Transportation Always Paid By Us.

Try cigars from the cleanest of factories to-day.

JOHN B. ROGERS & CO., "THE PIONEERS," 206 Jarvis St., Binghamton, N. Y.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"

PIERCE MOTOR BOATS

"Always Dependable"

Guaranteed absolutely safe, seeworthy, speedy and comfortable. Elegantly built on graceful lines. Equipped with Pierce Noiseless Motor, Jump Spark Igniter. Inside reverse, solid propeller.

This 18 foot, 2 H. P. Pierce Motor Boat, complete as illustrated, price \$225. Not rigged \$200. It will pay you to investigate this remarkable offer. We build boats to order and can save you money on almost any model.

Write for new illustrated catalogue and our Special One Week FREE Trial Offer.

PIERCE ENGINE COMPANY,
2204 Clark Street, - - Racine, Wis.

*Siegel-Cooper Co., New York City,
Eastern Representatives.*



How to Hire Salesmen

Many a horse has pulled a plow that could have been a Lou Dillon, with training. Every excellent thing is a combination of culture and material. Teaching tells in all other lines, why not in salesmanship? Employers want salesmen who can make good. Guess work is expensive. We are teaching employers how to hire salesmen and get the best results by test. We are teaching salesmen on the road and in the house how to build up trade by tearing down awkwardness and wastefulness. Time costs money and false moves defeat strong men. We can prove it. Write for free book, 48 pages on Scientific Salesmanship.

THE SHELTON SCHOOL, CHICAGO
1154 McClurg Building

Always in the "Weigh"

American Family Scale
SIMPLEST AND TRUEST
It's Just Right and Stays Right
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS
LOOK FOR THE NAME.
MADE BY
AMERICAN CUTLERY CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Now Is Boat Ordering Time

Truscott
1905
BOATS

are not ordinary boats in quality or appearance. You can tell a Truscott—you can trust one. Won the GRAND PRIZE at St. Louis—the first and only Grand Prize awarded makers of small boats or engines at any exposition, anywhere. Complete catalog shows why. Sent for five stamps. Our quarterly "The Launch" is free.

TRUSCOTT BOAT MFG. CO., Dept. 411 St. Joseph, Michigan

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"



Mullins Stamped Steel Boats Can't Sink

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

Staunchly built of strong, rigid steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a life boat—buoyant—strong safe—speedy. They don't leak, crack, dry out, wear out or sink.

Mullins Steel Motor Boats are elegantly equipped, full fledged, torpedo stern launches—not row boats with motors in them.

Motor Boats, 16 foot, 1½ h. p. \$135; 18 foot, 3 h. p. \$240. Row Boats, \$20 up.

All boats are sold direct and every boat is fully guaranteed.

Every Boatman Should Send For 1905 Catalogue

which shows all our new models and many innovations in boat building.

The W. H. Mullins Co. (The Steel Boat Builders) 102 Franklin St., Salem, O.

Member National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers.



Desirable Spring Trips

of two to five days' duration are offered by the

OLD DOMINION LINE

TO

**Norfolk,
Old Point Comfort,
Virginia Beach,
Richmond, Va.**

AND

Washington, D. C.

Steamers sail daily, except Sunday, at 3 P. M. from Pier 26, North River, foot of Beach Street, New York.

For full information apply to

OLD DOMINION STEAMSHIP CO.

81 Beach Street, New York, N. Y.

H. B. WALKER,
V. P. & T. M.

J. J. BROWN,
G. P. A.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"

Spring's Promise

is a rich one for the man who
goes to

California

Rich land can be had where the warm sun-
shine makes everything grow. Visit the
West this Spring on the low

COLONIST RATES

In Effect Daily to May 10, 1905

\$42.50 \$50.00 \$60.00

FROM NEW YORK

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

**ELEGANT PASSENGER STEAMERS
NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS**

THENCE RAIL THROUGH

**LOUISIANA, TEXAS, NEW MEXICO,
ARIZONA**

INQUIRE

BOSTON, 170 Washington Street | PHILADELPHIA, 622 Chestnut Street
NEW YORK, 349 Broadway | BALTIMORE, Piper Bldg., Baltimore Street
SYRACUSE, 129 So. Franklin Street

Preserve and Beautify Your Shingles

by staining them with

Cabot's Shingle Stains



Clark & Russell, Architects, Boston

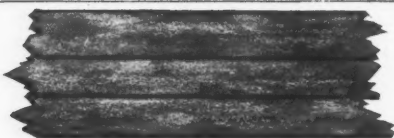
They are made of Creosote [the best wood preservative known], pure linseed oil, and the best pigments, and give soft, velvety coloring effects (moss-greens, bark-browns, silver-grays, etc.) that look better and wear better than any others. 50% cheaper than paint.

Send for stained wood samples and catalogue

SAMUEL CABOT, Sole Manufacturer
8 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.

Agents at all Central Points

Cabot's Sheathing "Quilt" makes warm houses



The Paint is Dead when the Oil is gone.



A Long-Lived Paint is made of Oil-Protecting Pigments.

When Is Paint Dead?

"Linseed Oil is the life of paint." When the oil departs, the paint is dead. Dead paint—a lustreless, dry, chalky coating—has no protective qualities, and disintegrates rapidly because the pigments have no cohesive attraction after the departure of the oil.

But the oil must be pure, and nothing should be added to the paint that will injure the oil and shorten its life. White Lead, used alone, "burns up" the oil, and the addition of an alkali, to unite the oil and water used in some paints, is equally disastrous. Paint containing water is, therefore, not good paint.

PATTON PAINT COMPANY, 211 Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis.

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO., General Distributors.

PATTON'S SUN-PROOF PAINTS

Patton's Sun-Proof paints are long-lived because they are made of the right materials—

Zinc, Lead and Silica, Linseed Oil and

Turpentine driers—in the right proportions, ground again and again

by powerful machinery. Paints lacking any of these materials,

or hand-mixed paints (a mere paddling together of the pigments and liquids), are short-lived—they chalk, crack, peel

and blister, and, besides, lack beauty and covering capacity.

Our booklet, "Paint Queries," contains interesting information about paints, their colors and when and how to use them. Write for it.

PATTON PAINT COMPANY, 211 Lake St., Milwaukee, Wis. Eastern Factory, Newark, N. J.

Send for 80-p Free List and "How to Use a Razor"



48c.



Look at our assortment and our record, and you must then feel your duty is clear. If not, tell us why?

We deal direct with consumers and warrant every blade hand-forged razor steel. This is "Chauncey Depew's Pet," has three blades (one is a file).

Handle is choicest selected pearl; German silver back and ends. Price, in chamois case, \$1.50, postpaid. Same knife, 2 blade, \$1; plainer finish, 3 blade, same quality, \$1; smaller, 2 blade, for lady, \$1; plainer finish, 75 cents. Razor steel jack-knife, 2 blades, price 75 cents, but 48 cents for a while; 5 for \$2. This knife and 80c. Shears for \$1. Boy's 2 blade, with 18-inch chain, 50c.; girl's 2 blade, Ivory, 50c.

MAHER & GROSH CO.
77 A Street, Toledo, Ohio.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"

PURE WHITE LEAD

Facts about House Paint

When you get estimates on painting your house this Spring, *insist* upon every painter figuring on the use of strictly *Pure White Lead*. This will put them all on an even footing and will insure your getting best possible results, if you employ a good workman.

It will pay you to go even farther than this and to name the brand of White Lead to be used. In these days of adulteration, it is not safe to assume that White Lead is *pure* because the label or brand says so.

For the benefit of those people who do not know what brands of White Lead are *pure*, we have printed a booklet "What Paint and Why." It tells why *Pure White Lead* is the Best Paint and names the brands that are purest and best. This is valuable information for every house-owner, because while all White Leads sell at practically the same price, there is great difference in the value of different brands.

We will send this booklet, free, to anyone who will ask any of our offices for it. Architects and painters are invited to send names of customers interested in house-painting. "What Paint and Why" will be valuable to them.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

Largest manufacturers of White Lead in the world.

New York Boston Buffalo Cleveland Chicago Cincinnati St. Louis

NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"

NO "POT LUCK"

When you
Cook with
"WEAREVER"

ALUMINUM WARE

NO hap-hazard results in the cooking; no metallic poisoning from copper, brass or plated ware; no enamel to peel off in spots and burn the food just as it's done to a turn.

Aluminum Ware

does not corrode nor become rusty. It is as near indestructible as anything in regular daily use can be.


¶ Send 25c and we will forward, carriage paid, a 1-pint sauce pan, made of our Wearever Aluminum, for you to try.

¶ It is susceptible of a very high polish, and utensils made of this metal in sufficient weight to insure the proper degree of strength last a lifetime. It is no unusual thing, nowadays, to see bright, shining cooking pans in some kitchens that look as if they had been bought the day before, but have been in regular daily service eight years. The same thing in other wares would—well, you know just about how they would look if, indeed, they were to be found at all about the place.

¶ The idea that Aluminum, being one of the newer metals, is at first costly, has dissuaded many thrifty housewives from considering it as practicable in their kitchen equipment. But, Aluminum Ware is not expensive—not even at the first cost. And when the length of time it lasts is considered—and clean, sanitary all the time—it is by far the cheapest ware one can use in cooking.

¶ Even heat is necessary to perfect cookery. Aluminum so absorbs and holds heat that it produces even heat, and hence the best results in the cooking of foods that contain milk and eggs. It regulates the temperature of the cookery and the "temper" of the cook.

¶ Don't trust to "pot luck," but be sure of your dinner by using Aluminum Ware—always.

WEAREVER

TRADE MARK

ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO.
Box P, Pittsburg, Pa.



**A Comfort
In Every
Home.**

Hartshorn Shade Rollers

The standard of the world.
Strongest, simplest, easiest running;
perfect automatic action.
When you buy the "Improved" no tacks are required.

See that the script signature of
Stewart Hartshorn is on the
label attached to every roller.

That is for your protection.

Reduced Rates on Household goods to or from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. Write
Beekins Household Shipping Co. 95 B Washington St. Chicago

WONDERFUL STOVE—BIG MONEY

BURNS 90¢ AIR-ONLY 10¢ OIL-GAS.
2400 sold one month. Customers delighted with Harrison Valveless Oil-gas Stove. Splendid for cooking; also heating rooms, stores, offices, etc., with Radiator Attachment. No wick, dirt, or ashes—no coal bills or drudgery—cheap, safe fuel, 15c to 30c a week should furnish fuel-gas for cooking for small family. Easily operated—absolutely safe—all sizes, \$3 and up. Write—Catalog FREE and Special Prices. AGENTS WANTED—\$40 Weekly. Call in or address

WORLD MFG. CO., 5790 World Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



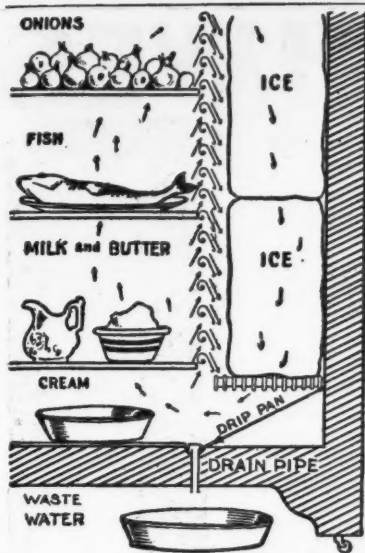
THIS FULL SIZE ROCKER ONLY \$14.45

SENT ON APPROVAL.
Let us send you this chair with this understanding: that it is full size, with selected solid oak frame, guaranteed steel construction same as adopted by U. S. Government; deeply tufted (like illustration) and covered with Genuine "Fabrifold," which for both wear and appearance comes nearest to full leather. If not exactly as represented you need not pay for it, but return at our expense. Write to-day for our new catalog, describing and illustrating over 4,000 articles in the house-furnishing line.

STEWART BROS.
545 N. High St., Columbus, O.



STEWART'S
EVERGOOD
FURNITURE



Interesting Experiment With a BOHN Syphon Refrigerator

Q. A refrigerator preserves food by retarding decay.

Q. If you freeze food solid you can keep it indefinitely, so it naturally follows that the colder the circulation of air in your refrigerator the longer and better you can keep your provisions.

Q. When you consider that fact, don't forget that the Bohn Syphon Refrigerator maintains a temperature of 38 to 42 degrees while others, consuming more ice, secure a temperature of only 52 to 60 degrees.

Q. To preserve food we must not only have as low a temperature as possible, but a strong circulation of air, and here is another point of Bohn Syphon superiority, because the air current is stronger than in any other refrigerator.

Q. To prove that Bohn Syphon Refrigerators prevent communication of odors and that they furnish only pure, dry air to the provision chamber we arrange things as in the picture.

Q. The onions and the fish will not taint the milk, the cream or the butter; so this proves the first part of the claim.

Q. The current of cold air rushing up through the provision chamber carries off all odors and gases from the food, and when it comes in contact with the ice the air is deodorized and purified, the moisture removed by condensation and precipitated to the drain pipe and out into the waste water.

Q. Now—if you taste the waste water, you will detect the taint of onions, and this proves the second part of our claim.

Q. Bohn Syphon Refrigerators are all lined with the finest white enamel, or with opalite glass.

SENT FREIGHT PREPAID (Returnable)

anywhere in the United States, if not for sale by your dealer. Returnable at our expense and money back if not fully satisfactory after ten days' trial.

Q. 56-Page Catalog full of valuable information, with photographic reproductions—**FREE**. Write for it.

Q. We have extra sizes and build to order for cars, steamships, yachts, hotels, etc.

WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.

12 East 6th Street. :: ST. PAUL. MINN.

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators received the Highest Award at the St. Louis Exposition.

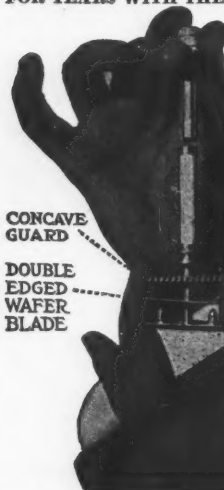
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THE COSMOPOLITAN

MORE THAN 400 SHAVES WITHOUT STROPPING AT LESS THAN ¼ CENT A SHAVE

THINK WHAT THIS MEANT TO THE MAN WHO TORTURED HIMSELF FOR YEARS WITH THE OLD STYLE RAZORS BEFORE HE WROTE US.



CONCAVE GUARD

DOUBLE EDGED WAFAER BLADE

The Secret is in the wafer-blades, double-edged, and tempered in a manner not possible with the forged blade used in ordinary and other safety razors. Every blade—ground with diamond dust—will give an average of 10 to 40 perfect velvet shaves, according to the beard, without bother of stropping devices. **Twelve of these double-edged blades go with each set.** We uniformly exchange one new blade for two old blades returned. This plan of repeated exchange is equivalent to twenty-two blades with every outfit. After these are all used, new ones, by this exchange plan, cost you less than 5 cents each.

The razor as shown is separated into its three solid parts with the blade ready to be clamped into position for shaving.

Note the concave effect of the double-edged wafer blade when ready to shave and compare this one feature with any other razor. Whole outfit sent in velvet-lined case.

Now Let The Gillette Prove Itself to You

every day for a month on our 30 day free trial plan. Most dealers make this offer; if yours don't we will. Then, if for any reason you'd rather have your money than the razor, return the razor. Your money back and welcome.

Awarded Gold Medal for MERIT At St. Louis Exposition, 1904.

Ask your dealer for the Gillette Safety Razor. If he doesn't sell it he can procure it for you. At any rate, write for our interesting booklet. Mailed free.

The Gillette Sales Company.

1605 Manhattan Bldg.

Chicago, Ill.

References: Continental National Bank, Chicago, or any one of our 168,141 satisfied users to January 1, 1905, our first year in the market.



ACTUAL SIZE

TRIPLE SILVER PLATE

Horse Goods Buyers' Guide Free

Our Blue Book of horse goods for 1905, being our 28th edition, is now ready. It shows the most complete line of fine harness for pleasure driving, turf goods and other stable supplies in America, and describes many hundreds of articles of the latest correct style. It is a large book of 300 pages and we send it by express, prepaid, only to prospective buyers.

Reliable Harness

We handle reliable work only and operate the largest and best equipped fine horse goods factory in this country. We are the only manufacturers offering such goods direct at low popular prices. The large volume of our business warrants us in selling

20 to 40% Below Retail

Every article sent subject to inspection and satisfaction guaranteed. Here are sample prices:

\$25.00 Buggy Harness, \$17.00
\$35.00 Buggy Harness, \$24.75
\$50.00 Buggy Harness, \$32.00

All other goods in proportion. If you are in the market for horse goods send for our Blue Book, mentioning this magazine.

TUTTLE & CLARK

171-185 Jefferson Ave., - Detroit, Mich.



I AM

RUSSELL E. GARDNER

THE "BUGGY KING" ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

BANNER BUGGIES BEAT THE WORLD

Ask your dealer for a Banner Buggy, Runabout, Surrey or Harness.



If he doesn't handle them write me before buying. I manufacture more buggies than any other man in the world and can save you money.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"

JAP-A-LAC

WEARS LIKE IRON

What Jap-a-Lac Will Do

We are trying to show you in this present advertisement exactly what JAP-A-LAC will do, and we have illustrated a few of the many uses to which it can be put.

In every house in America there is some painted thing that would be improved by a coat of JAP-A-LAC.

It will rejuvenate floors, weather-beaten front doors, chairs, old carriages, metal work, radiators, porch furniture, oilcloth, refrigerators, chandeliers, andirons or anything and everything that needs freshening, and you will never believe until you try it just how complete the rejuvenation is.

Most of the JAP-A-LAC that is used is used by women. An intelligent child ten years old will have no trouble with it, and will take pleasure and gain knowledge in using it.

The old table, or chair, or desk, or bookcase that you think is fit only for kindling because the varnish is scuffed or because the color is not to your liking, can be brought back practically to its original new value with 25 cents' worth of JAP-A-LAC.

A simple description of JAP-A-LAC is, that it is a stain and a varnish combined, and its uses exist from the cellar to the attic of every house in America.

The colors of JAP-A-LAC are twelve:

WALNUT,	OAK,	MAHOGANY,
CHERRY,	MALACHITE GREEN,	BLUE,
OX-BLOOD,	DEAD BLACK,	BRIGHT BLACK,
FLAT WHITE,	GLOSS WHITE,	GROUND.

Besides these there is Natural or Clear JAP-A-LAC.

We want you to know JAP-A-LAC as it really is. For you will never perfectly appreciate it until you have actually put a brush in a can of JAP-A-LAC, and with your own hands transformed some old floor or old piece of furniture.

We will gladly give you a full-size quarter-pint can if you will pay the cost of mailing. Send us ten cents, and the name of your dealer, and we will mail free, to any point in the United States, a sample can of any color you select.

Upon request, we will gladly send an interesting booklet about JAP-A-LAC, and a color card showing the different shades.

To expedite reply, please address:

The Glidden Varnish Company

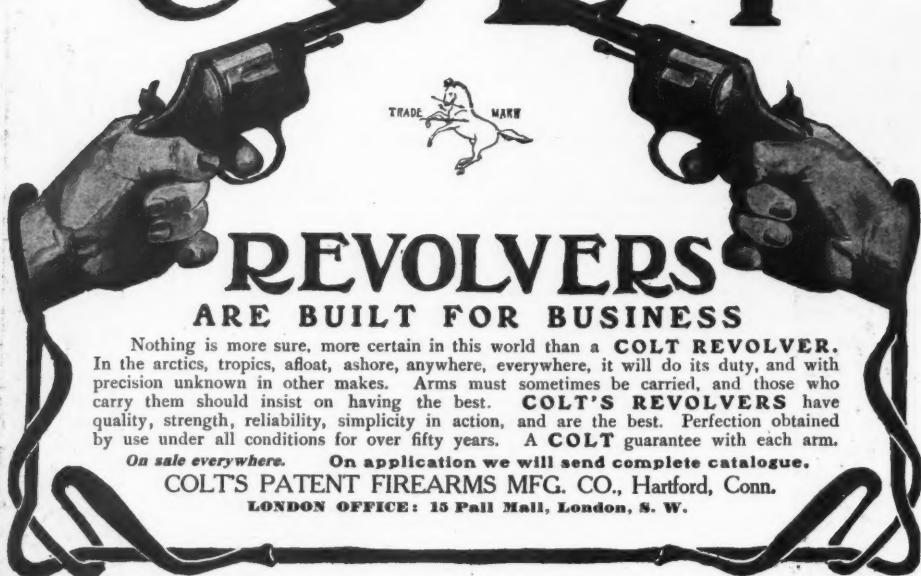
MAKERS OF
HIGH-GRADE
VARNISHES FOR
ALL PURPOSES.

Dept. C,
1039 Williamson Bldg.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"

THE COSMOPOLITAN

COLT



REVOLVERS

ARE BUILT FOR BUSINESS

Nothing is more sure, more certain in this world than a **COLT REVOLVER**. In the arctic, tropics, afloat, ashore, anywhere, everywhere, it will do its duty, and with precision unknown in other makes. Arms must sometimes be carried, and those who carry them should insist on having the best. **COLT'S REVOLVERS** have quality, strength, reliability, simplicity in action, and are the best. Perfection obtained by use under all conditions for over fifty years. A **COLT** guarantee with each arm.

On sale everywhere.

On application we will send complete catalogue.

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

LONDON OFFICE: 15 Pall Mall, London, S. W.

IN CHINA

the opinions and the methods of ancestors are sacred; therefore innovation and improvement are sacrilege. The painter whose method of thought is Chinese clings to pure white lead, because the ancients approved it. Machinery and experiment have improved paint as they have improved everything else. High grade ready mixed paint, based largely on **OXIDE OF ZINC**, is paint in its most modern, most un-Chinese form.

THE NEW JERSEY ZINC CO.

An Interesting Pamphlet: "Paint: Why, How and When." Free to Property-owners. **71 Broadway NEW YORK**

We do not grind zinc in oil: a list of Manufacturers of High Grade Zinc Paints sent on application.

HOLIDAYS IN ENGLAND

Send 4 cents (postage) for illustrated book entitled, **HOLIDAYS IN ENGLAND**, describing **CATHEDRAL ROUTE, PILGRIM FATHERS, DICKENS and TENNYSON DISTRICTS**, and the **HARWICH HOOK or HOLLAND ROUTE, Twin Screw Steamship Line, ENGLAND to ROTTERDAM or ANTWERP.** Address,

H. J. KETCHAM, General Agent, GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY OF ENGLAND, 362 Broadway, New York.

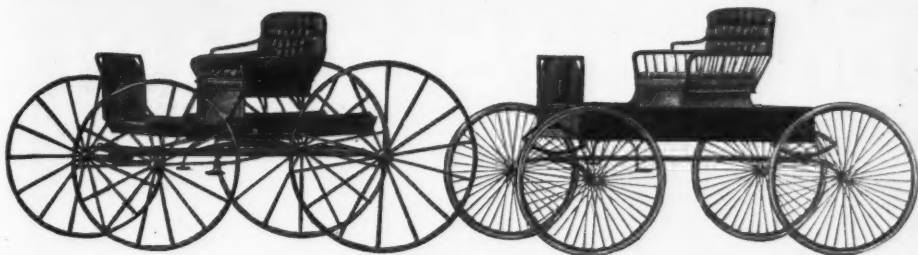
PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for "Inventor's Guide." **FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Atlantic Bldg., Washington, D.C.**

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK** on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all new dealers. **MUNN & Co., 361 Broadway, New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"



Let These Vehicles Prove Their Worth

TAKE your pick from 100 styles of vehicles and 50 styles of harness.

Everything in the light pleasure vehicle line. Rubber Tire Runabouts and Driving Wagons, Cushion Tire Runabouts, Top Buggies and Open Buggies, Regular Phaetons and Spider Phaetons, Doctor's Phaetons, Stanhopes, Light Surreys, Heavy Carriages, Depot Wagons, Spring Wagons, Carts, Pony Work, Delivery Wagons and all kinds of Light and Heavy Single and Double Harness. Price to suit your pocketbook.

We have no agents. When you buy from us you save the agent's profit — this is something—usually all the way from \$25.00 to \$100.00 according to the price of the vehicle you buy.

Every one of our vehicles is sold on Thirty Days' Free Trial. If they do

not prove their worth—they cost you nothing. Every vehicle is guaranteed fully for two years.

Every Split Hickory Vehicle made by skilled labor. Every piece of material carefully selected and inspected and must be first class before used.

Each vehicle sold sells another—that's why it pays us to please you. It's business with us.

Our new 1905 Vehicle and Harness Catalogue of 192 pages is yours for the asking. The information it contains can do you no harm and may save you many dollars. It's worth writing for. A simple request on a postal with your name and address will bring the new catalogue with our compliments—postage prepaid.

THE OHIO CARRIAGE MFG. CO.

Station 264

(H. C. Phelps, President)

Cincinnati, O.



When you write, please mention "The Cosmopolitan"

DO YOU WANT CASH



IF YOU WANT CASH FOR YOUR FARM, HOME OR BUSINESS I CAN GET IT NO MATTER WHERE YOUR PROPERTY IS LOCATED OR WHAT IT IS WORTH

If I did not have the ability and facilities for promptly disposing of your property at a good price, I could not afford to spend \$100,000 a year in advertising that I can do so.

Every one of my advertisements places on my list a number of new properties. I quickly sell these, and so am able to pay for the advertisement and make a good profit besides.

My office is a veritable clearing house for real estate and properties of all kinds, and my whole energies are centered on finding people who want cash for their real estate or real estate for their cash.

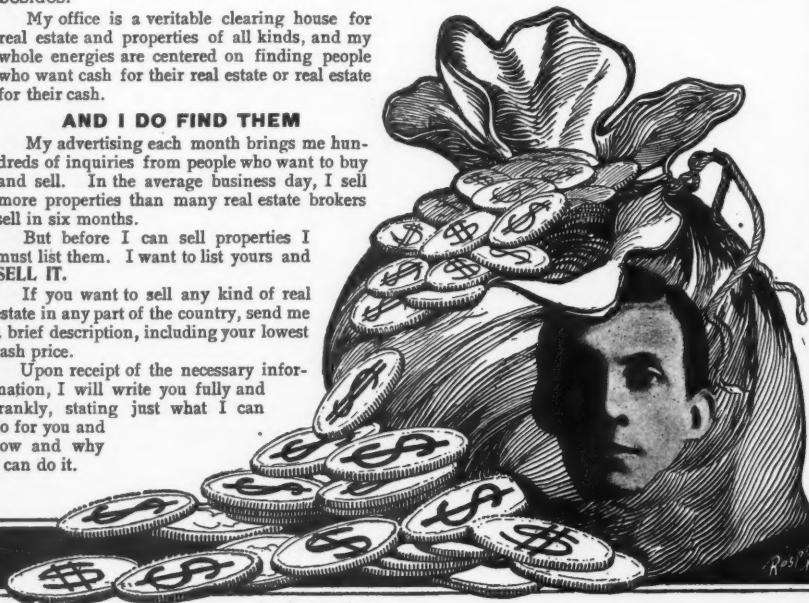
AND I DO FIND THEM

My advertising each month brings me hundreds of inquiries from people who want to buy and sell. In the average business day, I sell more properties than many real estate brokers sell in six months.

But before I can sell properties I must list them. I want to list yours and **SELL IT.**

If you want to sell any kind of real estate in any part of the country, send me a brief description, including your lowest cash price.

Upon receipt of the necessary information, I will write you fully and frankly, stating just what I can do for you and how and why I can do it.



IF YOU WANT TO BUY any kind of a farm, home or business in any part of the country, tell me your requirements. I will guarantee to fill them promptly.

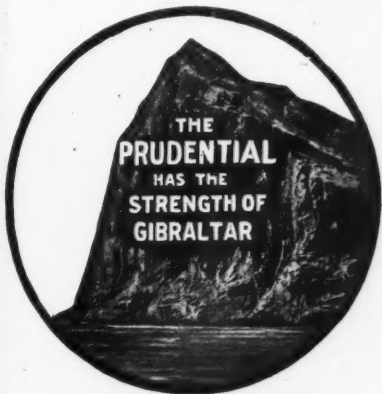
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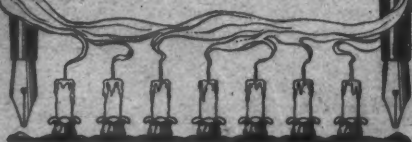
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